

# ARMENIAN REVIEW

**SUMMER, 1951**

**SPECIAL**

**THE POSDAL**

by

**KRIKOR ZOHRAB**

also

Reuben Darbinian

E. Kassian

P. K. Thomajan

A. Khatchatrian

H. Zavrian

H. Kurdian

Khatchik Minasian

Raffi

Jack S. Karapetian

**"Armenian Life Abroad"**

**Poetry, Harbord Mission, Book Review**

**Volume Four, Number Two — 14**

## CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

<i>The Posdal</i> , by Krikor Zohrab .....	3
<i>America and the Russian Future</i> , by Reuben Darbinian .....	12
<i>The City of the Dead</i> , by E. Kassian .....	25
<i>The Shadow of Omar Khayyam</i> , by Jack S. Karapetian .....	49
<i>The Architecture of Armenia (Part II)</i> , by A. Khatchatrian .....	54
<i>Harry A. Kuljian — Consulting Engineer</i> .....	81
<i>Impatience (Poem)</i> , by Diana Der Hovanessian Dalley .....	85
<i>The Life of Ideas</i> , by P. K. Thomajan .....	86
<i>The Polish Armenian Community (Part II)</i> , by H. Zavrian .....	89
<i>American Military Mission to Armenia (Part X)</i> , by James H. Tashjian .....	108
<i>Paulician Protestantism Before 844 A.D.</i> , by Vahe A. Sarafian .....	118
<i>Waziric Dynasty of Badr Al-Jamali, the Armenian, During the Fatimid Caliphate (Part III)</i> , by H. Kurdian .....	125
<i>A World of Questions and Things (Poems—part IV)</i> , by Khatchik Minasian .....	132
<b>ARMENIAN LIFE ABROAD</b> .....	135
CLASSIC BOOKS IN SERIAL FORM:	
"SAMUEL," ( <i>Book III, Chapter III</i> ), by Raffi .....	138
<b>BOOKS AND AUTHORS</b> : H. Kurdian, Reviewer .....	156

---

## THE ARMENIAN REVIEW

*Editor-in-chief*

REUBEN DARBINIAN

*Editor*

JAMES G. MANDALIAN

*Associate Editor*

JAMES H. TASHJIAN

*Contributing Editors*

William Saroyan

Dr. A. O. Sarkissian

H. Kurdian

Lawrence Terzian

Rouben Gavoor

---

THE ARMENIAN REVIEW, a QUARTERLY through 1950 is published by the Hairenik Association, Inc. 212 Stuart St., Boston, Mass. \$5.00 a year, \$1.50 per copy in the United States of America. Canadian and Foreign \$6.00 a year, \$1.75 per copy. Address all communications to the ARMENIAN REVIEW, 212 Stuart St., Boston 16 Mass. Republication or any use of any material in this publication is contingent on the permission of the editors of THE ARMENIAN REVIEW.

---

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT BOSTON, MASS.

---

*The* ARMENIAN REVIEW

V

h  
t  
t  
H  
a  
K

h  
w  
c  
d  
m  
p  
t  
n

r  
n  
t  
k  
t  
a  
t

# The ARMENIAN REVIEW

VOLUME FOUR, NUMBER TWO—14

SUMMER: JULY, 1951

## THE POSDAL

By KRIKOR ZOHRAB

(Translated by James G. Mandalian)



Hadji Doorik, the head of the domestic help agency, only after fifteen days of intensive search succeeded in discovering the proper housemaid desired by Soorbik Hanum, the wife Ghazar Effendi of Caesarea, and one of the wealthiest women in Kadi-Keoy.

Hadji herself, a woman from Bardizag, had once been a waitress, foster mother, washerwoman, and cook, according to the circumstances. She had climbed the ladder of menial work rung by rung in the mansions of Istanbul, having acquired her present independent position by wading through their vaunted reputation for modesty.

In all these homes, Hadji Doorik, who really was not a Hadji since she had not yet made her pilgrimage to Jerusalem, as a true and finished concubine, had come to know closely all the way from the *agha's* to their hired servants who, great or small almost without exception, had managed to hug her more or less, here and there,

in the rooms when the *hanums* were out, at the top of the stairs, behind the doors, and sometimes in a corner of the kitchen. She had won favor in many homes to the extent of exciting the envy of her mistresses.

She had seen many things inflicted on her person, and many more around her, sniffing with her sharp curious nose all the abominations, and listening in with her keen ears to the whisperings behind the doors.

She already was a seasoned woman when she sojourned to Jerusalem with the money she had saved from her monthly pay and the *bakhsishes* — tips — she received, who knows why? — for the pilgrimage? — or to receive remission for her sins. On her return, Hadji Doorik gave up working for others and started a business of her own — a sort of employment agency to supply housemaids for distinguished families. Thus, she became a *Tellal* woman — the analogue of the familiar town crier. And since she was a ready wit and a good con-

versationalist, cracked rather raw jokes on the *effendi's* and delighted the hanums with the latest scandal, her new business was an instant success. They all were satisfied with her who alone was capable of producing the proper housemaids for every conceivable requirement. The servants she placed kept their positions for long years. The notable and the wealthy, they all knocked at her door, and her customers swore by her name.

"Our tellal is Hadji Doorik."

"She is ours too."

Hadji was looked upon by the hanums as a sort of Eulenspiegel or a Pantagruel.

It was for this reason, no doubt, that Soorbik Hanum sent her word when she decided to lighten the burden of the old reliable Mariam by the addition of a new housemaid, and specified all the qualifications which would be expected of her.

"First of all she must be neat and meticulous, it does not matter if at first she is inept, she will soon catch on to the *Kizmet*—the work. To begin with, she hasn't very much to do—just to tidy up my son Onnik's room and clean his clothes. I must also say that I don't want an unmarried woman in my home."

And fearful lest, by limiting the duties of the coming housemaid to tidying up Onnik's room and cleaning his clothes she might have gone too far in making her intentions known, she hastily added:

"I don't want a woman who has been around, Hah, Hadji; do you get me? If you leave me satisfied I will pay you more than the price of your commission."

"I understand, *oghoul*—my child."

The agent was a woman who understood much from little. Immediately she went to work; she made inquiries, but none of the candidates she found could fully combine in herself all the requisites of Soorbik Hanum. There was no lack of beautiful housemaids at her disposal, but all of them

were women of the world and devilish enough to ruin Soorbik Hanum's old husband Ghazar Agha. What Hanum wanted was an innocent dumb girl but such a girl was not easy to find in Istanbul.

Thereupon, Hadji Doorik made a special trip to Ismidt, Baghchejik, Arslanbek and Adabazar. She made a tour of all the villages which supplied the export of housemaids, and behold, after long and tiresome searches, one Wednesday she made her triumphant entry and presented to Soorbik Hanum the maid servant she had brought from her own village, a woman of scarcely eighteen years whom the same day she had brought with her from Baghchejik.

Sorbik Hanum measured the newcomer from head to foot, standing there at salute before her. She found her quite comely, despite the homely print dress she wore, as seen by her prompt agreement about her monthly wages—seven *medjidiehs* a month, and two new dresses a year, in addition to her discarded dresses which she would throw in, provided she was satisfied with her work. And, to make a good start, she dressed her in a neat clean gown, tied a white apron to her waist, took off the *yazma*—kerchief—from her head, spruced up her hair, and with this brief touch-up, the girl stood there, shining in the full splendour of her beauty. Her waist was not narrow, yet it was very becoming to her height and the charms of her body. Her big black eyes on her oval milk-white face, despite the fact that she was a peasant girl, generally were hid in the shadow of her lashes, and only occasionally flashed under the arch of her brows. Her mouth, with its exquisite lines, turned up as it were from both tips, was an irresistible flirtatious temptation, making one forget the bloodlessness of her lips.

Sorbik Hanum was pleased with her new servant and ordered her to keep her

self neat and clean, outlined her duties, and gave her some sound advice in regard to her general demeanor and conduct. Then, having learned that Tigranouhie was an orphan and newly married, Soorbik Hanum, who was a patroness of the Hospital, and like her husband, enjoyed the reputation of a godly and impeccable person, made use of the occasion to indulge in a bit of customary boastfulness:

"I look upon my servants like my children. In other homes they serve the water of the well. You know better, Hadji, I give my servants the water of the fountain. (Turning to the housemaid) If you don't get enough food in the kitchen, let me know, the cook sometimes is stingy with the servants but I will have none of it. It must also say that when you finish your dinner in the kitchen you will not linger there; do you understand, my daughter? Now go. Mariam will show you your duties."

Her mouth was flowing with honey and milk. Tigranouhie felt herself in perfect bliss.

\* \* \*

Early the following morning Tigranouhie woke up. Through the window the morning sun fell exactly on her bed and bathed it, shining on her bare neck and alabaster arms, and suffusing the room with a unique tingling air of joy. She sat there in her bed, stunned by the changes which had come to her during the past two days and making a mental survey of everything.

In the village she had lived in the home of her aunt ever since she knew herself until the day of her wedding. The memory of her mother in her early age was a dim image, having paled with the passage of time like an old photograph whose lines had faded. She never knew her father. She had lived in her aunt's home like a half servant and half relative, making herself useful, as she herself said, in order not

to become a burden. And she would have been happy to live there had not her aunt's two daughters made life intolerable for her. Was it her fault that she was more beautiful than they? Could it be that her comeliness had been her enemy? And Tigranouhie sincerely regretted her beauty.

Many youths of the village were after her day and night, whispering in her ear the beauty of her stature and singing the praises of her long golden hair. She had believed none of them, and yet, these constant pursuits, like the pebble which is thrown into the placid waters, had disturbed her composure. Her aunt's daughters were the first to spread the evil gossip about her. It was at this time that a young worker, scarcely able to eke out his daily living, had asked for her hand. Tigranouhie was eighteen now, which was considered quite advanced for the girls who lived in the villages. Then there was the certainty of her aunt's moving from the house, a circumstance which made her welcome the proposition of marriage. And one day she had gone as bride to the new house where, besides the groom, only his parents lived. She did not get much out of this marriage; eight days after the wedding her husband went to his work in the mountains to manufacture charcoal, and a month later he returned to his wife, only to return to his work the next day and completely to disappear. The bride worked here, too, all day long, and her life, like the polar days, was a perpetual night with never a sunray to brighten her and make her glad.

Suddenly, one day, they brought her husband home with a broken leg, for months he was pinned to his bed, and this was the last straw. Ah, if she only had a baby, then she could go to Istanbul to serve as foster mother, could earn money and buy a home, but she didn't have even this,

something for which her parents-in-law reproached her.

It was at this critical moment that Hadji Doorik arrived to take her to Istanbul. Her husband and her aunt who now passed for her mother both agreed to her departure, and in this Tigranouhie saw something like an emancipation. The tellal never ceased singing the praises of her future Hanum. Rich family, *vergili* (tax-paying) hanum, *bakhshishes* — generous tips — what more could they ask for a servant woman?

*Aghchi* — daughter, *oghoul* — my child, it is one home in a million, Hadji Doorik kept repeating.

This kept on so much so that the aunt began to think of sending one of her own daughters instead of Tigranouhie. Finally they made the decision, and on the following morning, before dawn, in the dusk of the night, a carriage took the two women from Baghchejik to the seacoast just when the light was dawning.

Tigranouhie was recalling now this trip from darkness into the light and their arrival as a new auspicious beginning for her life. She instantly had fallen in love with the Bay of Ismidt which, in the golden glow of the early morning, spread there motionless and tranquil, like a beautiful indolent woman who hates to be awakened early. Up to that age she had never had a close view of the sea, and at this moment, having been ensconced in the three-oar little boat, her little *boghcha* — bundle — snuggling next to her, she was taking in the joy of gliding over the blue expanse and could not believe the terrible stories which she had heard about it. On their arrival at Ismidt they had scarcely had time to make the train, and immediately, being rid of the tumult and the noise of the station, there had started a dull race, incessant and unending, racing for hours, skirting the seaside from right to left, and burning the dark purple earth as far as

Herekeh. Here and there, in places, the train came to a stop and Tigranouhie thought this was in order to give the passengers an opportunity to catch their breath. Some left the train, others boarded, and again they were on their way — the fatuous race to Istanbul would resume anew. And finally she remembered their arrival at Haidar Pasha, Istanbul, Pera, all of which Hadji Doorik made sure to point to Tigranouhie with her finger, and on this side was Kadi-Keoy, their destination, with its immaculate streets and beautiful mansions. At the station she was afraid she might get lost in the crowd and she clung tightly to the little bundle under her arms lest she lost it in her confusion. Hadji Doorik, however, was ever at her side, a skillful and masterful guide who brought her out safely through all difficulties, until she brought her to this rich house and delivered her to her hanum. Hadji Doorik was the personification of a powerful guardian angel, and Tigranouhie was grateful to her from the heart at this moment.

And here was this house with its rich furniture, where the three servants had enchanted her with the mechanical precision of their service, there was old Mariam who would teach her what to do, and above all things, a hanum with a sweet tongue. Only in the evening she had been a little afraid of the serious stern face of Agha, then his son, a handsome sanguine youth, who was like his father in appearance and serious mien.

She set neatly in order and classified all this in her mind and she took a deep breath of satisfaction, then she sprang up briskly, dressed, combed her hair, measured herself in the large mirror hanging from the wall, and then, for the first time, she observed her face critically, was delighted with her comeliness, and went downstairs.

Soorbik Hanum's lovely *besleme* — the fattened little lamb — was on the lip of

everyone in the town. The agha's and the hanums congratulated Soorbik Hanum on her catch.

She dressed with a coquetry which was at once trifling and unconscious, in compliance with her Hanum's command, with a white clean apron tied to her waist. In the evening, after her work was over, she would retire to her small room on the floor, and would sit in front of the window watching the passengers file out of the ferry boat until they called her downstairs.

Gradually she got used to her new home, would send her entire monthly pay to her husband in the village, and was perfectly satisfied with the new life. Only at times she had a dull feeling of unease against a danger which she could not foresee, just like one seated in his room with his eyes closed who senses the presence of another before he has opened his eyes.

This danger was something ethereal, rather than tangible. She did not know definitely what was the thing which threatened her, but she felt the need of being constantly on guard.

These men of Istanbul, despite their consummate politeness, had a way of looking at a woman which, like a kiss, touched the face, and each moment wounded the almost virginal bashfulness of the new bride. Only with her woman's instinct she felt the breeze of silent desires which swelled around her and floated there whenever she was in the presence of men, when serving sweets or water. And when she turned to the door and was about to leave the room, all eyes were fixed upon her, her magnificent luxurious body whose rippling lines, as she walked, danced with a scarcely perceptible swaying. Even her dress, in its servant's simplicity, and perhaps just for that reason, had something alluring about it.

Ghazar Agha's son could not resist this magnetism for long. He was a fleshy sen-

suous youth who, like his father, was used to concealing his secret desires, and by the same token, was all the more powerless to control himself whenever accidentally he found himself alone with the housemaid.

Despite the fact that he was generally regarded as a dolt, he soon began to play indecent jokes on Tigranouhie, tempting her, as it were, trying to test her resistance. Sometimes, as if by sheer accident or carelessness, he brushed against her body and tried to hold her hand. Tigranouhie at once surmised what was in his mind and drew away, ever so gently, without being panicky, like those timid souls who retreat slowly, with the sort of artificial bravery or nonchalance, concealing her inner trepidation in order not to precipitate the attack of her opponent.

After a while the youth became more bold and openly pressed her, he was all the more violent as the accumulation of six months refusals had driven him to desperation. Morning, evening and night, it was a sort of hide and seek in the house, in which the housemaid, each time he approached her on an errand, became distracted and did not know what to do.

Finally, in desperation, one day she went to Hanum to make a clean breast of the whole thing. Hanum was a virtuous, saintly woman, often praised by His Holiness the *Serpazan* — the Bishop — in his sermons from the pulpit. And, with the illusion of having found a protector, one day when she was alone with Hanum, she blushingly told her the whole story.

Soorbik Hanum was at first surprised, she positively could not believe her ears. Perhaps Tigranouhie was mistaken. Then she told her she would speak with her son in the evening, but she added with a smile that Tigranouhie's beauty was to blame for what had happened.

"My son has a heart of gold, neverthe-

less he is a man, and you are so beautiful that I am not surprised he likes you. No man could resist you."

When Tigranouhie took Hadji Doorik into her confidence about her plight, the latter laughed at her.

"Oghoul — my child —, she said to her, "the son of Effendi likes you, what more do you want?"

Tigranouhie continued to defend herself against his pursuits a little while longer but gradually she became accustomed to his love-making. Meanwhile Hanum showered her with gifts, thus bringing her a substantial sum in addition to her monthly pay. Tigranouhie admitted to herself that such generosity could not be for her service alone. Moreover, throughout all these pursuits and persecutions, her own blood was boiling, she had spasms of tremors and experienced a keen delight out of the whole thing. She acted shy, but she only acted, and kept tantalizing him with her smiles.

One night Tigranouhie found Effendi's son in her room; she wanted to scream but was afraid to raise her voice and instead pleaded with him.

"I kiss your foot — I beg of you my Effendi, please spare me."

But young Effendi was strong and over-powered her.

"My Hanum, my Hanum, what will she say?" she implored tremblingly.

"You fool," replied the youth, "it was my mother who sent me here; have no fear of my mother."

The young woman slowly retreated against the wall, firmly held in the youth's steely arms. Here her resistance failed her, her head turned against the wall, she felt his hot breath and his burning kisses on her neck, and Tigranouhie, now about to surrender, and even before the surrender, was seeking her justification in thinking she had done all she could to defend herself,

and if she did not succeed, the fault was not hers. There are suicides who, although repenting at the last moment, cannot desist from their decision, and, writing a few lines, explain their action, they justify it. Tigranouhie had done this very thing.

This went on for two years. Tigranouhie had reformed Effendi's son from his habit of frequenting the houses of ill repute in Pera, and Soorpik Hanum dressed her now like the bride of the home, and never ceased praising her before her guests.

One day, however, Tigranouhie was ill, she became dizzy, had fits of nausea, and this condition kept on for several days, but she was afraid to say anything to anyone, she did not confide in any one. After a while the symptoms became increasingly noticeable. Tigranouhie was distracted, she did not know what to do. Presently the other servants of the house began to sneer at her, made crude jokes, and tormented her. Effendi's son, on the other hand, avoided her now, he never looked at her. And suddenly one day Soorbik Hanum observed her critically with one of those looks which, like a fiery robe, wrapped her from head to foot.

"Come closer, Tigranouhie," she ordered in a gruff voice.

And seeing her hesitation:

"That's it, a little closer."

At close sight the symptoms were apparent. Like many women, Tigranouhie had become homely, the skin of her face was flabby, the prominence was unmistakeable.

At this, Soorbik Hanum lost her temper.

"Posdall!" — shameless woman — she shouted in her face. "Posdall! You have disgraced my home. Get the hell out of here quick."

Hearing her mistress' voice, Mariam rushed upstairs.

"Call Hadji Doorik, quick, let her take this bitch out of this house," Hanum roared.

Two hours later they found the Tellal and brought her home. Soorbik Hanum was foaming at the mouth.

\* \* \*

Hypocrisy is such a thing that at times it becomes confused with sincerity, just like those liars who believe their lie. Thus, Soorbik Hanum's wrath was nothing artificial, it was sincere; no one could think now that all this had happened with her knowledge, her will, and her own arrangement. Being accustomed constantly to reiterate the words "honor" and "integrity," she was shouting now like a maniac, putting the entire blame on the housemaid, Hadji Doorik, and the whole world.

"Now, this minute, Posdal must go. I don't want to see her in this house for one minute."

This was her last word.

Hadji Doorik rushed to Tigranouhie's room where she found her in agonizing pain, suffering from an intense fever, her cheeks red, and her teeth chattering. The agent woman pitied her. She had no need of asking questions; she already knew what had happened; only one question:

"How many months has this been going on, my daughter?"

"I don't know," the girl mumbled.

Hadji Doorik went down to see Hanum, but the latter had resumed her imprecations and was trying to whip up a furor; she kept repeating what a kind deed she had done by giving such a poor woman employment in her home only to be requited by her ingratitude; the poor were always thus,—scandalous creatures; and she pulled up the skirts of her dress sanctimoniously, as if trying to keep it from touching the filthy mud. And like a perpetual refrain, her lips spat out the insulting words:

"The posdal, the posdal,—the scandalous shameless woman,—, who knows which one of my servants has she ruined?"

Hadji Doorik could stand it no longer, she clamped her hands on her hips defiantly, and said:

"Look here, Hanum, do you want me to tell the truth. She is a poor woman servant, you should have taught your son better, and now you accuse her of having an affair with one of the servants. Shame on you!"

"What? And now you want to smear my son? My son would not spit on a servant, he has all the girls and the women he wants right in this town."

"There is no one in your town as beautiful as Tigranouhie, Hanum. You listen to me, I have been through much hot and cold, the fact is, something has happened and we must not pass it up lightly."

But Hanum was obdurate, she would not admit that her son had been with Tigranouhie.

And so the argument went on, both sides using strong insulting words in which the Tellal was the more temperate of the two. All that Soorbik Hanum wanted was to expel Tigranouhie before the scandal became public. But Hadji was shrewd, she felt the gravity of the situation and tried to profit by it by insuring a few piasters for her protege the housemaid.

"Money is the key to all things," she said meaningfully.

"Instead of giving her money, I will give it to the Hospital," retorted Soorbik Hanum, — the customary excuse which those who do not want to pay their debts use in order not to be regarded as out-right shirkers.

At this Hadji opened up:

"Listen to me," she burst out heatedly, "those who want a nice fatted lamb for their sons should not shun from coughing up the money, do you understand? Oghoul? Instead of throwing your money away on the hospital, bestow it on the poor girl whom your son has left with a child."

You are not poor, thank God. This girl cannot work anywhere, she is with a child, she has no income, she has no money to send to her sick husband in the village."

Soorbik Hanum bellowed, swore, heckled, and finally consented to part with twenty gold pieces, on condition, however, that Hadji take Tigranouhie away instantly. It was past six in the evening. Ghazar Effendi and his son had returned home on the last ferry, and seated in the adjoining room, were discussing their business. The son was seated respectfully, facing his father, in all the modesty of an obedient and virtuous son.

There was no ferryboat at this hour from Kadi - Keoy to Istanbul, and Hadji was obliged to hire a boat to take the girl across to Galata. It was an evening of autumn, close to winter. A steady, dreary rain had hidden land and sea in a black cloak. At the wharf, the steamboats rested like motionless giants with their cross-shaped masts, as if standing at salute. From the sea one could espouse Galata and higher Pera, as the countless lights were being lit like flickering stars.

Snuggled there in the little boat, her little bundles tightly tucked under her arm, Tigranouhie, drained of all will power and consciousness, was listening attentively to the dip of the oars, watching the lit specks in the distant darkness, while, for the first time she felt the stirrings of her baby in her womb.

In the town, the thing was not regarded as a scandal for the home of Ghazar Agha, although the truth leaked out somehow, yet all said Tigranouhie had been fired because she had ruined the servants. Rather, there was more talk of Soorbik Hanum's piety and the moral reputation of her home was a bit enhanced, as it were. Those who had eligible daughters were unanimous in their praise of both, the mother and the son.

"She was a posdai," they said in referring to the housemaid, "she failed to appreciate the value of such a home."

Those who had business dealings with Ghazar Agha were of the same opinion. They pitied Ghazar Agha and Soorik Hanum, and were shocked at the housemaid's ingratitude for the kindness she had received.

\* \* \*

Four years had passed when I heard this story at the home of a friend where Tigranouhie worked as servant maid. She was always a comely woman, although there was an earnestness on her face which contradicted her age. The last month of the pregnancy and the delivery had taken place in the home of Hadji Doorik, bringing her a robust, smiling boy at the very moment her husband was dying of tuberculosis in the village.

Tigranouhie was not deeply affected by the death of her husband whom she never knew, yet his death had knocked out one more prop from under her, no matter how hypothetical it was. She became doubly attached to her baby who, being without a father, was doubly her own. Being obliged to work, she had entrusted the care of her child to a stranger woman, and one day she received the news of his illness. She rushed to him, but arrived there only at the hour of his dying. Physicians and medicines were of no avail, nor the holy bread which she ordered from the Church of Our Savior. Like a bird, without a murmur, he gave up the ghost in her arms.

Tigranouhie had no friends nor acquaintances, and just then Hadji Doorik had traveled to the village. She was obliged to see to all the trivial and formidable details of the funeral. She wrapped the baby in his clothes, tidied him up, as she used to relate later with tears. Then she went to the church, expressing her wish

that the funeral should be as gorgeous as possible.

"It is a pity, woman, you have no money," they said to her.

But she insisted, she paid all they asked for, ordered many candles lit. She insisted that there should be two priests officiating, and especially she forbade putting her child in an ordinary coffin, for fear he would suffer from the cold in the earth, she ordered a casket, convinced that her child would have sufficient shelter.

She spent a whole day on all this, she put everything in order with her own hand. In the church she was alone, and so she was as far as the cemetery, her head uncovered, she alone accompanied the casket. There, before her eyes, she saw to it that they deposited her child in the earth, then returned to the home where she served, after an absence of two days.

Her eyes were swollen from crying, yet she never uttered a word of complaint, she went about her work as before.

Thereafter, all her thoughts were concentrated on this little mound. She purchased a little lot at the cemetery with her former savings.

"A simple lot for two," she said to the parishioners, in a subdued voice.

She paid the money, and holding the receipt in her hand, she rushed to the cemetery in order to transfer the body of her child. Some time later, she had the little patch surrounded by an iron fence, and capped the operation by placing a tombstone over her child. She spent all the money she earned on this little sanctuary, she had always something new to add, to build, and to beautify that spot.

And the memorial days, as many as there were in the year, great or small, were days of great exultation for her. She would rise early in the morning, would put on her mourning apparel of the widow, with all the serious and solemn trinkets, and would set out for the cemetery where, kneeling beside the small tomb, she would hold a lengthy conversation with her child in a subdued voice, in the dialect of his childish chatter. She made the priest bless the grave each time, rewarding him with more than the generosity of the rich.

On her return her face was radiant with an ecstatic joy.

"Where have you been, Tigranouhie?" the folk would ask her, as if they did not know where she had gone.

"Hanum, I went to visit my child," she would reply with boundless happiness.



# AMERICA AND THE RUSSIAN FUTURE

By REUBEN DARBINIAN

## I

### George Kennan's Significant Article

George F. Kennan, one of the chief advisers of the State Department, has an interesting article, important from more than one viewpoint, captioned "America and the Russian Future" in the April issue of *Foreign Affairs*, the most authoritative political periodical in the United States.

Although the author is temporarily on leave of absence, nevertheless his opinions generally express the administration's present conception of the Soviet enigma.

If the reader recalls, it was this same Kennan who in 1947, when this country's policy toward the Soviet Union was undergoing a fundamental revision, under the signature of "X" came forward in the same periodical and very competently explained the reasons why this country was obliged to abandon the wartime policy of *cooperation* and the post war first two year policy of *appeasement* toward the Soviet government which culminated in the adoption of the new policy of *containment*.

Now that the U.S. policy once again is being subjected to intensive criticism, Kennan under his own signature has come forward to explain those conceptions, based on which, this country should not necessarily radically alter its policy of the past four years toward the Soviet Union, but should merely introduce certain revisions in it.

First of all, despite the prevalent opinion,

Kennan contends that a new major war, *per se*, will not solve the Russian question.

Why? Because even if the war should have a good ending (favorable to the West), its result on Russia may not necessarily be a positive one, namely, Russia after her defeat may not necessarily have such a government which America would like to see replace the present Soviet regime.

The author is convinced that if the present situation continues indefinitely and a major war is avoided, it is not improbable, but even possible that there will be a change in Russia, producing a government with which it will be possible to live peacefully.

The question is, what kind of a Russia do we want, or what kind of Russia will satisfy us? And then, what can we do or must do in order to facilitate the creation of the Russia we want?

Replying to the first of these questions Kennan contends that we should not strive to impose on Russia a capitalistic liberal-democratic government in the western sense, something like, for example, the United States republic, for the obvious reason that such a Russia is impossible. We should take into account the *unique* conditions of Russia and must be satisfied with such a Russia which is possible and which can correspond with our *major* demands in order to insure the existence of a peaceful world.

In the author's opinion, the history of Russia, her traditions, the psychology and the inclinations of the people, greatly strengthened by the conditions brought about by the Soviet regime, will not permit the creation in Russia of a capitalistic free economy in the western sense. In agriculture, the restoration of private ownership is possible and even inevitable. But in this area too, in all probability, the "voluntary cooperatives" which shall replace the present *kolkhozes* shall constitute an important factor.

According to Kennan, not only economically, but from the political viewpoint, the future Russia will be vastly different from the United States, and that we could not expect to see the emergence of a liberal-democratic Russia along American patterns. The generation which has grown under the Soviet regime, Kennan contends, although hostile to the Soviet rule, nevertheless subconsciously harbors authoritarian tendencies and conceptions and will not support the creation of a really democratic regime along the American pattern.

In the first place, the government of future Russia, in contrast to the one we know today, should be tolerant, cooperative and forthright in its relations with other states and peoples. Secondly, it must refrain from enslaving its own labor — industrial or agricultural. And thirdly, it must refrain from pinning an oppressive yoke on other peoples who have the instinct and capacity for national self-assertion.

Kennan specifies the three conditions for a future Russia in different words when in the same article he says:

"In short, we may ask that the grotesque system of anachronism known as the Iron Curtain be lifted from the world, and that the Russian people, who have so much to give and so much to receive as mature members of the world community, cease to be insulted by a policy that treats them as chil-

dren, too immature to have normal contact with the adult world, too undependable to be let alone."

In the opinion of Kennan, if a government in Russia meets these conditions, the free world can at once rest easy and be rid of the present nightmare which menaces the peace.

In answer to his second question as to what America can or must do to bring about the creation of a government in Russia which will meet the abovementioned conditions, Kennan divides the question into two parts and first tackles the question of what America must do in case of a major war with Russia.

In the opinion of the American statesman we must shun grandiose and unrealistic slogans, we must try to give the Russian people the impression that we are not their enemies but must inspire them with the faith that our victory will make it possible for them to forge their own future for a better life than they ever have had in the past. In other words, we must not follow the disastrous example of Hitler and wage a war at once against the Soviet government and the Russian people. While fighting against the Soviet government we must try to make the Russian people our friends and even our allies.

Kennan then discusses what America must do if the present condition continues and we have no general war for a long time. In his opinion, if the present international situation continues for some time there may be such changes in Russia which might make a general war unnecessary. He believes that the Soviet totalitarianism, like all other tyrannical systems, carries in itself the germs of its eventual disintegration and will be subjected to inevitable reforms under the pressure of its internal forces. And since this is nothing impossible, therefore America must not take any steps which might impede such a reform.

Plainly, Kennan does not advise us active-

ly to assist in any revolutionary movement in Russia as long as, in his opinion, there is a possibility of a peaceful reform.

For this reason, in the opinion of the American statesman, the only active influence which America can and must exert in the interests of this internal change is the influence of her own good example.

While admitting the necessity of the present American and western armaments Kennan thinks that will not be enough; he thinks the light of the free West must penetrate the darkness of Russia. And he believes that "no iron curtain could suppress, even in the innermost depths of Siberia, the news that America had shed the shackles of disunity, confusion and doubt, had taken a new lease of hope and determination, and was setting about her tasks with enthusiasm and clarity of purpose."

## II

### A Faulty and Dangerous Plan

Kennan is perfectly right when he says a war with the Soviet Union, *by itself*, will never solve the Russian problem. Proof of this fact is the last war which not only failed to produce the expected results but created even more grievous and dangerous problems. The war was won, but the peace was not.

Undoubtedly the result of a new major war will be equally negative, if not even moreso, if the West, headed by America, fails to show a clear and consistent policy as to what kind of peace she wants, what kind of a Russia she wants after the military defeat of the Soviet Union and the fall of the Soviet regime, and finally, what is no less important, if the West fails to do its best to implement its *political program* after the military victory.

The result of the last war was deplorable because the West, headed by the United States, not only was found woefully wanting in a clear, definite and consistent policy for the future peace, but because she would

not or could not follow or implement even those beautiful principles which she had espoused and imposed upon her allies under the name of the Atlantic Charter.

No less important than winning the war is the realization of a previously accepted *political program* for a lasting peace and international cooperation. Apparently, chastened by the bitter lesson of the immediate past, American statesmen are trying now to develop a political *program* for the future peace in general, and for the future of Russia in particular. Unfortunately, the political program proposed by Kennan not only is not satisfactory, but may be very dangerous. Because the principles promulgated by Kennan offer no guarantee that the future Russia, after ridding itself of the Soviet evil, will not fall into the embrace of no less tragic an evil, that it will not become a *fascist* or *nazi* government to menace anew the peace of the world.

An analysis of Kennan's program which we presented in the preceding pages will make this point plain. The outstanding and at once least expected line of this program is that the American statesman fails to make the establishment of a *liberal democratic* order a condition for the future Russia and is satisfied with his three conditions which in nowise preclude the resurgence and the development of fascism or nazism in Russia.

Curiously enough, Kennan sees no need of including in his conditions such basic rights as the freedom of speech, of thought, of conscience, of public assembly and of organizations; neither does he insist on insuring the existence of political parties, including the *opposition*. By the same token he fails to include in his demands the *inviolability of the person (habeas corpus)*.

It is readily understood and is at once justifiable when he says that Russia herself must choose the *form* of her government. But it is neither understandable or justifiable when he fails to postulate at least cer-

tain principles as mandatory conditions for the government of future Russia.

Russia, for example, can be free to have a parliamentary republic like France or Western Germany. She may have a parliamentary monarchy like England. Or, finally, she may have a government after the American pattern with a strong *president*. All these are different forms of government but they are all based distinctly on democratic principles. In other words, *they all are democracies* in the western sense in which are *insured* or *rendered inviolate* a series of freedoms: — freedom of the press, of thought, of conscience, of speech, of public assembly, or organization, of electing or being elected, etc.

If Kennan had contended that Russia should have a *liberal democracy* in the western sense but she should be free to determine the *form* of that democracy we would have no objections. But he wants the future Russia free to determine *not only the form of her government but the essence as well*. His only requirements are his three conditions: that she will be tolerant, cooperative and forthright in her relations with other states and peoples — meaning, she will lift the present Iron Curtain; that she will refrain from enslaving her own labor — industrial or agricultural, and to a certain extent will limit her authority; and that she will refrain from pinning her oppressive yoke on other peoples.

It will not take a great deal of thought to conclude that a government which will meet these conditions could, for example, be patterned after the government of Tsar Nicholas II which, with very slight modifications, as a matter of fact, did not enslave its labor, recognized and strove to expand the peasants' right to land ownership, was limited in its authority by the State Duma and comparatively independent courts of law, and which did not isolate the country by an iron curtain. Lastly, the Tsarist government not only did not threaten the world

peace but of all the governments of Europe it was the first to propose a general disarmament.

Nevertheless, the restoration of the Tsarist government would hardly be desirable either for America or mankind. Assuredly Kennan himself would not want to see such a government in Russia, no matter how innocent that government looked as compared to the present Soviet monster.

Why? Because Nicholas' limited despotism carried in itself the germs of a *totalitarian* tyranny, incapable of offering any guarantees that some day, under the pressure of internal forces, it will not assume the infernal form of a communistic or fascistic government.

It is difficult to comprehend why a totalitarian Japan or a Nazi Germany can be converted into *liberal democracies* in the western sense for whose conversion the West can and should make all kinds of sacrifices, and yet Russia cannot and should not be a *liberal democracy*. If the peace of the world demands that Japan and Germany should have really *liberal democratic* orders, the same demand is even more potent in the case of Russia. And all the moreso, because only a country which is democratic in the western sense can be really peaceful and can cease to be a menace to its neighbors.

Indeed, if in a future Russia the people will be deprived of the freedoms which western democracies enjoy and those broad controlling checks upon its governmental authority, the new government, while meeting Kennan's three conditions, can readily become a terrible menace to its neighbors, and entire mankind.

Curiously enough, in characterizing the future government of Russia, Kennan himself admits that *it must not be wholly totalitarian*. However, if he feels constrained to limit that far the right of the Russian people to choose the form of their government, why does he not go a little farther in his

limitation and *impose* upon Russia a real democracy in the western sense as General MacArthur forced upon Japan, and as the three great western states forced upon Germany?

If it is the general desire to establish a permanent peace in the world and save mankind from the staggering weight of armaments and the nightmare of war, it is imperative that all peoples, especially the big peoples, be *really free* in the western sense, because *only liberal democracies* can be peaceful and capable of submission to real international control. As long as *all* the great nations fail to establish *liberal democratic orders*, it is impossible to expect any permanent peace in the world.

### III

#### Is the Russian People Capable of Overthrowing the Soviet Tyranny?

No less debatable and dangerous an illusion is Kennan's opinion that the Soviet regime may disintegrate from the inside and become reformed without external intervention.

"There can be no genuine stability in any system which is based on the evil and weakness in man's nature — which attempts to live by man's degradation, feeding like a vulture on his anxieties, his capacity for hatred, his susceptibility to error, and his vulnerability to psychological manipulation," says Kennan. "Such a system can represent no more than the particular frustrations and bitterness of the generation of men who created it, and the cold terror of those who have been weak or unwise enough to become its agents."

Kennan believes that when the generation which created the Soviet system disappears, the succeeding generation or generations will not have the fanaticism of government, nor will hold the same spell on the masses, and the Soviet totalitarianism will slowly deteriorate and will make way for a more tolerable, more patient and more liberal regime.

Replying to champions of foreign intervention, the American statesman says:

"No great and enduring change in the spirit and practice of government in Russia will ever come about primarily through foreign inspiration or advice. To be genuine, to be enduring and to be worth the hopeful welcome of other peoples such a change would have to flow from the initiative and efforts of the Russians themselves."

Instead of inspiration and advice, George Kennan merely suggests the influence of instructive example. The basic fault of this judgment is that, apparently, *he puts no difference* between historic despotisms and the Soviet totalitarianism.

Unfortunately, the Soviet totalitarianism is palpably different from any other totalitarianism in history, not excluding the Nazi and Fascist totalitarianisms.

First of all, the Soviet totalitarianism, in its present state, is really *an end in itself*, devoid of all national, ideological, moral, religious or other aims or restrictions. The Soviet totalitarian regime does not recognize any sanctities, any inviolable national values, any religious creeds or moral principles, as has been recognized by other despotisms. Ancient despots, despite all their beastly actions, have not been without the restraining influence of certain moral principles and religious creeds. Even the latest despots of fascist pattern were subject to the restrictions of certain national, religious and moral considerations.

Hitler, for example, despite his barbaric behaviour toward *other* peoples, was comparatively considerate of the *German* people, his *racial* creed restrained him to a certain extent. Likewise, Mussolini and his fascistic allies were not entirely devoid of the religious, moral or civilizing restraints as represented by their peoples, and according to their understanding they pursued eminently *national* aims, striving to restore the glory of ancient Rome.

Stalin is different even from these. He

has no restrictions like them. There is no national interest, racial prejudice, social concept, religious creed, moral principle or cultural value which he would not be likely to sacrifice in order to save his skin and to preserve his tyrannical rule. And unfortunately, all his collaborators are like him.

But those who were unlike him in any way were ruthlessly liquidated and are being liquidated, a circumstance which leads us to believe that Stalin's death offers us no guarantee that the nature of Soviet totalitarianism will be altered automatically or by the pressure of internal forces.

Moreover, there has never been a despotic rule which succeeded in subjecting to its severest control an entire people's life in all its forms of expression as the Soviet regime has done. In his historic article of four years ago under the signature "X", Kennan himself emphasized this unique circumstance through his splendid analysis.

Indeed, while even in fascistic totalitarianism religious, moral, scientific, cultural or sports institutions have managed to preserve their independent existence to a more or less degree, in the Soviet regime all these institutions are under the Soviet's strictest control, direction, and command. Kennan was very right when he said in his abovementioned article that when, somehow, the Soviet regime disappears, the people groaning under its yoke will be reduced to a sort of incohesive pile of pebbles because there will be no organization to bind men together.

Is it not a bit strange that the same Kennan now, four years later, believes that this same incohesive mob may be capable of overthrowing the Soviet totalitarianism and initiate reforms through its internal development alone?

Furthermore, there has been no despotic regime in history which has succeeded in creating such a perfected system of suppression, terror and exploitation in which every man is a spy of his neighbor, can trust no

one, and is afraid of even the members of his family. A system in which 10-12 million souls are doomed to toilsome labor under inhuman conditions and hundreds of thousands of dead are instantly replaced by fresh victims of murder. In a land where *not one* organization which is independent of the government exists, not even excepting the church; in a land in which any step against the government is punished not individually but collectively, where, together with the guilty, thousands of innocents are sternly punished; in a land where the government has at its disposal countless tanks, planes and chekists, is not restrained by any national, religious or moral principle and is apt to wipe out whole peoples from the face of the earth; how can such a people be expected to possess sufficient power, will, and determination to overthrow the present Soviet regime some day without any outside aid?

It cannot be denied, of course, that certain changes are possible as have taken place in the Soviet Union from the days of Lenin until today. It will not be denied, however, that all these changes, far from lightening the burden of that oppressive yoke, have on the contrary always *added to that weight*. No other conclusion can be derived from the bitter and eloquent experiment of the past. From year to year the government increases the pressure on the people. From year to year that government increases the tempo of its persecution by terrorizing, shackling, deceiving, exploiting, enslaving, and severing the individual from the outside world. In a word, from year to year the Soviet oppression is more intensified and more unrestrained toward the people, and by the same token, the people's resistance to the government is commensurately weakened.

If then, this is the result of the bitter experiment of the past 33 years, what basis is there to expect that the steadily mounting Soviet oppression will someday sudden-

ly come to an end and take a reverse course? Are we not, rather, justified in expecting that the Soviet tyranny, for the sake of preserving an existence which is daily becoming more and more precarious, will be forced to continue to be an infernal machine of increased suppression and terror?

That this is the more likely of the two possibilities has been eloquently demonstrated by the measures which have been taken by the Soviet government after the last war. One of these, for example, is the Iron Curtain. Another is the liquidation of the little kolkhozes and the creation of larger land units to render the government control even more strict and efficient.

Information from the Soviet Union seeping out through various channels leaves no doubt of the deep and widespread discontent among the people, and that discontent is becoming stronger with the mounting tempo of governmental suppression. And yet the people today is even more "peaceful" and is less articulate in its discontent than at any period during the Soviet rule of the past 33 years.

It is interesting, for example, that even the peasantry of late gave no tangible sign of any opposition or sabotage, although as a result of the liquidation of the small kolkhozes and the creation of many new and larger land units, a considerable part of that peasantry was subjected to mass dislocation, new forcible changes in their life, and new restrictions. This passive submission is all the more striking especially in view of the fact that during the kolkhoziation of 1929-32, in a number of regions (Ukrainia, northern Caucasus and Transcaucasia), the peasantry went so far as to rebel and sabotage the government, whereas now that the same measures of suppression are being repeated, the peasantry is silent and submissive.

Why? Not because, of course, the people's discontent is diminished. All the

known facts go to prove that the discontent is even more deeply rooted and more widespread. And if the peasantry now is less disposed to express its opposition and to fight against the government, the reason plainly is that it is now *more discouraged* than ever before. In other words, the peasantry no longer believes that it can alter its condition by rebellion but is sure that the result will only be fresh massacres and starvation.

In other words, chastened by the bloody experience of the past, the people have come to the conclusion that they cannot restrain the Soviet government of their own power, but that any attempt at rebellion or even opposition on their part will doom them to destruction. This is why it is both baseless and unjustifiable a delusion to lay any hopes in any evolutionary or reformatory movement in Soviet Russia without the active aid of the outside world.

But that illusion is also very dangerous. *And this is why.*

#### IV

#### What Must America Do for the Peoples Now Groaning Under the Soviet Yoke?

Why is it a dangerous illusion for America or the western world to cherish any hopes of a spontaneous internal evolution, reform, rebellion or revolution in Soviet Russia, and to develop a commensurate policy for future Russia? The reasons are many.

First of all, under the unexampled Soviet dictatorship, the people have arrived at such a *mental state* that they no longer *believe* that only through *their own* powers will they be able some day to rid themselves of that stifling tyranny. That boundless despair has brought about in them *submission* to the government, and the submission will continue, it cannot discontinue, and will even become stronger as long as the despair exists.

Therefore, more than anything else, the

Soviet people must be offered *inspiration*. They must be assured that their fight against the Soviet tyranny is not hopeless but promises positive results.

But how can that confidence be inspired in them unless it comes from the encouragement of the outside world?

It is quite possible, and all possible means must be used, to inject faith in Soviet peoples that they are not left to their fate, that they have no basis of fearing a western victory, that they are not alone in their hatred of the Soviet tyranny, that America regards them as her natural ally in that fight, and lastly, that the West will extend them every possible support for a more free, more prosperous and more fortunate life.

Even the most beautiful and most perfect *example* of America will not suffice to inspire the Soviet people, crushed and desperate, with the necessary hope and boldness to come out of their present submissive stupefaction.

It is not *the good example* of the United States, but it is her *readiness to help the Soviet peoples in their struggle for liberation* which will insure their cooperation with the West and render them apt to make sacrifices for the liberation of entire mankind.

A small example will elucidate our thought.

Some months ago there was despair among the peoples of *western Europe* because they did not believe they would be able to defend themselves against a Soviet invasion solely by their own powers. To make an end of this despair, America was obliged to assume the task of assisting them with more ground troops as well as the general command of the European forces as a bulwark against the Soviet menace. Now that General Eisenhower has assumed the supreme command and new American divisions are hastening to Europe, the

spirits have risen, and western Europe, having taken courage, has begun to prepare itself for its self-defense against the Soviet attack.

The situation is no different in regard to *eastern Europe* under the control of the Kremlin and especially in regard to *the peoples of the Soviet Union*. They too do not believe that they shall be able to liberate themselves from the Soviet yoke of their own powers. And the only effective means of disengaging them from the embrace of despair is to *convince* them that the West, America in particular, *will assist them in their struggle for liberation*.

The peoples under the Soviet yoke must know that the West is not thinking of insuring its safety alone, but also is inclined to assist them in their liberation. They must know that the West does not look upon Russia as did Hitlerite Germany, namely it will not treat them *harshly* as Hitler did, but will play the role of their liberator.

They must finally know that the West will respect their just rights, will treat them as equals, and will help them to acquire not only a free but a more fortunate future.

America's good *example* may be an efficient means of propaganda only for the non-Soviet world, especially in the *free* parts of Asia. For India, Ceylon, Indonesia and Burma the American example may have a meaning in winning their sympathy. But that example will have no tangible effect on the peoples who are groaning under the Soviet yoke.

Why? Because: 1. the Iron Curtain does not permit that example to reach those peoples; 2. those peoples are in such a deplorable state that the only thing which will interest them is, what will the West do to rescue them from their plight, and not how exemplary is the American democracy.

In short, the thing which will interest the Soviet peoples more than anything else is, what the free world is ready to do for them, and not what that world is apt to do for itself.

The peoples who live under the grim Stalinian yoke are not in a position to express their will or wishes. Their only spokesmen are those refugees whom fortune has thrown on alien hospitable shores.

Indeed, who can understand the psychology, the real feelings, the thoughts and the aspirations of the Soviet peoples any better than those fragments who have been miraculously saved? Who can lead the Soviet peoples in their emancipatory struggle any better than they?

How come that a Lenin, together with a band of associates, after the overthrow of the Tsarist regime, could go to Russia from abroad with the assistance of the Germans, could bring about a new revolution, and could put the entire Russian people under its crushing heel, despite even the overwhelming majority will of that people, and by himself and through his successor could rule over that extensive land for 33 years, and yet the West should not help those tens of thousands of Russian refugees abroad to return to Russia at the proper moment and this time establish a western democratic order in Russia?

The cautious reserve which Kennan recommends in regard to the Russian people, with its vague and insufficient limitations leaving the future fate of Russia in the hands of that people not only is incomprehensible but it is positively dangerous. A people which for 33 years has been crushed under the deforming Soviet machine can easily fall prey to new political adventurers and become the victim of no less disastrous experiments than those inflicted by Lenin, if the West will not for a certain period take charge of their direction as it did in Germany, and especially in Japan.

Kennan's cautious reservation is also dangerous because the Soviet Union or Russia, as he calls it, is a polyglot, poly-ethnic state, unlike homogenous Germany and Japan. If the West has no definite political program for future Russia and will not assume the role of leader in the solution of at least its most urgent and basic problems, that vast country may become the arena of a disastrous chaos, something which would be highly dangerous for the peace of the world.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to expect that the peoples of Russia, left to their fate, and subject only to Kennan's very modest and vague limitations, will be in a position not only to determine the form of their government, but to peacefully solve their political, national, and boundary disputes.

For example, the non-Russian nationalities of Russia today have an urge not only to become free and autonomous in their international affairs, but to be independent of the Russian people as well. It is impossible to expect that Ukrainia, the Baltic countries, Azerbaijan, Georgia, Armenia and the trans-Caspian countries will be able to come to a peaceful understanding with the Russian nation, without the aid, and even the leadership of the West and especially America.

Likewise, it is impossible to expect that the Russian and non-Russian peoples of Russia will be able peacefully to agree on their boundary disputes if the West or America does not help, or even lead them.

From this viewpoint, the present dangerous dispute between India and Pakistan on the province of Kashmir is very instructive. That dispute obviously would not have arisen had England, at the partition of India, been more circumspect and had previously forestalled the emergence of such a dispute by enforcing on both sides certain definite conditions.

We may be certain that, in future Russia, after the overthrow of the Soviet regime, there will emerge not one but a number of Kashmirs not only between the Russian and non-Russian nationalities, but among the non-Russian nationalities themselves.

Only the West's active and circumspect intervention will bring about the peaceful reconstruction of the peoples of Russia after the fall of the Bolsheviks.

As it is plain today to all unprejudiced persons that it was an unpardonable and disastrous error for the West or America to have taken a reserved stand in regard to China, actually leaving her to her fate, it will be an equally unpardonable and disastrous error to imagine that the Russian peoples, subject to Kennan's proposed very modest and vague limitations, left to their fate, will be able of their own powers to erect a free, secure and peaceful edifice and cease once and forever being a scourge to world peace and freedom.

## V

### A Few Historic Facts and Basic Principles

The thoughts expressed in Kennan's article which are shared by large segment of the people, by virtue of the important position which the author occupies are liable greatly to influence the policy of this country, and therefore, deserve some other compelling observations:

1. Bolshevism as represented by the Soviet dictatorship is such an evil that it is impossible to leave its destruction entirely to the internal power of the Russian people by trying to erect only a military or ideological *barrier* around that empire. The free world must make its *aim* to destroy that evil and must strive toward that end with all the proper means at its disposal. For, as long as that evil continues to exist, mankind will never enjoy a peaceful life, will not be able to insure its freedom, nor will it be able to devote all its

resources and energies to its economic welfare and to its spiritual growth.

2. All countries have their characteristic qualities, their unique historical traditions, tendencies and mental outlooks. Still, that is not a deterrent nor a major obstacle as to why they should not all establish *democratic orders* in the western sense. English democracy may differ in its *form* from that of France or Germany, and moreso from the democracies of Japan or India which are vastly different by their racial and cultural past. The difference is no reason, however, why they all should not become democracies *in the western sense*, enjoying certain political and civil rights, possessing not one monopolistic and dominant party but opposition parties as well, secure in the inviolability of the *person* in which the courts of law are independent of the government and the government itself is controlled by the legislature elected by the people.

There is an opinion, prevalent abroad, and at present considerably widespread in the United States, that the Soviet dictatorship is nothing new for Russia, that a hundred years ago, in the days of Tsar Nicholas I, and much earlier in the days of Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great, and Catherine the Great, the Russian dictatorship was no different than the Soviet.

Recently there appeared a book on Russia by Marquis de Custine — a translation from French to English —, written more than 100 years ago (1839), in which the Russian regime is represented with astounding similarities with the present Soviet regime. And, what is no less striking, the introduction of this English version was written by former ambassador to Moscow General Bedell Smith who now is director of U.S. Intelligence Service. Apparently, this work has left a deep impression on General Smith, although much less on Kennan.

It is quite true that Tsarist Russia had been a strong despotism in many aspects reminiscent of the Soviet. But what country of the past has not been despotic at certain periods, not much different than the Russian? Were not France, and even England despotisms, one time or another? To say nothing of Germany or Italy, and especially Spain. Who could contend that these proofs of the past are sufficient reason to affirm that these countries were not, or are not capable of establishing truly democratic orders?

Moreover, and what is vastly more important, the Soviet dictatorship, no matter how similar to Tsarist despotism of the past in certain aspects, the differences between the two are incomparably far greater. Thus, for example, whereas the number of political exiles in the days of the Tsars never exceeded 50,000, with only 15,000 at the eve of the 1917 revolution, the number of the Soviet's political exiles is estimated at between ten to twenty million. Moreover, whereas the political prisoners of the Tsarist days lived and worked almost freely in their exile, and some of whom even lived a normal life, the Soviet political prisoners are doomed to slave labor and a slow starvation.

Equally ill-founded is the prevalent opinion that the Russian people never enjoyed any self-rule nor any kind of freedom, and therefore, there is nothing extraordinary in the present Soviet dictatorship, but that it is a perfectly natural phenomenon. This opinion is so deeply rooted that some think the Russian people, even after they have shed off the Soviet rule, will be incapable of becoming a free democracy in the western sense — an opinion which, apparently, is also shared by Kenan.

This opinion, too, is of course erroneous. From the time of Alexander II, Russia has had courts of sworn jurors, quite indepen-

dent of the government, and despite a number of restrictions subsequently imposed, these did not perceptibly differ from the best courts of Europe.

Besides these, Tsarist Russia had municipal, regional and provincial autonomous administrations (although not in the whole empire), all of which were elected and independent of the government and which, in their constructive activity, competed well with the local autonomies of any free country.

Finally, in the days of the Tsar Nicholas II the Russian government actually was limited with the creation of the State Duma which played the role of a real legislature. It can truthfully be said that when in 1906 the Tsarist regime was reformed, Russia became a constitutional monarchy in fact, if not in letter. It is needless to speak of the Provisional Government which followed the February revolution of 1917 which, even by the admission of Lenin, made Russia the most free country in the world.

Likewise ill-founded is the prevalent notion in regard to Tsarist restrictions on press and literature. There can be no question that restrictions existed, yet they did not prevent the constant appearance of newspapers, periodicals and books criticizing the Tsarist regime. Moreover, these publications had a wider circulation than those which defended the regime.

The same is true of Russian schools and universities whose faculties often consisted of opposition groups, with the result that the greater part of the student body were oppositionists, if not outright revolutionaries. Even Tsarist prisons and exile centers were converted into a sort of training schools of liberalism, democracy and socialism.

Nor must it be forgotten that, after the downfall of the Tsarist regime, the Constituent Assembly of Russia was elected by

equal, direct, and secret ballot, and the overwhelming majority of its members were fanatical champions of liberal democracy of the Western concept.

Another proof of the Russian people's *passion for freedom* is the fact that, despite all the measures of the Soviet Government during the past 33 years, the latter did not venture to hold a single truly free popular election. To this day the Soviet Government is afraid of the slightest competition or criticism, will not permit any opposition candidates in elections except the list itself prescribes.

The latest and most eloquent proof of the Russian people's passion for freedom came to light during the first months of the last Russo-German war. As known, in Ukraine, BelyoRussia, Crimea and northern Caucasus where the German armies entered, the people met the enemy with bread and salt, in the firm belief that they brought them liberation. The same was true of Red soldiers, hundreds of thousands of whom, almost without putting up much of a fight, surrendered to the Germans accepting them as their liberators. Hitler's boundless folly alone changed the disposition of these people.

Besides, what is the meaning of the presence of ten to twenty million political malcontents and oppositionists in Soviet concentration camps? If the peoples of Russia were not passionately attached to freedom, why should the tyrannical Soviet regime have on its hands so many discontented people, and why the hundreds of thousands of fugitives from the Soviet world?

Equally erroneous is the notion inspired by Marquis de Custine's book which of late has become popular that Russia had an Iron Curtain before the advent of the Soviets. The fact is, at least during the reign of the last Tsars, any foreigner with a passport could enter Russia and within

its borders enjoy all the rights and privileges of Russian citizens, could travel anywhere, could freely speak with any Russian citizens, without risk to themselves. They could marry any Russian woman of their choice and could leave the country with her without any difficulty. Furthermore, it was not difficult for a Russian citizen to secure a passport and travel abroad. How could such a condition be compared with the present Iron Curtain?

3. Americans often confuse the peoples of the Soviet Union with the Russian people, but those who avoid this confusion consider the non-Russian peoples as "national minorities" and are inclined to ignore their will in determining the fate of Russia. The fact is, out of a total population of 200 million the real Russians are a little less than 100 million. This makes the non-Russian elements a little more than half of the population, a circumstance which precludes the possibility of regarding them as minorities.

Moreover, if in the days of the Tsars the non-Russian nationalities, with the exception of the Polish and the Finnish, had no inclination to secede from Russia but only aspired to political equality with the Russians and self-rule, today, after 33 years of revolting Soviet rule, the situation is fundamentally altered. Today *all* the non-Russian nationalities of Russia want *independence with absolutely no dependence on the Russian nation*.

There can be no question that, after the overthrow of bolshevism, *only brute force* will hold these people within the Russian state. And since the democratic West will neither use force to materialize these peoples' national aspirations, nor will it permit the Russian people to hold them by dint of force, the only wise policy would be for the West to support the national aspirations of these peoples, and enable them to resolve their differences both

among themselves and with the Russian people.

Curiously enough, Kennan is disinclined to attach any importance to the manifest aspirations of these peoples for national independence and makes exception only of the three Baltic nations — the Latvians, the Lithuanians and the Estonians, but even these he wants to attach to the Russian kite by inseparable economic ties.

We think it is not the mere encouragement of the Russian people's unsalutary and megalomaniacal nationalistic aspirations and their passion for domination which will enable the West to resolve the complex Russian question for the harmonious cooperation of all the peoples of Russia and their peaceful development.

It is interesting that Kennan sees no menace in preserving the *integrity* of the vast Russian empire sprawled on the Asian and European continents when the bolshevik regime is overthrown. This, we think, is a highly dangerous optimism because, as has been explained, if the West follows the advice of Kennan, there will be no guarantee that Russia may not become a fascistic empire.

4. Notwithstanding the fact that the Soviet dictatorship is a highly *opportunistic* regime *the self-preservation* of which has become a supreme *end*, it nevertheless feels the need of alluring mankind with an attractive ideal. And although itself puts little trust in that ideal and acts the exact opposite, nevertheless it knows that without that ideal it can never succeed. Naturally, in the absence of such an ideal,

it would be incomparably easier to wage the fight against the Soviet dictatorship.

Unfortunately, in the West generally, and in America in particular, there is no sense of the urgency of the *liberal democratic ideal* in contraposition of the Soviet's or communist totalitarism's ideology. It seems there is a lack of sufficiently clear realization of the truth that two basic conditions are necessary for the establishment of *permanent peace* in the world:

A. All nations, great or small, *must be liberal democracies* according to the Western concept, because any kind of totalitarianism or despotism in any country is a *menace* of the peace, and

B. All the nations, great or small, *must be united in an international great organization*, invested with superior *power* and supreme *right* peacefully to solve those differences which they are unable to resolve by mutual agreement.

Today, unfortunately, the United Nations cannot be converted into such an organization because the Soviet dictatorship poses as an insurmountable obstacle. But once that dictatorship is overthrown, new obstacles may come to the fore if the leadership of the free world fails to propose and pursue *in advance* the ideal of democratic order and an international confederation with all the means at its disposal.

Only a mankind inspired by such an ideal will be able to solve the complex Russian question, as well as establish a lasting peace in the world.



# THE CITY OF THE DEAD

By E. KASSIAN

On Sunday, June 21, 1941, I was not concerned with world problems or with the hard facts of Soviet life. The previous Wednesday, I had packed my wife Ina and my son Pavlik off on their vacations, taking them down to the October station. As a parting gift, I had presented them with 40 kilos of sugar, gathered painstakingly over the weeks, which would serve them better than money in Rostov where they were to visit my in-laws. In a week, I was to join them myself for a well-earned rest.

I was a contented man that Sunday as I snapped on my radio to pick up a breakfast symphony from one of the no-longer proscribed German stations. But instead of Beethoven or Brahms, I heard an announcement which gave me the shock of my life: The German Army, by order of the Fuehrer, was advancing across the Russian border at many points "to crush Communism and liberate the people."

Quickly I switched off my set, fearful that this tremendous knowledge which I now possessed would somehow implicate me. Perhaps some of the other people in the house will know about this, I thought, and wandered out into the hall. But my neighbors acted as if they were totally oblivious of the news. If they knew, they too were saying nothing. Returning to my room, I switched on the set again, tuning in a Leningrad station. What I heard was the ominous ticking of a metronome, inter-

rupted every few minute by a voice saying: "Attention, there will be an important announcement at 11 o'clock. Attention. . ." I knew what that meant: During the Finnish war all important announcements, both good and bad, were introduced that way.

By this time, my neighbors began crowding into my room to take advantage of the fine radio I had built myself. As they came in to hear the Moscow broadcast, I felt surrounded. Four of these people were Communist party members and three of them were known to be spies whose duty it was to keep tabs on all of us. Each apartment house in Leningrad had its quota of these informers. In such company, we sat trying to look as impassive as possible, not yet knowing what the "official" announcement would be.

But as Molotov's words began to fill my small room that day, it was difficult for the others to hide their sense of shock. "The Germans," I remember him saying, "in violation of all their promises have crossed the Russian border and are moving forward. The Red Army has been ordered to throw back the enemy. You are to remain calm. You are to remain at work. Do not rush to the stores to purchase supplies. Do not hoard."

We reacted in typical Soviet fashion. With ill-concealed haste, we rushed to the nearest stores. I was no different, buying the biggest slab of bacon which the meat

shop would sell me. Like the great mass of de-politicalized people of Russia, we gave no thought to the ideological consequences of the Nazi invasion. No one spoke of the "defense of the Soviet fatherland." That was to come later, and only from the government's propaganda broadcasts. We were interested in the immediate, day-to-day problems of eating and sleeping, of keeping warm.

No one even commented that the previous day Pravda had spoken glowingly of Nazi successes against the Western Allies, or had jeered at shortages of strategic materials in the United States, boasting of the great new cyclotron which had just been completed in our city to carry on experiments in atomic energy. All these shifts in policy were for the political experts.

After taking my first steps in self-preservation, I wracked my brains trying to think of other measures I might take. I was by no means one of Russia's "proletarian millionaires," but by dint of working a total of 16½ hours daily, I covered living expenses and was able to save a little for extras. With this money in hand, I ran to one of the few people in Leningrad I could trust, Clara \_\_\_\_\_, an old friend whose husband had been sent to Siberia. She was a practical woman; she would be able to tell me how best to spend this money.

"Buy food," said Clara. "Food that will keep for a long time. All the food you can lay your hands on. Remember the Finnish war. Sugar is very important. Salami is good, too. It has nourishment and it lasts long."

So I went out to the shops again, making purchases here and another there, careful not to attract attention, then returning to my room to store it. But it was not only anxiety which kept me going. The news of the Nazi invasion made me nervous, excited. I couldn't stand being alone. I wanted company, any company, even though it was

always dangerous to be with people, particularly at a time when I felt talkative.

On one of my trips back to the room, I ran into Krishitzky, the "upravdom" or "manager" of our house, a man who had been assigned to watch me. He had even moved next door to me, the better to keep tabs on my activities.

"Things are not well," he said gravely. "This enemy is more dangerous than the Finns. What do you think?"

I knew the proper answer. "Ah, it is nothing. How can Germany cope with our Soviet power?" Krishitzky gave me a long look but said nothing.

But we all knew he was right. A general mobilization had already been ordered for Leningrad, Kiev, and other areas. Martial law was declared and we were given strict instructions to obey blackout regulations. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that Russia was in for trouble.

That Monday, June 22, I wired my wife at Anapa not to return to Leningrad no matter what news she got of me. I knew that her first impulse would be to return at once. But it took no student of geography to realize that Leningrad would be threatened very soon by the Nazi advance. My instructions to Ina were very specific: She was to stay with her family until I was permitted to leave Leningrad. She was not to endanger herself or Pavlik if she learned that I was ill or hurt. She was not to worry unduly if she did not hear from me.

It was not easy for me to insist that Ina remain away. I needed her more than ever before. And though I knew that many wives were on their way back, I also knew that they were inviting death. I don't know how I was so sure of this; none of us dreamed that the siege of Leningrad would be the horror it was. Perhaps it was some sixth sense, or that sensitivity to danger which people who live in a police state develop.

My second act that Monday was to join the crowds which were assaulting the post offices in an effort to cash their government bonds. Cashiers were working steadily handing out rubles to panicky people who were convinced that it was now or never. Those who had bank accounts were also drawing out every kopek. Now, armed with the money we had just gotten, our foraging became twice as intent.

Urged on, paradoxically, by government announcements that we need not hoard, that rationing would never be instituted, we got further bad news at the food shops. The clerks had been ordered to insist that we buy as much as we wanted in order to quiet us down. If Moscow had gone to such lengths to convince us all was well, things were truly grave.

The next day, I got proof that my insight had been correct. A *ukase* was broadcast forbidding any resident of Leningrad to possess more than a two-day ration. Anyone discovered with food in excess of this would be severely punished. But with every instinct warning me that though hoarding might mean punishment, no hoarding could mean death, I continued to buy where and when I could. When I had packed the space under my floors and behind the wall speaker in my room, I tore the guts out of books and put food between the bindings. I was determined not to be caught short.

In this obsession to obtain food, there was something definitely illogical. I kept asking myself, "What's the point. Any day you will be drafted, as your friends are being drafted, and your entire accumulation will be seized by your neighbors the moment you are on the way to an army barracks." I think I continued buying because in those jittery days it gave me something to do and prevented me from sitting around brooding on the future.

This state of tension was apparent every-

where. Among my very intimate friends, those who were not afraid to discuss politics with me, this took the form of lengthy analyses of the situation. For a long time they had realized that only some outside force could crumple the Soviet dictatorship, and they had hoped that this force would be one of the western democracies. Now they saw this "liberation" coming from Germany, a nation they abhorred and mistrusted. The older people, whose memories went back to the field World War, remembered how the Germans had acted towards Russia then and they warned those who were falling under the spell of the persuasive Nazi propaganda that to believe one totalitarian state was just as foolish as to believe another.

Late in the afternoon of the war's third day, the Red Army issued a communique claiming that it had thrown the Germans back. But when we looked at the map, it was obvious that the fighting was moving steadily east. If this was a shock, it was quickly superceded by another — our daily slogans had suddenly changed. It was no longer, "For Stalin," but "For the Fatherland, for honor, and for Freedom." This we were sure, meant that the war was going much more badly than we realized. When shortly after, we were all ordered to turn in our radio sets within three days, we expected the worst. Of course, the government's reason was obvious: there was too wide a discrepancy between Soviet and German broadcasts.

So, we now were dependent for our news solely on the government public address system whose speakers were installed in almost every apartment and in all public places. This was a local communications system used for all official announcements. We were held responsible for all directives which it broadcast. As long as we would only get the "official news", we would remain in ignorance of the course of the

battle. But I was determined to keep informed.

I decided on a risky course of action. I had two sets, built with my own hands. I turned one of these in and dismantled the other, hiding the parts about my room. In this way, I could put the set together hastily when I wanted to know what was going on. It was so well known that I had two sets that I was certain my neighbors would never dream I had been foolhardy enough to keep one. And my reasoning was correct. Not even the official spies suspected for a moment that I had not done as ordered.

Early in July, this public address system blared out that all children were to be taken out of the city to places of refuge. Parents were given two days in which to make preparations for this mass movement of young people. On the appointed day, thousands of children were packed into trains, after tearful farewells. But before long, we learned that the children had been moved to Ostrov, Luga, etc., in the direct line of the Nazi advance, instead of being moved east — a piece of typical Soviet bad planning. Desperate mothers left Leningrad without passes and against orders to rescue their children. Some were successful, but in the swiftness of the German advance, others found that their children had already been captured. Half-crazed, these unfortunate mothers returned to Leningrad, and for the first time in my life I heard the government bitterly and openly denounced without reprisal by the NKVD.

On July, the government began organizing us into civilian guards. Every office had regular drill periods, though no one was given a real rifle. Even at the risk of having badly trained soldiers, the government did not trust the people with arms, so fearful was it of revolution. On the same day that we began this mock training, we

were warned that anyone who spread rumors would be shot immediately. But there was no need to make up stories. The news grew blacker every day. We were all sure it was a question of days before the Soviet Union would collapse. It was the prevalence of this sentiment, as well as the fall of city after city — Vitebsk, Pskov, Smolensk — to the victorious Nazis, which led the Red Army, in the middle of July, to reinstate the system of political commissars.

It was at this time, that Leningrad began having its first air raids. I remember one day particularly in which there were 17 alarms and three air battles. To be quite accurate, the battles were really a farce. The Luftwaffe would come over, circle the city, drop its bombs, and then fly off. At this point, the Soviet fighters would take to the sky with a great show of determination, go through a few motions, and then return. The effect of these "battles" on the civilian population was completely negative. After each raid there would be an indignant recital of all the sacrifices which we had made in order to build a strong army and air force — and this was the result.

Nor did the removal of all private telephones at this time help raise the public morale. We were never given any reason why this means of communication was taken from us. Nor were we told why all telephone directories were destroyed simultaneously. But we realized that behind it all was that terrible fear of an uprising which, more than a fear of the Germans, seemed to be motivating all governmental acts.

When the war had broken out, Molotov had promised us solemnly that there would never be food rationing, that enough had been stored away in strategic spots to last Leningrad ten years. A month after the fighting started, we all had our food cards

limiting our purchases drastically. For me, it was not too bad. I had been called back to the Institute and could make use of its cafeteria where, for one ruble, I could buy a small lunch. Towards the end of July, I had given up my other jobs and was devoting all my time to the Institute where I was kept busy at my teaching chores.

But when the order came that we were all to dig trenches on the Leningrad periphery, my name too appeared on the lists. This digging was night work and the next day we were expected to carry out our regular duties. One night, together with thousands, I was taken out to do my bit. It was a night of hell. Out in the open, there was no natural cover when the strafing planes came over, and our own fighters were nowhere about to give us protection. From 8:30 p.m. until dawn we shovelled away, throwing ourselves on the ground when the Nazi planes showed up. On several occasions the Nazi planes showered leaflets. The temptation was great to pick up this propaganda, but the penalties were severe.

However, like many people, I was able to pick up one of these leaflets and stuff it into my pockets. The next morning, in the privacy of my room, I read it in a state of astonishment and shock. These were the first anti-Soviet words I had ever seen in black and white — in my whole life. As I read, I kept looking over my shoulder, expecting an NKVD man to materialize suddenly in my room and seize me. Over and over, I studied the leaflet, thought it was stupidly worded and showed that the man who wrote it — probably a Tsarist — had little understanding of the situation in Russia. But I still wanted to keep that piece of paper. It was my one hold on a world in which criticism of the all-powerful government in Moscow did not mean death or Siberia. I held on to that leaflet for years. I still have it.

As July moved into August, many of the big party leaders, violating specific instructions, began to disappear from Leningrad. At the same time, some military schools in Leningrad began to get evacuation orders. In this way, many of my best friends began leaving the city.

"What is to become us?" we asked one another. That was the theme-song of the entire city in those days — What is to become of us? Although we did not believe that the Nazis had any intention of liberating Russia, we were all agreed that nothing could be worse than life under the Soviets. And though the Leningrad *Pravda* was full of atrocity stories, we did not believe them, so low was the prestige of the Soviet press. The only way I could get any useful information was by listening to the illegal Finnish broadcast with my illegal set. Unlike the Nazis, the Finns really tried to tell us what was going on, how the opposing armies were making out. There was none of the heavy abuse characteristic of Nazi broadcasts. Now and then the Finns would prod us a little by asking quietly — "What does equality of the sexes mean in Russia? Equality to do heavy labor? What do your children get to make up for the pleasures of childhood which they have lost? 'Norms'?" From government sources all we got were reports of the glorious deeds of our retreating soldiers. When this did little to bolster up our morale, the theaters and the ballet which had closed when war broke out were reopened.

But the evacuation continued. Scientific supplies and equipment, scientists who might be of use to the Nazis, engineers, works of art, but all haphazardly, without order or system. Two electric power plants were dismantled and shipped out, but the important parts were left behind wrecked. Those who wanted to stay were ordered to leave. Those who were desperate to leave — after 30 years of Soviet experi-

ence—began to clamor that they wanted to stay. I merely sat tight, expecting that I would be mobilized at any moment.

I remember that on August 7 the government mounted an exhibition of captured German trophies — a Junker U-88, a Messerschmitt 109, a few German tanks. But we were not permitted to get too close to them. These too were military secrets which we might divulge to the Nazis. A lot of young people stared at the planes. A young student said in a low voice. "Look, the Germans have planes too." Then he added ironically, "I thought we had all the planes." This spirit of irony also came out when we heard announcements of great air raids by Soviet planes on Berlin. No one had to tell us that we didn't even have control of the air over Leningrad.

Early in August I got one of the few letters from my wife which could reach me. It was an unhappy, panicky letter. All the people she knew had fled from the Black Sea village where she was staying. She was afraid to be alone. She did not have any money left. Could she please return to Leningrad? Immediately, I ran out of the house with a few valuable books which I knew I could sell. With the money I got for them and with what other money I could borrow, I scraped together 600 rubles which I sent to my wife, forbidding her to come under any circumstances whatsoever.

Day after day, as the Germans advanced towards Leningrad, the news from the Soviet Information Bureau continued to be optimistic. But the people who went out to dig trenches every night, the "okopnikis" had different accounts to give us of line after line falling to the onrushing Germans. Against these word of mouth stories, the Sovinformburo countered with reports that the Nazis were far away and that the Red Army had engaged them successfully. Therefore it was a terrific shock when the

first long-range artillery shells smashed into the city and hit a 4-storey building near the October station, killing 7 people. Crowds from all parts of the city gathered to see this evidence of the nearness of the Germans. And police and firemen were busily trying to cover the 12ft. gap with tarpaulins, as if to hide the fact from the population. For a while, there were attempts to hide the damage done by heavy shells. But the people had gotten the point. "How could the Red Army permit the Germans to get so close?" was a frequently uttered question, usually coming from the lips of some bewildered party member who had been lulled by rosy reports.

Two months after the Germans violated Soviet territory, Voroshilov and Zhdanov were forced to admit to the people of Leningrad that the enemy was at the gates, closer than any other enemy had ever penetrated. But this was not the worst news. Considerably more serious was the news that the Leningrad-Murmansk and the Leningrad-Moscow roads had been cut by the enemy, and that all evacuation had ceased. Thousands of crates of technical equipment littered the streets near the railway stations. In offices and in the various Institutes, there were mountains of other crates — instruments, prize collections, etc.

Those who remained in the beleaguered city were now told that they would all have to devote their free time to training in street fighting. We at the Institute were professors and students who had been found unfit for military service.

We were required to report each morning in the court yard for instruction in throwing Molotov cocktails, in fighting tanks, in crawling, etc. But we were still not given any rifles. Such a step was considered too risky by the authorities. It was a sad and heart-breaking sight to see white-haired professors, men with little strength left in them, being made to go through

their paces though they were short of breath, rheumatic, or just too old. In charge of this "drill" was our political commissar, a man who could barely read or write.

"Get going," he would snap at an old professor of world renown, "You spent enough years polishing the seat of your chair. It's about time you did something for your fatherland. All that idiotic study is over now. Get moving." And he would brandish his pistols. Because he was not very intelligent, he came to the conclusion that if he were particularly brutal to Jews, he would be spared by the Nazis when they took over. This was a belief shared by many others of the party "elite". For the first time since the revolution, these people were able to use the insulting word "Djid" — Jew. Later, in the Caucasus, I saw the same thing repeated as the Nazis drew closer. It was curious to note how easily the Communists could become anti-semites.

These defense measure were accompanied by serious preparations. The government was getting ready to give up Leningrad. Day and night, government employees were busy burning official papers. All lists of names — in houses and offices — were destroyed. All district party committees destroyed their documents. Even house managers, the people who kept records of each person, his comings and goings, his friends, etc., were told to destroy their records. The object of all this was to leave no trace of the names of party members so that the Germans could not single them out.

Towards the end of August, we were being bombed by the Nazis every night. There was plenty of anti-aircraft fire, but despite wild claims, we never shot anything down. Ships of the Baltic fleet were moved into the center of the city, on the Neva river, but no one knew why, since no one knew whether or not Leningrad would be-

come a battlefield or an open city. By the beginning of September, no one even cared any more. The food supply was getting low. Famine was more than a shadow.

Food — that was the main topic of our conversation and concern. In September, the Soviet government took cognizance of our worries by issuing ration cards for all types of food. Squares on these cards provided for fats, meats, bread, and cereals, whether bought in a store or consumed in a restaurant. As supplies shrivelled types and quantities of food were cut down. There were three categories of overall rations: Physical workers were allowed 400 grams of bread a day; white collar workers were entitled to 300 grams; dependants of workers were tossed a 200 gram bread ration. In October, this was cut in half and the bread itself seemed to be made of anything but flour.

From the start, even when food was relatively plentiful, I began a practice which, I believe, eventually saved my life. I took my daily bread ration, divided it in two, and put aside one of the halves — first drying it out. These hard crusts of bread continued to accumulate until the days when we had nothing, and so I could continue to keep body and soul together.

As criticism of the Red Army's inability to hold off the Germans mounted — even some of the staunch Communists were crying out that it was a "betrayal" — the Germans went on bombing us night after night with impunity. I remember one night — it was the 19th of September — when my turn came up for warden duty on the roof of my house. That night, the Kirovsk plant in the Petrograd section of the city was hit by fire bombs in one of the biggest raids up to that time. It was a beautiful and terrible sight to see Leningrad silhouetted against a flickering red. Before this theatrical splendor, I forgot that there were

Nazi planes overhead. I stood at the roof's edge and watched part of the ancient city burning. . . .

One day I ran into an acquaintance. Her name was Lala, the wife of an NKVD official. My conversations with Lala had always been highly circumspect and "patriotic" because I knew that every word I said made its way to the NKVD. My line with Lala was to insist that she was patriotic enough — an approach which I considered good insurance. This time, as always, I put on the usual act about the villainous attack on the happiest and most free country in the world. But Lala would have nothing of it and interrupted nervously to tell me that her husband had been called to the front. Before going, he had warned her that the Germans would be in Leningrad the next day.

What Lala got at eventually was that she wanted me to stay at her apartment for the next few days so that she would not be alone when the Nazis occupied Leningrad. I could see no reason for refusing, so I went over to her apartment. Unlike what most of us knew as home, this was a beautiful and luxurious place. There were heavy oriental rugs on the floor, modern mahogany furniture. When Lala set the table for dinner, there was old sterling silver on the table, fine crystal ware, fine china. There was wine on the table — a Spanish champagne. I could see that the NKVD lived well.

That evening, for the first time in many weeks, I ate a hearty meal. And in the course of the meal, I learned many things about Lala. After the first glass of wine, she suddenly confessed that she was the daughter of a Tsarist colonel and that she married her NKVD man only for the comfort and the safety he could offer her. To prove it, she brought out some old papers. But she was not telling anything the NKVD did not know. As a matter of fact, it was

considered fashionable among the high Soviet officials to marry women with a Tsarist background. It was one more way of showing that the new order was completely in the saddle.

Lala was now sure that her husband would not return. Would the documents which showed that she came from a Tsarist family help her with the Germans? This, more than anything else, was on her mind. But how could I give her an answer? I only had her word for it that she was not leading me on. And in the Soviet Union, it only took one mistake, one error in judging a person's sincerity, to finish a person off. So I merely made a few noncommittal remarks. The next day, when the Germans had not come, Lala began worrying about what she had told me. I stayed another day then left her.

Towards the end of September, I had two visitors: my neighbor Sittin, a party member and fellow engineer, and Lev, an old schoolmate. Sittin came late at night, sat uncomfortably for a while, and then plunged into the subject which was on his mind.

"We are facing critical times," he told me solemnly. "I want you to know that I was never really a Communist. If I spied on you, I was pushed to do it. But I never reported on you — that's why you are still free today. Let's be friends." Here was the man who for years had been my terror and now he was asking me to forget it. I wanted to punch his face, to throw him out. But there was no way of knowing whether he was really sincere or was trying to provoke me to attack the regime. It was an old trick among Communists to act the part of the disillusioned in order to draw his victim. So, instead of giving myself the luxury of beating him up, I answered seriously:

"It is every man's duty to be true to the ideals of Lenin and Stalin and to die for

them if necessary." These were almost the exact words uttered by the Kiev officials when they surrendered to the Nazis. Sit-tin took the hint and left.

Lev came to see me for another reason. He wanted to hide his party card with me so that if the Germans moved in suddenly he would not be caught with it. Lev was one of the many Russians who had joined the party not for ideological reasons but because it was the only way to quick promotion. Lev hated the party and what it stood for as strongly as the rest of the Russian people. I knew he was sincere. He had two requests. Would I give him a book — anything — in German which he might show the first German soldier? And would I lend him some civilian clothes which he could use when the time came to discard his naval officer's uniform — a uniform with two high decorations, including the Red Star. I gladly gave Lev the clothes, but I had few books in German left. All I could give him was a volume of Heine which — as I warned him — would do him more harm than good with the Nazis. But when he insisted, I let him take it away with him.

With September drawing to a close and winter moving in, the Soviet government declared Leningrad a front. Every street was considered a potential battleground, heavily barricaded in the fashion which would have astonished the French revolution. Everything of metal or stone that was movable had been ripped out of the houses and piled up into weird parapets — bathtubs, radiators, slabs of stone. To get this material, squads had made the rounds, from house to house, stripping the homes of Leningrad bare. By this time, all connections with the outside world had been cut off, the city in a Nazi noose. The next move was up to the Wehrmacht. The only thing standing between them and us were these barricades, some demoralized

troops, and many batteries of dummy guns. Already, the heavily fortified and valiantly defended cities of Smolensk, Kharkov, Kiev and Odessa had been captured by the Germans, sometimes after very brief fighting.

We never found out why they did not move in. Probably what saved Leningrad were the German difficulties before Moscow. After the first setbacks there, the German army began drawing troops from all fronts for a big assault on our capital city. Only a few divisions—including the Spanish Blue Division — were left to besiege Leningrad, ready to accept its surrender when Moscow fell. Nazi intelligence agents knew even better than the common people in the city that food reserves were desperately low. Obviously the Germans never once thought that the Soviet government would permit a city of about 4,000,000 to starve to death. So they sat at our gates and waited. Other conquering armies had made equally stupid mistakes.

When the Red Army and the government finally realized that no all-out attempt would be made to take Leningrad, they began to capitalize on this, exploiting the situation for all it was worth. It was at this time that we began to hear about our "heroic resistance" and the bitter fighting taking place in our territory. We also learned that the people of Leningrad had picked up guns and gone out to fight the invader, true soldiers of the Soviet Union. All this was news to us, but we were used to our own propaganda. By October, were certain that there would be no German offensive. All workers were ordered back to their jobs, all students back to school.

We were also busy whooping it up internationally. The government informed us that we had sent telegrams to the heroic people of London and that they in turn had sent greetings to the heroic people of Leningrad. This impressed considerably less than an announcement that the movie

houses were being reopened. There was a general air of celebration, as if we had weathered a storm. But in the somewhat phony rejoicing, no one noticed that while we had been occupied in keeping the Germans out, starvation had crept in.

Early in October Leningrad was plagued with the "parachute scare." Everyone was searching for German parachutists who were supposed to have descended on Leningrad. Late at night, police officials would burst into an apartment and go from room to room looking under beds and in closets for Nazis. This happened to me several times when I was alone. But one night the police and the manager of our building found their "Nazis" in my apartment—two good friends who had come to call on me and then decided to stay over the night when it got too late. One of them, a famous Leningrad actor, L\_\_\_\_\_, tried to prove that he was no parachutist. He produced his identification card and argued himself blue in the face, but to no avail. The police arrested him as well as the other friend. As they were marched off, I noticed my next door neighbor standing at her door and gloating over my discomfiture. I learned later that she had informed the police that I had visitors. Two hours later, when my friends return, I had the pleasure of literally thumbing my nose at her.

Whatever anger I might have felt toward the manager—an NKVD spy—disappeared a few days later. One of the 105 mm. shells which were pouring into the city nightly caught him as he stood in the doorway of our house. It sheared his head off neatly. But after the first few minutes of hysterical excitement, the house quieted down. We were already hardened to the sight of sudden death. Other shells had killed many people in Leningrad and we had seen their remains lying in the street or being carted away. In this case, we felt a little more because the body lay in the

house for nine days while the man's wife searched for enough wood to make a coffin. Then she set happily to work, building it with our help. When we got the body to the cemetery, we found that the gravediggers would not bury it unless we gave them two pounds of bread. Their excuse was that they were too weak to dig and for proof they pointed to the many bodies lying unburied at the cemetery gates. This, more than the fact of death, shocked us, but later on we were to become accustomed to the unsepulchered dead.

For the living, life continued to be increasingly difficult. Electric trolley lines were shot down by artillery fire, leaving the cars stranded in the middle of the street. At first the government attempted to make repairs but after a while it gave up the struggle. There was really no need to string up the wires anyhow: the Germans held Leningrad's second largest power plant while the largest had been dismantled by the retreating Red Army. We were left with one small, old generating station, and even this did not work full time. Lack of coal forced the government to shut off all electric current in apartment houses, leaving most of the city in darkness.

I knew then that little by little normal life in Leningrad would cease and I got a yen to take a bath while I still could. The nearest public baths were on Karpovka street. I hurried there only to find a huge queue of women and children waiting their turn. Happy in the anticipation of my first bath in 45 days, I joined them. Finally, as my turn approached, I began undressing, still in the corridor. Then, in the crowded, steamy room, so dimly lit I had to grope my way, I got the standard pail, filled it with water at one of the taps that lined the large room, dragged it to a bench and began soaping myself up. By the time

I got to the showers, the hot water had been turned off. But this was only the beginning of my bad luck. The moment I had plunged my body under the stinging cold spray, an air raid alarm sounded. We all hurriedly finished and made for the cellars. This was my last bath in Leningrad.

During October, the government began to cut down our already small food rations. But the smaller the rations, the longer the lines were at the food shops. Very often, after five to six hours of waiting, people would finally get inside only to learn that everything had been sold out. For those like myself who could not devote all their time to standing in line and who had no families to shop for them, the situation could have been desperate. Fortunately, I was able to eat at the Institute, but my ration card got used up there in exchange for microscopic portions, certainly not enough to keep body and soul together. I was forced to supplement this diet with food from my hoarded reserves. I continued to save dried bread, but the fear that I would die of starvation was with me always.

For the average citizens, the black market became the only means of adding to their food purchases. If you had a good friend who worked in a bakery, he would sell you extra bread at fancy prices — but in small quantities so as not to be caught. In October, a pound of bread was selling at 140 rubles. Those who did not have the money to pay for extra food would sell part of their small bread ration in order to trade it for other staples, fats in particular. The white collar workers who had some sugar saved from their better days traded it for bread. There was open barter in everything.

The situation was so bad that during the air raids people no longer took to the shelters but looked for food shops which might

have been blown open by a near hit. Looting became widespread and free for all. Looters would rush in, hardly noticing the dead or dying who might be lying about. Even the police took part in this wholesale looting, stealing from those who had stolen. I remember seeing one policeman seizing a looter and making him surrender some peas just taken from a bombed vegetable shop. What horrified me was that the peas were covered with blood, but neither the looter nor the policeman seemed to notice that.

As food rations continued to be cut steadily, we all realized that we were doomed and that only luck could save us. But there was nothing fatalistic about our behavior. As we found it harder and harder to get along on rations, we cast about for other sources of food. Drugstores were stripped clean of vitamin pills, glue, mineral oil, castor oil, hand creams, vaseline, glycerin, anything that the body could possibly absorb.

As October drew to a close, I received another letter from my wife, a letter of farewell. In it, she told me that the fighting was rapidly approaching, and that she expected the Germans to get there at any moment. It was a hopeless letter from a person who was sure that she would never see me again, mourning the fact that the son we both loved might be taken away from her. Ina's letter was almost more than I could bear, leaving me half-crazed because I could do nothing for either of them. I was tightly sealed in, unable to leave a city that was slowly being strangled to death by the Germans.

At about this time, we got news that the Germans had been stalled again before Moscow and we knew that the war would be long-drawn and that we would be forced to live through a bitter Leningrad winter without light or heat or food. Like wild people, the besieged citizens began to

store up everything burnable. Park benches and picket fences disappeared. So did the school benches. Any loose wood was gathered up. Books were hoarded — for burning later.

Then the factories ceased all operations. Ironically enough, workers were still required to report every day and to remain on hand. There was no need for this but the Soviet government was afraid to permit every man to go his way. He might get ideas. He might begin to plot, he might get too friendly with his neighbors. It was better to keep everyone in his factory where the NKVD could keep an eye on him. The truth was that we were very far from any thoughts of revolution or even opposition. The Germans themselves ceased to concern us. Food was the only thing on our minds — how to get food, what we would do if food ever became plentiful again. And with the desire for food, the need for warmth.

By early November, the government was no longer selling us anything but bread. And even this ration had been substantially cut down to 250 grams a day for manual workers, and 125 for white collar workers. The 125-gram ration — the size of a pack of American cigarettes — a soggy, heavy lump of bread. Every two days we could draw these rations and it became sort of a gauge of people's characters to see how they behaved with it. Most of them ate their two-day portion at one sitting. Then, with no other source of food, they sat and starved until they could draw their next rations. Those who lacked elementary self-control were the first victims of the Great Starvation.

The horrible days of slow death began in November, the days in which one friend after another succumbed to the hunger and the cold. November, that very cold November, brought us the first sight of bodies lying frozen in the streets of Leningrad,

the bodies of people who, lacking the strength to move, stumbled and fell asleep on the sidewalks or merely lay there as if paralyzed, the prey of passersby who would reach into the pockets of these helpless people and steal their bread cards. The victim might moan or cry — he knew that loss of his card meant death. "Help me," they would say as we passed. "Help me, my card has been stolen." And as we stood over them, we would see life ebbing away. It was at this time that I began carrying a heavy stick with me.

What is more important — food or warmth? That was a question we never quite answered to our satisfaction. But we struggled to keep the freezing weather out of our rooms. Artillery fire had shattered most of the windows of Leningrad, and through the holes in the makeshift replacements, lengths of stovepipes now emerged. A thriving trade in the *burjyka*, a small stove which had been common in 1917, in the days of the Revolution, began. Into these cast iron stoves went whatever wood or paper could be gathered. I had no burjyka but instead a small kerosene heater and some kerosene which I carefully husbanded, using a little only in the morning to boil water and some in the evening to heat up my "supper."

In mid-November, I was assigned to a new job, jamming German and Finnish broadcasts. In our Institute's radio station where I worked there were four of us, one pair worked 12 hours and then was relieved by the other pair. My particular job was to handle the technical end of it. The signal to jam came from the NKVD headquarters which monitored the enemy's propaganda programs. We were not sufficiently trusted to be permitted to tune in ourselves although the other three workers were all party members. This job, although it took up a good part of my day and night, was worth a great deal to me

because it gave me the right to hold a manual workers' food card and freed me from other duties such as digging trenches and drilling.

As the winter progressed, the bombings stopped. People dragged themselves along the street more dead than alive, absolutely passive, unconcerned about the course of the war or in their own future. Leningrad, already a dying city, began showing its skeleton. Street cars, abandoned in the street were torn apart by the people seeking fire wood. The houses showed gaps where artillery shells had struck them. And every day there were new horrors for us to witness.

Once, as I walked along Kirovsk bridge, artillery shells suddenly whizzed by. A horse and wagon which had been plodding along fifty feet ahead of me just as suddenly became a mass of broken wood and torn flesh. But instead of running for cover, the people made a wild rush for the remains of the horse, maddened at the sight of freshly killed meat. Soon there was a steady stream of women and men dashing away with pieces of bloody meat clutched to their chests. Over the larger chunks, women clawed and tore, trying to tear away what they could. In ten minutes, nothing was left of the poor horse. Even his blood had been sopped up and borne away. I had seen much since the seige began, but this was awful. That same night, I was a guest at Lala's home. It was still the same luxurious place and as I walked in there was a delicious and intoxicating aroma of roasting meat. Leningrad might be starving to death, but the NKVD took care of its own.

I spent the night at Lala's and, in the morning, on my way to the radio station, I saw the poor, starving people making their way painfully to their offices and factories. The weather was getting colder all the time and every day more and more

dead bodies were found on the streets — people who had not quite enough strength to make the trip by foot to work — the useless trip. Some had to walk 6 to 10 miles and in their physical condition the exertion was just too much. Luckily my apartment was just two blocks from my work. By the end of November even the government realized that it was needlessly condemning thousands to death and the order compelling all to report to their jobs was rescinded.

In the hours that I was free from the radio station, I still taught at the institute. In the cold which now blanketed Leningrad, it was necessary to wear a heavy coat, ear muffs, fur hat, and gloves in the classroom. My students, most of whom were girls, dressed the same way, making it difficult to tell male from female. Only the grown beards differentiated the sexes. My male students were all invalids or cripples — men whom the army had rejected.

One of them, a young man whose one eye was very nearsighted, always wrote with his head next to the paper. One day, at the end of my lecture, he did not straighten up. When one of the students went to arouse him, the boy turned out to be dead. But there was little sense of shock among us. By now death was a commonplace. The body was carried out and that was that. No one had the strength to drag the corpse to the cemetery; it just lay with other bodies in the rear areaway. Several days later we got a note from the student's mother asking what had happened to him. We wrote back that he was living at the Institute. Shortly after that the schools were all closed, along with the factories, offices, and plants. Those of us who had any connection with the Institute kept returning, but not for classes. The cafeteria was still open and the build-

ing a little warmer than the streets. That was enough to bring a people back.

As the food situation steadily deteriorated, a kind of lunacy hit the population. No animal was safe. Dogs and birds disappeared. So did mice. Cats had a regular market value of 700 rubles. Only the rats fattened — on human flesh. Meat was such a crying luxury that when my friend Prof. Kochinsky invited me to his home to celebrate the birthday of his 8-year-old daughter Sonya, I was astounded to see tiny hamburgers on the table. After this meal, topped by tea, sweetened with sugar I had brought, the professor took me aside. "Don't say anything to Sonya," he warned me. "But that meat we ate was her pet cat. We told her it ran away."

To make us even more desperate, we discovered one day a company of NKVD troops quartered at the Institute — fat, well-fed, healthy-looking, well-armed men. Their sole duty was to keep an eye on us, and later we learned that every public building in Leningrad had its company. We had no idea where these men came from, certainly not from the front in their clean Lend-Lease uniforms. These men, whom we hated from the start, ate three times a day — not the thin gruel we were given, but big helpings of meat and "kasha." They ate their meals right under our noses and what they could not eat they permitted us to scramble over.

So far we were almost without food, almost without heat, but we still had water. In the early days of December, this too was gone. As the mercury dropped, the water pipes burst in our apartments. Only in a few spots in Leningrad was there any running water — a few taps from which trickled the life-giving fluid. And around every one of these taps was a mob of people. As a result, we were rationed on water: one pail a day, later reduced to one kettleful.

For most people this was hardly enough. They began going down to the canals, breaking a hole in the ice, and drawing out the dirty water. Some fell and froze to death on the spot, while others died dragging the heavy pails back to their homes. This trip to the canal became one more chore for me. But as usual, I felt impelled to build up reserves. One day I got hold of a sled, loaded it with every conceivable receptacle I could rake up, and went down to the Kabpouka river to fill them up. But in the morning when I woke, I found that the water had frozen and burst all the glass containers.

From the start of the cold weather I had slept in my clothes. Now, as I lost weight I added other clothing. Soon I was wearing four or five pairs of socks, several pairs of trousers, several shirts. Every morning I would strip off my overcoat, do setting up exercises for a few minutes, and have my breakfast — my quarter-ration of bread and some water, warmed only by the heat of my hands. Pretty soon I got used to taking a kettle of water to bed with me so that I would have a small quantity which was not frozen. By this time, of course, I had used up all my kerosene and therefore could not cook.

The door of my room — which was also my storehouse of food — was kept locked with three padlocks. But I was always afraid that someone would break in. One day it almost happened. Returning home, I found that Vanya, the 14-year-old son of our house's late manager, had broken two of the locks. Before he could break the third, he had died, and his body lay slumped against my door. I dragged the body over to his mother's room as best I could.

"He's not dead," she shouted. "He's not dead. He's only cold. I'll warm him up and you'll see." She put the boy in her bed, covered him with every blanket she had, and that night she slept at his side,

holding him, to give him warmth. For a month she did this, crazed in her grief, refusing to believe that, not only her husband, but her son, too, was dead.

There were others who kept their dear ones hidden in beds and in corners but for more practical reasons. As long as the deaths were kept secret, the living could use the bread cards of the dead.

In spite of these constantly mounting horrors, we tried hard to maintain as much of the old pattern as possible, to live like people instead of like animals. Once a week, I would trudge across the ice of the Neva river to visit Ludmila, a good friend. I would take with me a small amount of food from my spare reserves and together with her pitiful share we would make a meal. On my weekly visits, I would break up enough fire wood to last Ludmila for seven days, we would make a fire in her burjuyka, and I would indulge in the luxury of removing my overcoat. She lived in what had been a good house and there were plenty of wooden objects in the neighboring rooms — deserted by their former occupants. This enabled Ludmila to keep the homefires burning.

During my evenings with Ludmila, we would try to act as if Leningrad was not slowly dying, as if the city outside was the city we had known six months before. Because Ludmila liked poetry, we would sit near the stove, once our meal was ended, and she would read from her favorites, Gumilov and Yessenin, the lyric poets so hated by the Soviets. In this way the present would be forgotten, until it was time to retire. Then she would prepare a bed for me on top of a dining room table in one of the empty rooms — padding it with pillows and covering me with blankets. In the morning I would return to the terrible struggle.

That December, one of the coldest in Leningrad's history, the mercury dropped

to 45 degrees centigrade below zero. More and more people, weakened by hunger, would just drop off to sleep as they sat down to rest for a minute and freeze to death in the biting weather. Yet the temptation to sit and rest was irresistible to many. Those who did not die lost their food cards, and this was a more fearful kind of death.

There was no will — and no water — to fight the epidemic of fires which broke out now. Once the fire started in an apartment — usually from a burjuyka — nothing was done to stop it. It would rage until the house burned down. The occupants had no trouble finding another place to live; the death rate had done away with the housing shortage. But it was always wise to find a brick house. Wooden houses were being torn down piecemeal to feed the burjuykas, and there was no telling when a building would collapse, occupants and all, because the lower floors had been stripped off by firewood hunters.

What was my daily diet in those days? A thin sliver of bread dipped in castor oil and toasted over a wood fire. When I had no castor oil I used fish glue. With this I drank several drops of eau de cologne diluted in water. And my imagination.

When one of my friends died, I found a cook book among his effects and I induced his wife to trade it for four heavy volumes of mine, which made much better fuel. During the long evenings, I sat by the stove — when I had wood to keep it going — memorizing the succulent recipes, dreaming of the food I would one day prepare for myself. The book was illustrated, and I tore out the picture and mounted them on the walls. This book was an obsession with me. It is one of the few things I have saved to this day.

Several days before the New Year, 1942, I ran into Prof. M. at the Institute. Unlike many of my acquaintances, he seem-

ed in fairly good shape. So when he asked me to "celebrate" the holiday with him, I readily assented. On New Year's Eve, I made my way to his apartment, taking a few "luxuries" with me — some sugar, etc. and was quite surprised to find that his home was really warm. M. quickly showed me that he was fortunate enough to have two rooms which were separated not by a wall but by a huge, old-fashioned oven. Fortunately, he had put away enough wood to last him for a good long time. It was not a cheerful party, and we had little to look forward to. But like most of the people in Leningrad, we made one wish for the coming year. Solemnly we asked God to help us survive through January and February — the worst months of the year. We knew that once March came, there was a fighting chance for us to remain alive.

This chance meeting with Prof. M. and the invitation to his apartment turned out very well for me. When I described to him what my room was like, its windows stuffed with paper, no heat, M. invited me to sleep in his house. It took little urging and throughout the month of January I stayed with him, sleeping in the luxurious warmth of his second room, minus my overcoat and rubbers. Early in the morning, I would go to my place for "breakfast." On my way through the streets, I would witness what became a typical Leningrad scene, women dragging sleds bearing their dead toward the cemetery, the bodies wrapped in old sheeting. It seemed it was always the women who survived. But I knew that few of these corpses ever reached a burial ground. When the weary women thought no one was watching, they would dump the body anywhere and return home with an empty sled, their duty done.

Except for the time at the radio station, my days followed a simple routine. I

would get up at dawn so that I could get to the Institute in time to get a good place on the food line. This grew increasingly more difficult as members of the staff and students took to sleeping in the corridor outside the cafeteria, or even on the steps. The doors would open at 8 a.m. Then, mustering all our strength, and there was very little of that left in any of us, we would inch forward towards the kitchen. This was a process which took hours, and many would faint before they got to the bowl of warm water with barley which we called soup. With this in hand, we made our way cautiously to a corner, wary every second, fearing someone would snatch the bowl and swallow up the contents.

The most important people in our lives were the cooks and their assistants. It was in their power to give a slightly larger portion or to slip us an extra bowl of soup. Since the cafeteria ran out of food every day before the full line had been fed, it was vital to have someone in the kitchen who might put a little something away for you. Towards the end of the siege, the shortages at the cafeteria eased up, not because there was more food elsewhere but simply because many people did not have the strength to climb the Institute's three flights of steps. At this time, some of us were able to get second helpings regularly.

But although we were starving to death, the NKVD was still eating its fill. The practice of permitting the secret police to eat in our presence had been discontinued after several futile and pathetic attacks by students on the burly troops. In January, the NKVD took its meals behind locked doors, but we could smell their food and we could see their leftovers.

How did we go through those terrible days of January? First of all, our life had descended to the animal level. We

were filthy and ragged, with a crazed look in our eyes. The difference between the men and women had been totally obliterated. We hardly noticed that one by one our friends and acquaintances just dropped out of sight. We hardly noticed the piles of bodies lying stripped of their clothing on the back streets. As we limped along, each of us leaning on a cane, the only thing that seemed unusual was the sight of the Institute director, the commisars, the high party officials, who continued to look like ordinary human beings. After a time, we even got used to that, as we got used to the blood-chilling, clunk, clunk, clunk of heads banging on the cobblestones as they were dragged away by feeble relatives who had not the strength to lift them up.

In this atmosphere of death, we unconsciously observed that it was the young and healthy who died first, then the able-bodied males, then the women, and curiously enough, the invalids and the tubercular, in most cases were the very last to go. And the number of the dead was legion. I know for a fact that in January more than 26,000 died daily. In February, 790,000 less food cards were issued more than twice the casualties suffered by the United States in World War II. True, there were some who were evacuated during that month, but this was no more than 3,000, and at least that many deaths were concealed by relatives in order to make use of their ration cards. In my apartment alone two bodies were concealed. How did they die? Silently, humbly, with no protest, as if this was the logical outcome of life in Russia.

But if the death rate for January was high, February brought a sharp increase. This was due as much to government inefficiency as to the weakened condition of the population. On Jan. 31, when we applied for our next months' food cards, we

were told that they were not ready, that we would have to apply the next day. For three awful days the people of Leningrad waited for their ration cards and for three awful days they got the same excuse: there was no paper to print the cards. So the vast majority which had nothing put away and which lived on a day to day basis died in droves. In those three days alone, 150,000 people died in their tracks.

The macabre story of what the sane people did in those days can never be told. A friend of mine, a professor at the Institute told me later that he had begun eating his carpet when the rations were cut off, neatly cutting out the greasy spots and cooking them. I was spared this measure of despair because I had saved my crusts of bread and could fall back on my reserves. But there were thousands who were not as fortunate as I.

Outright cannibalism broke loose in the month of February. When groups of wild women began attacking and clawing at men in the street, making it unsafe to go out at night, we felt we had hit the bottom. But this was only the beginning. The bodies in the street were dismembered by frantic men and women. Then there were attacks on homes where children were known to live. Kidnapping became commonplace and parents lived in terror, afraid to permit their children to venture into the street.

There was a student of mine at the Institute. One day he brought his 6-year-old brother with him, his excuse being that there was no one to take care of the child. Whenever anyone approached the boy, my student would put his arms around his brother protectively and cry out, "No!" A few days later the young man confessed to me that his parents were not dead but that he had reason to believe that they had disposed of a three-year-old brother,

in exchange for other food. So he had moved out of his home, bringing the 6-year-old with him. One day the student died and his younger brother disappeared without a trace.

Towards the end of February, the evacuations over the frozen Lake Ladoga increased and I knew that if I pressed the matter, I could get myself placed on a list of evacuees. Prof. M —— at whose apartment I was sleeping was put in charge of a group leaving Leningrad and he urged me to come along. But I turned it down, not out of any feeling of heroics but because I was sure that once I left the city I would lose contact with my wife and son forever. I was not sure where they were but I knew that they could reach me in Leningrad. M—— was one of my last friends and I hated to part with him. When he left, I moved my bedding over to the Institute.

By the end of February, when Leningrad was a city of dead bodies and living corpses, the government finally became convinced that no revolt of the people was in the books. As a result, the NKVD troops, who had been consuming the lion's share of the food that trickled in through the blockade, were removed and food stations set up to feed the starving people. In every plant, office building, and school, these stations were set up, almost as if they were to administer first aid. And so it was that one was opened at the Institute.

Three class rooms of the Institute were set aside for this purpose. Two of them, with 16 beds each, were a sort of hospital, dividing the ambulant starving and the bed-ridden starving. The third room was for the corpses. The admitted into either of the first two rooms were permitted to stay there for ten days, being fed and "looked after" by a husky, dirty nurse. There was no time limit for the third room.

The first to be admitted into these "cure" rooms were the commissars, the directors of the Institute, and the party functionaries — in short, those who needed it least. Following these came the essential workers, and due to my status as technician for the jamming station, I gained entry into the room for the ambulant starving on the condition that I report for two hours daily at the station.

The room I lived in had been simply furnished: two rows of beds, a table at which we ate, benches, and a slop pail which was continually overflowing and which we took turns at emptying. But we were so weak that few of us were able to life the pail and so it was dragged as a rule, spilling on the floors of the room and the corridor.

Crude as this sounds, it was luxury for us: Three times daily, we were served individual bowls of soup and rice. We were allowed some sugar, too. How then could we complain if the one stove in the room gave only heat to those in its immediate vicinity. Or if the smell of the slop pail and of the food combined was not exactly ambrosial. What we did resent was that though we were now being fed almost adequately, the deaths continued. Every day one or two more would die, and ironically, it was the best fed who went first. The ailment which brought about this death was never explained to us — dysentery combined with some sort of internal bleeding. When a man was struck by this, he was immediately taken off the regular diet and fed tea and some pills at regular intervals, but this treatment never seemed to help.

My first four days were fine. I felt relatively fit, I could work at the radio station, and even helped in the building of the bath-house in the courtyard of the Institute. On the fifth day, the dysentery and bleeding began for me. The moment

I reported it, I could sense a change in attitude towards me. I had been crossed off the list of the living. And as day followed day and my strength flowed out of me, there was a certain resentment in the manner of the attendant and the nurse as if I was presuming by holding on so long. But though my condition was critical, I managed to hold on to life by main strength and to remain conscious. Several times I was given injections and on the fourth day of my illness the tea I was being given stopped altogether.

I was obsessed then by two ideas, one that I might not seem alive and be dumped in the room with the dead; the other how will my wife be able to find my body once I died. On the fifth day of my illness, the nurse said to me: "You must understand, comrade, that other people are waiting for your bed." On the sixth day, Karobin, one of my students came to visit me.

"Is there any message that I can deliver to anyone in Leningrad. Can I write a letter to your wife telling her what happened to you?" There was no drama in his voice. It was a casual question, almost like asking me where I wanted my mail forwarded, and this in itself was a shock. I knew I was dying but I was not prepared for death. I tried to be casual too.

"Thank you for your attention, but I really feel fine. See, I can even shake my head. Pretty soon I will be on my feet and we'll celebrate." But that night, when I overheard talk that I would probably be dead in 24 hours, I decided to call Karobin back. The next morning, he was at my beside again.

"Take my comforter," I said to him. "Take it to Clara \_\_\_\_\_. I don't want it stolen when I die. Tell Clara that when she finds my family, she must give it to my son." Clara was the old friend whose advice in the early days of the war had

led me to buy the right things and store them away, actually saving me through the worse days of the starvation. The comforter was my dearest possession. It had been made for me by my mother when I was still a child, filled with the wool of the lambs I had tended myself on the slopes of Mt. David in Tiflis. When I had parted with my family, my mother had packed it among my things to protect me in the cold nights of Leningrad — the "world's end." It was my link with a happier past. I wanted my son to have it.

Karobin agreed. "But I can't carry it myself," he protested, "I don't have the strength. I'll go tomorrow to your friend and give her your message. She'll come for it."

That night was a vigil for me, a long prayer for strength. I tried not to sleep, afraid that my life would slip away if I let go for a minute. I wanted to remain alive until I had given Clara the comforter.

Finally I fell asleep against my will. The next morning, the first thing I heard was the sound of Clara's voice. I opened my eyes and she was there with her son Dzora. I could see by their expressions how shocked they were by the sight of me. Then and there, Clara decided to take me to her home, sure that this was the only way to save my life. At her words, I weakly clutched her hand and kissed it. Then with the aid of the woman and her son, I staggered from my bed, wrapped the comforter around me, and the bizarre procession got under way. The nurse looked at me as if I were a ghost, but she said nothing as I passed.

How I was able to drag myself those long blocks to Clara's home I will never really know. I think I was really half-carried by Clara and Dzora. But by the time we had reached it, I was at the end of my endurance. I had no sooner step-

ped inside when I fainted. When I came to, I was in bed, between clean sheets, my face and hands washed for the first time in many days. In the capable and gentle care of Clara's family, I slowly recovered my strength. Every day, Dzora would get my portion of soup from the Institute and this, together with what Clara provided, sufficed to sustain my life.

One day, as I lay in bed, the loudspeaker in the apartment which had been silent for a long time suddenly sputtered to life with the loud strains of Bizet's Carmen; the government had decided to make death pleasant for us by playing records. But in those days of my convalescence, it was a pleasure to sit with the family and listen to music which carried us back to a world we thought no longer existed. In this way, reality was forgotten, and in this way, with love and care, I returned to health.

During my illness, the food situation in Leningrad had suddenly taken a turn for the better. Large quantities of food were beginning to come in to the city over frozen Lake Ladoga, including the fabulous white bread which had been made from American Lend-lease flour. Now there was chocolate in the stores, dried figs, margarine, some meat. The bread ration was increased. Every day there would be announcements of what would be put on sale the following day, and that had become the most important thing to the survivors. When the loudspeakers were used again, this announcement came in the evenings, and everyone made sure that he was near his speaker so as to get the welcome tidings for the morrow.

Although food was plentiful now, the horrors of the seige had not ended, however. People still continued to die off, as if they had passed the point where an adequate diet could be of any use. These deaths continued until the day I left Leningrad.

Early in March I felt well enough to venture back to the Institute to see my friends. A great change had come over the place. Very few of the people I had once known were still there. The food station had been shut down. The bodies had been removed and the place cleaned up. And everywhere I went, I was greeted in the same way by those who knew me: "Didn't you die?" or "Look, he's come back from the grave."

Leningrad itself had undergone some changes. Although it was still very cold, we could feel spring in the air. On government orders, all houses were being cleaned. Trucks roared through the streets carting away the dead. The commandant of the air field had ordered the digging of mass graves, and bulldozers were busy in the open fields excavating and covering over the deep pits where the victims of the siege found their last resting place. Out of nowhere, soldiers appeared again to repair the streetcar lines. We really knew it was spring when we had our first air raid. But the sound of dropping bombs seemed remote to us. We knew greater horrors.

On my next visit to the Institute, I learned that the Army's mobilization board had ordered me to report. This "draft board" was located at the Kshesinkia palace, a beautiful building on the Kirovsk prospect, and a healthy-looking man in a Red Army uniform without insignia interviewed me.

"Are you Comrade Kassian?" he asked. I said "Yes."

"We want to congratulate you on your return from the dead," he said ironically. "Now you must do your duty for your fatherland at the front."

"Certainly," I said. "But this is the second time I have been out since my illness. I'm so weak I can barely get around. And look, if I didn't have this stick to lean on, I would not be able to stay on my feet."

"That's not my business," the man told me brusquely. "My job is to draft any man who can fire a rifle. You're strong enough to squeeze a trigger. Now go home and get ready to leave at a moment's notice. We'll notify you when you should report to the Army."

Weary and upset, I made my way back to the Institute to see if the Director could do something for me.

"A group of Institute people are being evacuated on March 13th", the Director told me. "It's a little late, but I'm sure I can add your name to the list." And he gave me a note to that effect to present to the "draft board." So again I dragged myself back to the Kirovsk Prospect and got a pass to leave Leningrad.

"They'll draft you wherever you go," I was told. "So it doesn't make any difference." This was on March 9th. I had four days in which to dispose of all my personal effects, the furniture Ina and I had accumulated throughout the years of our marriage — four days in which to bid farewell to a whole period of my life.

My first idea was to turn all my belongings over to Clara so that she could make use of them in case I ever returned. But this was impossible. The only way to move them was on my back, and I did not have the strength. Then, because I needed money badly for my trip, I decided to sell what I could, leaving the rest to her. But by this time there was hardly anyone who had money or the interest to buy books and furniture. I realized that only the profiteers and black marketeers could afford to buy my things. So I approached a butcher who had been able to put away plenty of money in the early days of the famine. He looked at the furniture in my apartment and, after bickering we arrived at a price, 4,000 rubles and 200 grams of meat. (A bar of chocolate sold for 500 rubles at the time). When the butcher

refused to take my books, despite my assurance that they were worth more than the other things, I nearly wept.

The following day, Clara and her mother came with me to my apartment to help me pack up those things which I would take with me. I was only allowed to have four pieces of baggage, and I was in a painful dilemma. There were certain things which I needed and others which I could not bear to part with for sentimental reasons. It's hard to pack up one's entire past in four suitcases. All day long, I packed and unpacked those bags. Finally, late in the evening, I had stowed away the most important of my wife's and son's clothing in two valises, in the third my comforter and the precious cook book, and in the fourth the most useless collection of unimportant objects and books one could imagine. This last I felt could be jettisoned if I should be forced to throw away some of my luggage during the journey out of Leningrad. One last thing, I took with me — my sack of dried bread which, for some reason, I still believed might be necessary. When I reached my journey's end in the Caucasus I was still clutching this sack.

By the time everything was set, it was 5 a.m. and I was half-frozen. Clara and her mother had long since gone home, after arranging to meet me at the train which was leaving at 2 p.m. So, without any sleep, I prepared my last breakfast; my last 2 ounces of eau de cologne and some dry bread. I piled up those books which Clara had promised to take away, added my two albums of records — Tschaikovsky's 5th and 6th Symphonies — and piled my belongings on a sled to make the long journey by foot to the Finland station in Leningrad.

The first half hour of dragging the sled to the railroad station was not too hard. But after that my general weakness and

my lack of sleep began to tell on me. I stopped to rest and almost fell asleep. I continued down the street, stopping frequently, until I fainted out of sheer exhaustion. When I came to I called for help, but no one paid any attention to me. Out of exhaustion, I fell asleep. When I awoke, it was 2 p.m. I pulled myself to my feet and tried to run, but the strength just wasn't in me. Finally I was able to signal a truck bound for the station. I clambered in and soon reached my destination only to find that the train with the Institute evacuees have already pulled out.

Dzora was still waiting for me, although Clara had gone home feeling sure that we had missed each other in the crowd and that I was aboard the train. After being stopped from boarding other trains — I had no pass — I decided to return to Clara's with Dzora. I felt as if all the misfortunes of the world had suddenly been heaped on me.

The next day, I returned to the Institute to see if I could make new arrangements. But, with the old director gone, there was no one who knew me or cared to help. Instead, the new director told me sharply that I had been struck from the Institute's list and that I was fired. "I can't help you," he said in dismissal. But my luck had not run out. Another teacher, a woman, had also missed the train and she informed me that the Pedagogical Institute was being evacuated in less than a week. For two days she and I argued with the Pedagogical Institute's director, and finally we convinced him that we belonged on his list.

This time, I made sure that I would not miss the train: I got there the day before. Our train, 20 summer coaches with broken windows, was closely guarded until the time came for us to go aboard. Then there was a wild stampede in which people were lifted bodily by the pushing

crowd and thrown through the doors. But though we were packed like sardines, helter-skelter, with our luggage, I had no complaints. I merely wanted the train to start. But from 2 p.m., until dusk, we sat in the station. At 8 p.m., we began moving out, to the joyous cries of the passengers. Throughout the night, we moved for a few minutes, then stopped, moved again, then stopped, so that we did not reach Lake Ladoga — 30 kilometers away — until the next morning.

When we did reach the Lake, the command rang out, "Everybody out." Cramped and cold, we descended to the snowy ground, to be fed at Red Army kitchens. The food was good and plentiful. And all about us, as we ate, were cases — mountains of cases of food, waiting to be shipped into Leningrad. The lettering on the cases were not Russian. Careful examination showed that it was English — Lend Lease. After we had been fed, a long line of trucks pulled up. A commisar called us together and announced:

"These trucks will take you across the ice of Lake Ladoga. It is a dangerous trip and we want no one along who is panicky. If you are afraid, you need not go. The trip across the ice is 2 kilometers and there are German planes." But no one backed down. The commissar nodded:

"All right. Now, load your baggage on to the trucks and climb in. Thirty of you will ride in each truck." When we had piled in, the long convoy began to move on to the ice. It was like moving into the heavy traffic of a big city. There was a constant stream of trucks moving in both directions. Those going away from Leningrad carried people, those going toward Leningrad were stacked high with cases of food and arms. We were well away from the land when the German planes came over in a strafing attack. I could hear the whine of the bullets but none

struck me or the people next to me. Then the bombs began falling, one of them shattering the ice ahead of the truck which preceded us. Before its driver could duck, he was caught in the bomb crater and under the waters of Ladoga.

We were told later that we had been on the ice an hour, but it seemed like a lifetime. On the opposite shore, there were nurses to treat those who had been wounded. Some had been killed outright by bullets, a few had died of heart failure. Those of us who were untouched were led to a big army barracks to be fed the first regular meal we had eaten since the siege of Leningrad began: hot soup, cabbage, meat, coffee or tea. For the children there was groats, powdered eggs, bouillon — all American.

Then we began the real journey — to the North Caucasus, we were told, and for me this meant perhaps to my wife. Our means of transportation was a train of converted freight cars. They were so constructed that we could stand only in the cross aisle. On both sides of that space, partly taken up by a single wood-burning stove, the box cars had been divided in two, horizontally, forming two decks where we could lie but not stand, and into these quarters we piled in. There were about 40 people in each car, and for one month and four days, we lived in these quarters.

It should not have been so bad. At every stop, we were well fed, with the kitchens beautifully organized and integrated so that the food was hot when we pulled in. But whether it was from the food or from the filth, amoebic dysentery broke out among us, and the sight of dead bodies was once more with us. We were not the only trainload to be so afflicted. On both sides of the tracks, as we rode along, we spotted dead bodies. In my car alone, eleven died during the trip.

By the time we reached Stalingrad, there

was no more snow on the ground and it was really spring. Once again we could see green earth and growing things. Though we were surrounded by our own filth and many of us were sick, this sight suddenly made us realize that the city of death where we had lived for close to nine months was far away. There was reason to be hopeful.

Finally we reached our destination in the Caucasus. Janitors, the male nurses, surrounded our train which had been shunted into an isolated area surrounded by a high wire fence. Masked and gloved to prevent further infection, the Janitors removed the very ill. The rest of us were hurried past the fences where the curious peered at us in horror, to a delousing chamber and steam bath. For the first time in many months, I removed my clothes and handed them in to be disinfected. As I tried to take off my shirt, pieces of it stuck to my skin, and pieces of skin came off with it. Then we luxuriated, three to a shower, under steaming hot water.

I had forgotten what my naked body looked like, but the sight now was not pretty, swollen ankles, body skeletal except for a pot belly, skin peeling off, with my hands I could feel the long beard and unshorn hair. I looked about me. The other men were much the same. And here and there, I spied a woman showering with us. But none of the men paid her any heed, nor she to them. Against my will, I was pushed away from the wonderful water; there were others in line waiting their turns. I left the shower rooms to be handed my disinfected clothes, then assigned quarters.

I lay on my bunk, clean and elated. Now I knew that I had survived the terrible ordeal. Despite cold and starvation, I had been able to pull through. I was alive. I would be well again. I would find my wife and child and we would be-

gin a new life together. Yes, I did find my wife and child, but the new life we began was not the kind I expected. Three months after I had left Leningrad, all three of us were captured by the advancing Germans. My freedom — such as it could be under the Soviet — was short-lived.

My real liberation came, as it must to all Russians, at the hands of the Allies. My new life began, as I never dreamed it might, when I reached the United States with my wife and children. I was at last free.



# THE SHADOW OF OMAR KHAYYAM

By JACK S. KARAPETIAN

You see, I want to tell you a good and profound story. But I do not know how to begin. For the beginning is the mother of life and the only source of creation, and therefore it is difficult, masterful and godly as God Himself.

A man who wants to write something either has something to tell or he has nothing to tell. If the writer has something to tell, it means he has too many things to tell. Things that come out of the dark, wonderful earth and things that return to the breast of the dark, wonderful earth. The rest is absurd and artificial, full of laws and regulations that destroy the nobility of man, the integrity of this splendid joy which is life.

I despise the technicalities and man-made traditions of Art. That is to say that I do not agree with the idea that a writer has to have a definite story to deal with, that he has to have his plot, his characters, his proper atmosphere and a psychological knowledge to develop the story. If a writer, is a very socially conscious fellow he might as well become a preacher or take the role of leadership in society to cure and adjust some of the aspects of social wounds. Or if he is convinced that the civilization of the Twentieth-Century is in peril, that Beethoven's or Tchaikovsky's classical music has turned to juke-box stuff, he might as well sit down and copy Heming-

way's The Sun Also Rises and solve his and everybody else's problems.

Well, the story that I am after is about myself, the world, and Omar Khayyam's shadow.

It happened that I was born in Iran one day. Some people think that Iran and Persia are two different countries. No Sir. Iran and Persia are two different names for the same country. In reality Iran was the old name for ancient Persia. Then, somehow Europeans took the name Persia after the beautiful province of Pars and called it Perse or Persia. Only thirty years ago (I am not so sure, maybe twenty-five years) the ex-king of Persia, the late Reza Shah Pahlevi for the sake of ancient glory of Persia, called it Iran and declared himself Shah in Shah which means King of Kings.

To make things easy I am going to be laconic.

I am an Armenian. I was put on this Earth by Christian parents in the city of Tabriz, between the chains of the Iranian Plateau. When I was a boy, one day I walked through all known and unknown streets of my home town and for the first time I SAW the green graces of the trees and smelled the singing fragrance of Oriental flowers. I looked up to the Sun, I felt the warm and delicious current of life in my body and I also felt like an angel

floating in the immense purity of skies. There was a girl next to me, just my age, playing with a big balloon. It was a blue and big balloon. I had never seen such a blue and big balloon. I walked towards her and said, "Can I touch it?" She smiled like nobody else could smile and said, "Take it, I have another one in my pocket." I took that big, blue balloon and pressed it to my heart and ran home. That day in the streets of Tabriz I learned my only sincere lesson of life.

Then my parents sent me to the Armenian National School to learn Religion, History, Language and Arithmetic. Later I was educated in French Saint Louis College of Teheran and finally I found myself sitting next to Catherine O'Brien and Jack Hudson in a solemn classroom at the University of Kansas City, Kansas City, Missouri.

Whatever good I have learned in life was before I had gone to school.

And now I am walking in the streets of this huge Republic which we call the United States of America. I do not assume that it is a miracle or something extraordinary to walk in the streets of America. As a matter of fact there are millions of other people who walk constantly in the streets of America. But my business is different. Every time I walk in the streets of America, no matter where, in New York City, in Providence, in Boston, in Kansas City, in Denver, San Francisco, Fresno, Los Angeles or in the small towns of Imperial Valley, California, something very strange happens to me. That is the shadow of good old drunkard, Omar Khayyam of Nishaboor, Iran, follows me. Of course I am not afraid of Omar's shadow. After all the man was not a politician, a communist spy or a Brooklyn bookie to be afraid of. But that guy, just like a devoted satellite, pursues me everywhere and keeps telling me:

"Hey, you stranger! What the hell is the matter with you? Homesick, huh? Then why the devil don't you go back to your native town of Tabriz in the mountains of Azerbaijan and get drunk like nobody's business. . . . After all you are alive only once in this damned world. The rest is dust and darkness. Why not get drunk and forget everything, including your own poor existence. . . ."

Naturally I get embarrassed, then I get mad. Then I turn back to tell Omar to go to hell and to leave me alone. But everytime I turn back to give him hell, I bump into some busy pedestrian.

"Excuse me, Madam. . . ."

"Sorry, Sir. . . ."

"Pardon me, pal. . . ."

You see, Omar Khayyam, the Persian poet is not dead. His shadow is following me all over the country. He is with me even when I go to a movie houses to see Jane Wyman's face. The man has always the same mocking expression in his eyes. Sometimes as sour as an old bottle of vinegar.

"Go back, young man, go back to your own country. Persian women are waiting for you. . . . Can't you hear the deep call of Mount Demavend? Go back, you melancholic, homesick boy. . . ."

I love America. I love everything that is American. I love the glittering lights of Broadway and the old magnificent structure of the Third Avenue El in New York City. Like a thirsty traveller I have travelled a lot in the United States of America. I have seen the proud mountains of Colorado and have suffered much in the loneliness of Arizona deserts. Furthermore, like any other young American, many, many times I have been jobless, blue and without proper food, and have enjoyed immensely the sadness and the hopelessness of man in the turmoil of big cities. Probably you will be surprised if I tell you

I have also made some discoveries about America.

First, I have found out that the streets of America are not made of gold and that money is not spread in the crossroads of big cities.

Second, that movies cost you approximately from 70 cents to \$1.20 despite the delusion of certain foreigners who still believe that movies cost you only 2 cents in America.

Third, that Hollywood is not a dreamy town of eternal light and luxury, and that Hollywood beauties are not as beautiful as they look on the movie screens. One night a month ago, I was walking again on the famous Hollywood Boulevard and believe me, that darned place looked just like the business district of Kansas City, Missouri. No difference at all. I do not know why people are raving so much about Hollywood. I would rather live on Tremont Avenue in The Bronx than in Hollywood.

Fourth, during four years, I have discovered that America is the best country in the world, where everything belongs to the people. That is to say that the wealth, the economy, the government, the schools, the press, the greatness and the weakness of the country come from the people. I also have discovered that Americans are the most alive and youthful people in the world. They work harder and they laugh happier than anybody else. Of course for Americans these things seem as natural phenomenons, but ask those oriental guys about it. I am sure they will think that you are crazy or you have just escaped from an insane-asylum.

It is true that I am as lonely in America as is God in the heaven. But this loneliness is not for Iran or for any part of the world as Omar Khayyam is convinced. It is the infinite loneliness of man for self-

understanding and for a pure spiritual maturity.

Go to Times Square in New York City any night and observe the faces of thousands of New Yorkers rushing for happiness and joy. There, you will find the trace of an unknown nostalgia in everyone's face. Why? Do not ask me. They are human beings. They are looking for something to drink, on which to get mature. . . .

Right now while I am writing this great story of love and suffering, I can see the shadow of Omar Khayyam behind the window.

He is with me all the time.

You see, I am a famous unknown person. Sometimes I think that without me this planet, this solar constellation and even the universe will collapse. This is not just an imaginary factor or an ill-fed illusion. I am convinced of what I am saying and that is why I keep alive for my own sake, and the sake of humanity. After all, we have to keep the universal harmony.

I said I am an unknown great person, because every day I see thousands of other famous people like me in the corners of big and small cities, on the highways and on the tricky country roads of America longing for the same superb goal of existence — love, integrity and happiness. Who said that greatness is limited only to artist, writers and scientists? Who said that a man has to build a church or he has to write a master-piece in order to become great? You will find the purity and the real greatness among small, unknown and humble people in their magnificent daily challenge of life.

During twenty-six years of my life I have seen and have spoken to thousands of people of different nationalities, races and beliefs. I have travelled through seven different countries and I have communicated with them in seven different languages. I have prayed with Mohammedans and

have wined with Christians. I have dined with Hindus and Zoroastrians and have feasted with many atheists and misanthropes. I have seen the growth of life and hope in the eyes of men and I have seen the death in the hearts of others. During all my student life with the people of five continents the strangest thing has occurred to me. With the eyes of my spirit I have perceived that men are men, that human beings are just the same human beings all over the world. That all men have the same great passion for life, the eternal drive for happiness and laughter, that the rest is nonsense. That culture, civilization, progress and dozens of other sixty-four dollar words are the secondary images of life. That the main thing is to be alive and to win like hell and to lose like hell.

And now again the shadow of the old philosopher, Omar Khayyam is following me.

"Young wanderer," he says, "go back to your home. Go back to the bosom of your country and watch the falling stars of Persian skies. America is too tough for your physical and spiritual structure. Go back, young man from the shores of this Electrical Complications and find your happiness in wine, women and song . . ."

That man Omar is murder.

He is my conscience, he is the conscience of old Persia. He is the conscience of the world. He is the conscience of everybody, everywhere.

You see, I have my draft card from the Board of Selective Service of the United States in my pocket. I can swear beautifully in American. I know the biography and the work of Walt Whitman and I also know the great history of America from the days of the Mayflower till the Tammany Hall scandal. I like to go to the corner drug-store and sip a delicious bottle of Coca-Cola and read about the pri-

vate life of Margaret Truman in Times Magazine. I am content, I feel happy and I feel busy with the business of being alive.

And again, there is Omar Khayyam with his sarcastic remarks:

"Homesick huh? Well, I don't blame you. Nothing can excell the Persian wine, the red, divine wine of the city of Kazvin . . ."

I turn back and swear in Persian:

"Pedar Sookteh." (your father in fire or something like that)

The lady behind the fountain asks me, "What is it that you want, Sir?"

"Oh nothing, I just . . . thank you."

Yes, there is something that I want to know, why is my heart scattered so abundantly all over the world? Why is it that I am losing my identity as an Armenian-Iranian-American? How has it happened that this universal love has nested in my tiny soul? I know, I can see that I am melting into a new current of things where love is dominant, where man loves the other man, where hate has no way in.

I am living in America and at the same time I am missing America. I love Iran. I miss the avenues of Teheran, the fresh green gardens of Shemran. I miss the mountains of my native city Tabriz and I miss the virgin valleys of Mazandaran and Kermanshah. I have been in hundreds of cities, but none of them can match the poetic beauty of Shiraz and Isfahan. Persia itself is poetry, it is a sad melody that keeps vibrating day and night in my heart.

And I am an Armenian.

I have never been in Armenia. I have never had a chance to enter inside the Iron Curtain to see my brothers and sisters, to kiss the blessed soil of my fatherland and to light candles for the memories of my heroic fore-fathers. As an Armenian I am in exile in this world. The only thing that I can do is to keep dreaming and

working for a free Armenia until I die.

You people probably still are waiting to see a little action in my story. Some of you maybe are expecting to see a romantic affair developing in the hearts of a girl and a boy, or maybe you are guessing a sudden climax, an adventuristic curve and then a happy ending. I am afraid to disappoint you. I am not a skillful story teller. After all, how can a man tell a story when his heart is divided into a thousand pieces. How can I tell a story when I love passionately this Mother Earth? How can I live without the shadow of Omar Khayyam when my childhood and early youth have been spent in wild horizons of Iran? A man has to have a definite home to write a regular and juicy story. How can I write a regular and juicy story when the world is my home and every night I keep missing millions of people in America, in France, in Russia, in Arabia, in Israel, in Japan and elsewhere? I miss the people whom I have come across and I miss all those people whom I have yet not seen. I even miss the dead peo-

ple and I miss also those people who have not yet been born.

As William Saroyan would say, "I am asking, you people of the world," where is my home, where can I build my home and plant a peach tree when every country is my home, and every passer-by is my brother.

I have a friend named Reese Johnson in Brookfield, Missouri. He is a swell, crazy guy who loves to sing and to feel like a million dollars when the others are mourning. Believe, me, friends, I love that guy as much as I love the King of Iran and I respect the Shah as much as I respect Jimmy Likos, the Greek farmer of El Centro, California.

Well, you see I am a writer and the shadow of Omar Khayyam is following me in the streets of America. My purpose in writing was to tell you a good and decent story. But how can I write a good and decent story when the shadow of Omar Khayyam pursues me all the time, everywhere?



# THE ARCHITECTURE OF ARMENIA

## Part II

(Conclusion)

By A. KHATCHATRIAN



### THE FORMS

In the Ererouk basilica, the Greco-Roman features were preponderant. The wall was not of a massive type; it was pierced with large windows and portals. The portico constituted a tie between the interior and exterior which were not as sharply separated as was the custom of Armenian architecture. The isolated support was dominant, and the cornice on modillions made of distinct units, recalled Hellenistic cornices.

Ererouk is almost unique in style. Armenian architecture modified the Greco-Roman forms to suit its own inherent principles and made out of the whole thing an architectural organism in which the idea of the mass dominated. The forms were deduced from this massive tectonic principle.

*Decorative Bands:* The western entrance of the church at Tekor had an inadmissible form from the standpoint of classic architecture. The springing of the portal's archivolt, instead of being propped up vertically on columns, was broken at a right angle and terminated horizontally. Ererouk's window frames, just as the later decorative slit windows, have the same broken form.

This form, contrary to logic and unknown to classic art, is a Hellenistic creation. For instance, it is met with at Spalato, in the Palace of Diocletian, and in Syria. It is a

direct consequence of the massive procedure of construction. Since the weights are not spread over certain directions by means of arches and supports, these arches lose their tectonic function and may very well be treated as decorative features. They can be broken or lengthened out voluntarily on the base of the massive wall which, itself, retained its tectonic character.

The arch of the western entrance at Tekor still retained to a certain degree its tectonic function and the break in the arch is scarcely discernible. With the growing predominance of the mass, remaining aspects of classic tectonic logic recede more and more into the background. In typical Armenian edifices, just as those in Syria, the arches framing the windows might be considered purely decorative elements. Per contra, in those places where the arches have a really tectonic function, as for instance in the portals, the architect retained their stout and strictly tectonic appearance. He was acquainted with the two uses of the arch and called for either one or the other in accordance with the problem at hand. One could not say then that the broken arch had no logic behind it.

On occasion, the broken arch extended out into an uninterrupted band covering the walls horizontally and twining around the windows.

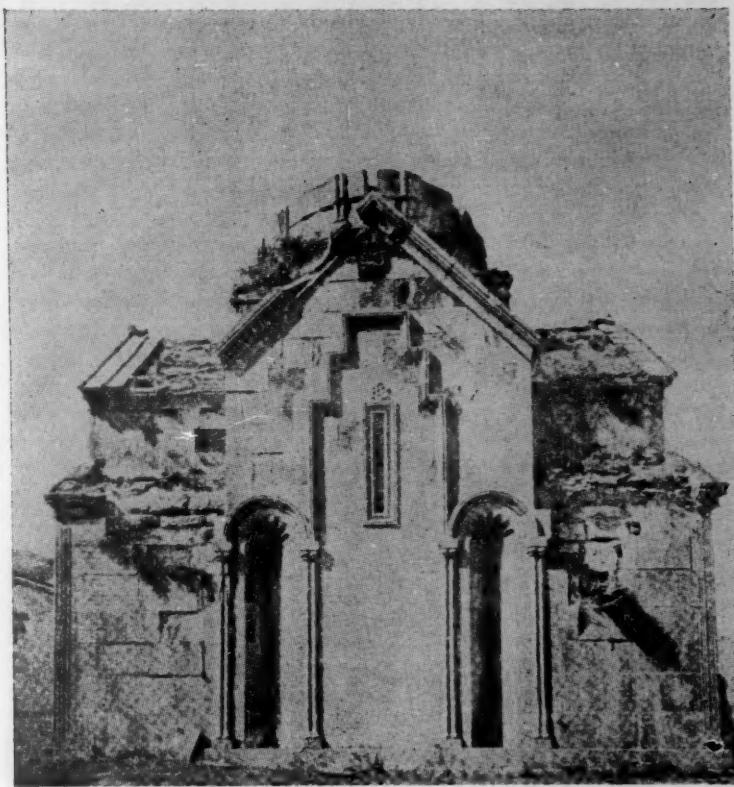


PLATE XIV—Ketcharrouk: the Church known as "the Cathedral."  
XII-XIII Centuries. The South Side.

The band may extend over the wall, independent of the window. The wall of the Ani cathedral is covered by a band forming a rectilinear frame. The churches at Ketcharrouk and Amaghou present the finest examples of rectilinear frames, though perhaps somewhat exaggerated, the architect allowing himself to be carried away by the ornamental beauty of the broken lines. In general, the Armenian architect remains exceedingly sober, using the bands with just enough effect to brighten up the austere surface of the massive wall. (Pl. XIV-XVI).

*The Ornamental Arcade:* At first, the solid masses of the Armenian churches were severely drawn. Save for a few framed windows, nothing lightened the austerity of the walls. In time, a pronounced desire for ornamentation became apparent, and the walls were subdivided — a development which calls for study.

In Hellenistic architecture, the pilaster or half-column, was used to decorate walls. Built under Hellenistic influence, the church of Tekor has an apse decorated in that fashion. In the churches of Tekor and Ererouk, the portico arches are sustained



PLATE VII.—Ani. Church of St. Gregory (of Aboughamrentz). X Century.



PLATE XVI—Amaghou. Church of the Mother of God. 1339?

by pilasters on the side of the walls. Traces of pilasters are present in the churches of Garni and Kassakh. (Pl. II—See p. 32, previous issue).

Armenian architecture, however, soon renounced the above: the pilaster fell into conflict with the wall; it creates a duality. Along with the tectonic principle of the mass, it essays to introduce the principle of the isolated supported (more exactly a support placed against the wall). The Armenian showed his definite predilection for the mass; and in order to enliven the surface of that mass, he introduced the blind decorative arcade. (Pl. VII).

In the precise sense of the word the decorative arcade does not support any weight. It is too slender. It is for precisely that reason that certain persons have de-

clared the decorative arcade to be contrary to logic and tectonics. We believe this to be in turn the result of a misapprehension. What they have done is to approach the matter of Armenian architecture from the stand point of the principles of classic architecture.

As a matter of fact, it is necessary to examine Armenian architecture in the light of its own principles. When this is done, it becomes apparent that the rebel forms are not contrary to logic. The decorative arcade is a logical development of the mass principle. Its delicate lines do not dissemble the wall but rather, by contrast, accentuate the tectonic function of the wall. It is therefore an integral part of the architectural organism; in its place the classic pilaster would be contrary to logic.

A single glance at the church of St. Gregory the Illuminator at Ani and its porch suffices to prove that the Armenian architect knew the use of the slender arcade as well as real massive and tectonic columns, when they are independent of the wall, as for instance in the porch added perhaps sixty years after the church. Both decorative and tectonic arcade had its special functions in the building plan.

The three storeys of the church at Zvartnotz (644-659) were entirely covered with splendid arcades. The decorative arcade appeared on the apses of other churches in VII C, over the dome and finally, in X C., over the entire edifice. The columnettes were often doubled. In the Cathedrals of Thalin, Artik, Ani, and the churches at Aboughamrentz, Ani and Gueghard, the arcade arches protrude from the wall. On the other hand, the arches of the churches of Marmashen, St. Sarkis of Khtskonk, and Holy Savior, Ani, are lightly burdened by the overhanging upper portions of the wall. (Pl. VII, VII).

In time, the role of the decorative arch grew in importance until finally the architect put his measures to one side and sought decorative effects for the sake of decoration alone. In the church at Marmashen, at St. Sarkis of Khtskonk, and in the sexagon of the Hripsime Monastery at Ani, the columnettes around the drum of the cupola support not arches, but triangular gables which create a denticulated silhouette, rich and restless. The sum end would be a completely decorative style.

But even in these relatively decorated churches the Armenian did not go beyond certain limits. The bands occasionally ran most freely over the wall and the arcade gables had often too animated an appearance; but the decorations never concealed the tectonic idea governing the edifice, the grand lines of the structure, and its essential compass. The full walls were ever

dominant, and the massive principle found its consequential and logical solution.

*The Free-Standing Support:* Along with using such decorative supports as slender columns and blind arcades, the Armenian architect also employed real supports of which we have given several examples — the square pillars of the basilicas and cruciform churches and the round columns of the porches and porticos. The engaged pillars and columns, when they are distinguished by their robustness from slender columnettes, should also be placed in the real support class. The essential difference between the two types is that the real support is apt to support a weight while the decorative columnette does not have this function.

It is interesting to compare the Armenian supports with the Greek columns. The latter were also meant to hold up weight, and were sufficiently sturdy to do so. But they supported flat bands and not arches with lateral thrust; too, the Greeks had no need for extremely massive supports. The column was subdivided into three distinct and elegant parts — base, shaft, capital. The entablature above was also in its turn subdivided. Here again was the classic tendency to treat each architectural element as an individual tectonic element.

Nothing like this was the case in Armenian architecture. The pillar was preferred and there was no distinct subdivision of each distinct unit. Massive forms were a *must* in order that the lateral thrusts of the cupola and vaults might be resisted.

Round columns were occasionally used in Armenia, but with certain variations known at that time in Syria where the flat band was replaced by the arch. In Armenia, the Hellenistic column became more massive; the base and capital were rendered heavy and thus became almost one organic unit with a shaft. That is logical. A fragile capital or base could very well



PLATE XIII—Haghpat. The Monastery. XIII Century.

have been crushed under the great weight. (Pl. XIII).

In reproducing a Corinthian prototype, the Armenian architect does not allow the acanthus leaves to spread over the surface; rather, he presses the acanthus to the core of the capital so that it might constitute a single unit, as at Ererouk.

The bulbous capital was used most often. On the corbeil of the capital, heavy Ionic colutes were occasionally added, constituting a single block with the body of the capital, as at Zvartnotz, Ishkhan, Dvin, and Bana. In the Church of St. Gregory, built at Ani by Gagik, the volutes are purely decorative elements combined with medallions. In Greek architecture, on the contrary, the volutes constituted a distinct element in the tectonic parts of the capital.

The pilasters of Tekor already demonstrate the union of capital and shaft. The

double engaged columns of the porticos are, on the other hand, curious examples of the individuality of the parts of the supports. A large sculptured capital, common to both columns, rests on them. The two sturdy columns, separated by a niche, rest in turn on a solid, large base. That is a tectonic system reflecting the strength of the individual parts. But this effect is quite different from that of the elegant classic columns. Proportions and forms are different, as are the butts. The whole thing is more massive and solid, designed to sustain vaults and arches. (Pl. II.)

Constructional exigencies alone did not influence the massivity of the support; often, lighter supports could very well have sufficed to hold up the arches. In Byzantine architecture, the pillars under the cupola are often replaced by columns, without hurting in the least the firmness of the

edifice. The massive nature of the Armenian supports is in harmony with the general dominance of the mass in Armenian architecture and may thus be explained by not only the constructional needs, but also by the dominant ideas of the times. Later on an attempt will be made to show exactly what this means.

*The Entrance:* The entrance, being the frontier between two worlds — the exterior and the interior — is a very important element in all architectural styles.

To the Armenians there was a need to isolate the interior of a building from the outside by heavy walls; the entrance by its function should suppress isolation. This principle left its stamp on the entrances of the Armenian churches.

Although the door itself is small and timid it is framed by a large portal — a stout arch resting on engaged columns. It was in this manner that the architect safeguarded the isolation of the interior while at the same time lightening the severity of the door by its portal, which is a veritable architectural jewel against an austere wall.

The origin of the vaulted portal may be explained by constructional needs. In order to assure the solidity of a portal covered by a horizontal lintel, a discharging arch was introduced above the lintel. Paleochristian architecture showed examples of these primitive entrances which were also met with in the old churches of Armenia.

In time, the discharging arch developed into a tectonic element; it was taken from the wall and placed on one or two pairs of engaged columns. The church portals at Tekor and Ererouk are advanced examples of this treatment with, however, some signs of the presence of Syro-Hellenistic influence. The Armenians transformed the Hellenistic details to suit their fancy, as shown at Thalish, Mastara, Agrak, and Akori. The form in itself was not submit-

ted to radical changes, the arch and engaged columns retaining at all times their sturdy tectonic nature. We bring to mind once again the slender ornamental arcades of the blind walls of Armenian churches. The accusations of 'anti-tectonism' levelled against them are certainly unjust. On the contrary, it is highly logical to show the architectural elements as they are. They are decorative in the blind arcade where the real shoulderer of the weight is the massive wall but are massive in the portal where they have real weights to shoulder. (Pl. II)

It should be noted nevertheless, that the strength of the arches is somewhat diminished by the breakage of their springings under the right angle, a method called for, as already noted, by the predominance of the mass.

Here and there, the portal is changed into a veritable porch with two parallel partitions emerging from the wall and bearing a cradle vault. At Zvartnotz, for example, the three axial porches alternate with two other less prominent porches. The south and west porches of the Ani cathedral are excellent examples of this form. The half-ruined southern porch was a splendid construction, square in form. Four clusters of columns, of which two are fastened to the wall, support a groined vault. The richness of this realization may be explained by the fact that it was the "royal porch" visible from the royal Bagratid palace. The more modest western porch shows a vault resting on two parallel partitions emerging from the wall and reinforced on their interior surface by two engaged columns, two pairs of vertical projections at the further end of the porch, and the corresponding arches, stepped and recessed. The whole thing gives the impression of a Romanesque portal. (Fig. 27, 41; Pl. VIII, IX).

This is not an accidental impression.



PLATE IX.—Ani. The Cathedral (989-1001). The south porch.

The north portal of the cathedral is a veritable stepped, robust and massive portal which instantly brings to mind a Romanesque portal.

Other monuments demonstrate clearly that from the tenth century on, Armenia used the stepped portal found in Roman art especially after the Twelfth century.

The southern portal of the Church of St. Gregory at Ketcharrouk<sup>71</sup> merits special attention because it probably shows the

transition of the primitive portal with two pairs of engaged columns into a stepped portal. The two pairs of engaged columns at Ketcharrouk are still of the primitive type — they are not fastened to portals. But an intermediary element is introduced between them and the portal — supplementary half-columns, which tend to attach the columns to the portal, thus creating tiers. In the light of this analysis, which is of course inadequate, one may suggest that the study of the Armenian portals could contribute to the solution of the problem

<sup>71</sup>Strzygowski, *Baukunst*, p. 523.

of Romanesque portal. In many instances, striking analogies are apparent.

This is not surprising. The architectonic mind of Armenia was favorable to the development of stepped portals, closely tied as they are to the idea of massivity. Instead of revealing the decomposition of the weights, as is the case in the portal with individualized arches and columns, the architect multiplied the elements, causing them to lose their individual role and finally transforming them into decorative units of a sunken bay —like a tunnel in the heavy width of the wall.

In later monuments, the stepped portal was sometimes framed by a rectangular band, as in the west entrance of the jama-toun (either 12 or 13 century) of the church at Ketcharrouk, or the church of the Mother of God at Amaghou.

A splendid example of this type of portal is the south entrance of the church of Gueghard with its band, its archivolt, and its elegant tympan covered with reliefs and sculptures.

The union of these elements — the archwise stepped portal and the rectangular frame — is somewhat daring. The Armenian architect, however, worked with a calm conscience; for to him both were submissive to the mass. On the other hand, the Armenian architect never combined a rectangular frame with an arched portal of strong columns because these were two different principles. The first was that of the *mass*, the second, of the free-standing support (see the passage on the decorative bands).

Entrances of the type at Haghbat were the logical results of this submission to mass. The idea of the discharging arches resting on columns is completely forsaken. The door is framed by a simple baquette — a torus and a bandlet. The same motif, on a larger scale, forms the archwise portal which frames the door. Finally, the

portal itself is framed by a rectangular band. The three rows of recessed moldings mark the depression in the massive wall without pretending to disburden it.

In order to better show the evolution of the Armenian portal, we shall divide this evolution into five conditional stages.

Stage one — A simple discharging arch on a horizontal lintel. This is the infancy of architecture.

Stage two — A portal with arch and columns decomposing the mass and framing the door — a type familiar in the Fifth to Seventh centuries.

Stage three — The birth of the stepped door. The portal begins to lose its tectonic role and to become a part of the mass. This type was current in the Tenth century.

Stage four — The portal is combined with the rectangular frame, losing more and more its tectonic role. A type current in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth centuries. (Pl. XV).

Stage five — The idea of discharge is completely forgotten. The limits of the portal in the massive wall are marked by simple moldings which are combined with the molding of the rectangular frame and the door.

By necessity, this is a rough classification since lack of expansive documentation does not allow us greater precision. In any case, it shows that the portal did not shun away from the destiny of other elements of Armenian architecture. It swerved away from the principle of isolated supports and harmonized with that of the mass.

In passing on to actual doors, we must say that the portal, in bearing partially the weight of the walls, allows great gates to be built leading into the interior of the structure. This possibility was not used to good advantage by the Armenian architect. In fact, he veered away from large openings. If the doors were relatively large at first, they later tended to become smaller

and to contract. For instance, the door of the church at Avan was later diminished.

The Armenian door is always rectangular. It differs from classic and Syro-Hellenic doors. In the latter cases, the horizontal lintel rests on piers which serve as supports. In Armenian architecture, the same forms are used, but they are differently interpreted.

In such basilicas as Tekor and Ererouk, both of which show Syrian influence, the lintel is still present and one can see how it rests on its piers. Later on, however, this tectonic simplicity tended to lose itself. The lintel and piers became less important ornamental elements of a small bay sunk into the mass. (Pl. II).

The weight is supported by concrete and not by the lintel or architrave. Therefore, this latter can be remodeled as one wishes. In the Church of the Holy Savior at Ani, the lintel is a monstrous mass of moldings. A structure of this type would fall to pieces under its own weight. But the architect was scarcely concerned with the lintel, using it merely as a decorative facing for the beton.<sup>72</sup>

The number of doors in Armenian churches varies.

At times, the church has an entrance only in the east side, as at Sardindj, Lmbavank and Marmashen; or on the south side, as at Artik, Mastara, Agrak, Hripsime, Alaman, the citadel church at Ani, Diraklar, Shirvanjough, the Monastery of Horomos. The Churches of Ererouk, Kassakh, Diraklar, the small church at Eghvard, have two entrances on the south side — perhaps a souvenir of the ancient transversal edifices of the Orient.

The church of the Apostles at Ani has two doors, one in the north, the other in the south. The churches at Avan, Thalish, Gayane, Odzoun, Mren, the Cathedral of

Ani have three doors, in the north, south and west. The side doors of the great churches at Eghvard and Thalish are doubled, and Zvartnotz has five entrances. In general, the number of the entrances was greater in the beginning, with time, the number diminished. Could this not have been result of a desire for isolation?

*The Windows:* The Armenian windows, usually arched, changed with the time.

The semi-circular windows of Ererouk, still bearing the imprint of Hellenistic influence, are very large. They are bordered by large bands which repeat their forms and are broken below at a right angle. But later the windows became narrower. The band was taken from the window and contoured around it from a distance. One would think the architect was trying to deemphasize the real opening of the window preferring to draw attention to its framework. This feature is found in the churches at Ptghni, Thalin, Thalish, Mastara, Hripsime, Bagaran, etc.

After the Tenth century, the window became a mere slit lost in the wall. Yet the large frame at a distance from the window was always there and revealed from a distance the presence of the slit in the massive wall.

Such a narrow window does away with the need for a discharging arch with keystone. All that is necessary is to top the window with one or two stones. The semi-circle of the window was often replaced by a horizontal lintel and the concrete mass would support itself above the narrow opening of the window. The timidity of these degenerate windows is striking.

On the other hand, the frame of the window enjoyed a rich development. The frame ordinarily was large and admirably sculptured, as at the church of Tigran Honentz, in the Cathedral of Ani, and at Marmashen. A comparison of the rectangular frame with the semi-circular frame of

<sup>72</sup>Ibid, p. 323.

the preceding epoch shows that during the first period there still existed the idea of over and under, and the forms corresponded more or less to the tectonic factors involved. In the latter period, there is no over or under; the frame uniformly contours the window without any regard for tectonic requirements.

The Armenian architect, who knew well how to resolve the most difficult structural problems, might still be judged to have acted contrary to logic in his method of constructing a simple window. He topped the window clumsily or else surrounded it with atectonic frames. But according to his point of view, his method was a highly logical method. He jealously guarded against anything which might destroy the mass. The windows as well as the doors must be insignificant. Their position can be indicated by decorative means, but they must not really break through the mass.

*The Cornices:* The Armenian cornice differs from its classic counterpart.

In principle, the classic cornice is a slab subdivided into three superimposed parts and resting on the wall, while projecting from it.

Modillions or denticles contribute to the support of the slab when the jutting out is great. Better still, a protruding cornice or entablature is supported by engaged columns or pilasters. As we see it, the classic principle comprehends the revelation of the structural action by individual parts of the cornice.

Armenian architecture was acquainted with the classic cornice in its infancy. The fronton cornices of the first Cathedral of Etchmiadzin (Fifth century), as well as the portal cornices of Ererouk, Kassakh and Diraklar, rest on denticles.

At times, the cornice with denticle composed the frame of a window or of a portal as for example the west window of Ererouk, the south entrance of Eghvard, etc.

here the denticles lose their tectonic function, being no longer supports.

At other times, the denticles are used independently of the cornice, as a simple band, like details at the palace of Persopolis and perhaps of those of the pagan edifices of Armenia. When used in this fashion, they become parts of the sculpture and completely lose their tectonic role.

Often too, the denticle line is doubled, as in the small church at Thalin, where it comprehends a sculptured motif full of shadow and light.

Frequently, the spaces between the denticles are in the form of an horseshoe, as at Mastara, Agrak, Alaman, and Mren.

In the seventh century, the Armenians completely abandoned the denticle cornice, replacing it with the massive Armenian cornice slanting out from the wall. The slanting cornice of Bagaran retained its modillions, but generally, the denticles disappeared altogether.

In contrast to the classic cornice, the slanting Armenian cornice is not governed by the tectonic action of individual parts. It evolved as a block, as an integral continuation of the wall.

Thoramanian has clearly drawn the stages of the transformation of the classic cornice into the Armenian cornice. The beginning of this transformation is discernable in, for example, the cornice of Zvartnotz. This cornice slants out from the wall, just as the Armenian cornice; but the classic elements have not fully disappeared. The cornice still consists of two distinct tectonic elements, the upper part, or the "supered", and the lower part, "the support." Finally, the larmier is still retained as an atavistic trait.

The cornice of the Tekor church which was reconstructed in the Tenth century completely lost this protuberance. It is not subdivided into distinct parts. The upper portion, which at Zvartnotz is "the sup-

ported", had degenerated into a slender band belonging integrally to the cornice which is no more than the enlarged continuation of the massivity of the wall.

The Armenian monuments show numerous cornices of this type. The slanting portion is often ornamented with interlaced motifs, as at the churches of Thalish, Thalin, Haghbat, those of the Apostles at Kars, of the Citadel, of Holy Savior, of Tigran Honentz at Ani, and the Ani Cathedral.

*The Interior Subdivisions:* The interior subdivisions are as logical as that of the exterior. It clearly and brilliantly demonstrates the method to rest a cupola on niche-buttresses or on a system of vaults and pillars.

The interiors of the churches at Avan, Mastara, Bagaran, Hripsime, Mren, Thalin, Varag Vank, Sarindj and elsewhere are excellent examples of this clarity. The mass predominates. There are no decorations. Only the edges created by the intersection of the principal volumes from a series of lines which fix the limits of the mass. Thus, an angle is produced at the intersection of the two niche-buttresses. The discharging arches sustaining the dome form a double semi-circular lines etc. The lines are the necessary result of the tectonic structure. (Fig. 17, 20, 26, 19, 31, 33, 46).

With the passing of time, the natural edges began to be lightly accented by decorative means. Conforming to the exterior blind arcade the interior lines are accented by arcades. Thus, in the churches at Artik and Agrak, in the hexagons of the Citadel and churches of Aboughamrentz, of the Savior and Tigran Honentz of Ani, in the churches at Irind, Thalish, Shiravakan, St. Gregory and St. John at Khochavank, of Marmashen, Amaghous, and elsewhere, the massive elements supporting the cupola are accented by arches resting on pilasters or engaged columns. These arcades repeat

the form of the principal tectonic divisions and reinforce their visual tension. (Fig. 22, 21, 48, 49, 43, 47, 61, 23, 40, 57-38, 54).

In the cathedrals at Ani and Arghina, in the churches of Ketcharrouk and Vshni, pilasters, engaged columns and interior niches are doubled and multiplied. The supports are transformed into clusters of columns, the lines of which are prolonged into the ogival arches above the supports. The classic example of this transformation is the Cathedral at Ani, with its very pronounced vertical spring. Its resemblance to the Gothic style is striking. Schnasse tried to show the intervention of some thirteenth century western architect in his restoration of this temple<sup>73</sup>; but his conjectures are forgotten today. The Ani Cathedral is not a solitary phenomenon. A whole group of Armenian monuments has characteristically Gothic traits. The protogothic clusters are results of the evolution of Armenian architecture. As we have tried to show, there was a logical evolutionary sequence in Armenia. In the beginning, the appearance of the first interior arcades corresponding to the exterior arcades; later their indoulement, and finally their transformation into clusters. As for the ogive, this is met with in Seventh century Armenia, at Bagaran.

Everything taken into consideration, in the light of the existence of Armenian monuments with robust sinews, semi-circular and ogive arches, a very apparent question, diametrically in contrast to the views of Schnaase, is posed: what role did the Armenians play in the elaboration of Gothic architecture?<sup>74</sup>

In introducing the characteristic slender quasi-gothic clusters, the Armenian architect did not destroy the wall as did his Gothic counterpart. Like other Armenian

<sup>73</sup>Schnaase, *Geschichte der bildenden Künste*, 1689, III, p. 338.

<sup>74</sup>See especially the excellent work of Baltrusaitis

monuments, the Ani Cathedral has solid, blank walls.

The architect Tiridates, who built the cathedrals at Ani and Arghina, and also the monastery at Haghbat, is a faint figure of days long gone. Yet we can still admire this constructional genius who, though flourishing in two distinct architectural periods, knew how to unite harmoniously different principles without forgetting the mass, while at the same time fortelling the dissolution of that mass by clusters and Gothic immaterialism. When we learn that he was invited to Constantinople to repair the cupola of St. Sophia<sup>75</sup>, we have definite evidence that his talents were well appreciated by his contemporaries.

**Sculpture:** The Armenian architect was very sober in his use of sculpture. At no time did he overburden his structure, attributing a great deal more importance to the fundamental problems of architecture — structure, division of the tectonic stresses, the harmony of the volumes and spaces, and the general beauty of the whole thing. In building a church, he introduced traces of sculptures here or there — a sculptured window or door frame, a compact carving on a flat wall. These rare examples of sculpture stand out strikingly from the general austerity of the whole building. Only the church at Aghtamar is covered completely by sculpture.

Note should be made of the difference between Armenian and classic sculpture. The latter, governed either by the principle of sculpture in the round, or low relief, stands out freely into space. Almost exclusively in relief, Armenian sculpture is worked into the surface and never stands out into space, in full accord with the Eastern tradition.

If the East adopted the three dimensional relief of classic art, it hastened at the same

time to flatten that relief. In the temple at Garni, which belongs fully to the Greco-Roman school of art, one can already see the transformation of the plants ornaments to suit the Eastern taste. On the capitals at Tekor, Ererouk, Kassakh and Thalish (at Thalish, the capitals in question do not belong to the same church) flattening was practiced. (Pl. II).

The reliefs of the church at Aghtamar are excellent examples of flat Eastern sculpture. Rows of human figures and animals executed in a flat manner, compose a second surface on the wall. Only a few figures protrude out boldly, breaking out from this secondary surface and thus revealing its existence. The thing is done with austerity and possesses a surprisingly rigid nature. There are no nuances. (Pl. V. VI).

The emplacement of these figures, not conditioned by architectonic needs, is another characteristic trait. To an eye accustomed to classic forms, this is indeed a strange method. Being governed by the general principle of the distinct tectonic units, classic art gives a strictly delimited place to sculptures either on a fronton or frieze. The emplacement is explained by tectonic considerations. But the wall, did not consist of distinct units according to the Armenian architect. He considered it as an indivisible unit, a full mass on which he could place insignificant sculptures, or carvings guided by iconographic needs. Of course he took account of compositional considerations, but these were concerned with the filling out of the uniform wall surface and not with the business of tectonic subdivisions.

The facades of Aghtamar are completed harmoniously by sculptured bands which contour the windows and exterior recess at some distance, by two zoomorphic cornices, and especially by a magnificent frieze. The latter consists of a winding vine, of scenes and figures of men and

<sup>75</sup>Stephan Asoghik, XXVII.

beasts. This vine runs like a ribbon around the edifice, passing horizontally under the roof tops or traversing blind surfaces in accordance with the height of the different parts of the structure.

The very abundance of the reliefs at the Aghtamar churches makes it an exception in Armenia, but these numerous reliefs, in style, differ little from numerous reliefs of other churches. Flat, concise, heavy, they recall the East.

Mention should also be made of such other reliefs as those of the church on the Ani citadel which have disappeared and are known only through Kestner's sketch. Two cavaliers on either side of a symmetrical tree were there depicted. Others include the medallions with busts and hunting scenes on the archivolt of the south window of the Ptghni church; the reliefs of the church of Odzoun and among them, the bust of Christ over the apsidal window; the figures in the corners of the lower arcade of Zvartnotz; the enthroned Christ and donors over the west entrance of the church at Oghuzlu, as well as the group with cross on the pedestal over the main entrance of the same church; the fragment with the human figure and vine at Lmbatavank; the lion on the south wall of the church in the village of Khochavank; the eagle on the south wall of the Ani Cathedral; the lion attacking bull on the south wall of the Gueghard church, combined beautifully with geometric and plant ornamentation at the entrance; the animals between the archivolts of the same church's arcade; and still other animals in the corners of the Tigran Honentz church's arcade this time brilliantly combined with a plant frieze.

Human or animal sculpture did not enjoy an autonomous existence in Armenia. Armenian sculpture is always tied in with

architecture. For that reason, the Armenian did not hesitate to deform his figures, to adapt their contour to the frame, to transform them into decorations, or to make them part and parcel of the architecture. At times, he used the figures independently of the architecture, as for instance on the tomb-stones (khatchkars). But there too they bore no individual character, submitting themselves to the form of the khatchkar and thus becoming very often secondary elements of the general over-all composition. Note should be made of the difference between classic and Armenian sculpture. A Greek figure, for example, taken from the fronton of a temple, more or less preserves its intrinsic value; but an Armenian figure, when plucked from the wall of a church, loses meaning. The Armenian is an architect, not a sculptor.

The statue of Armenian King Gaguk, which shows him holding in his hand the model of a church, and other statues likewise holding church models in hand found on the eastern walls of the churches at Haghpat, Haridja and Sanahin, are rare examples of rounded Armenian sculpture. These statues are massive in nature, with only the barest details. As in the case of flat relief work, they may be understood only in relation to architecture. They are placed in small hollow recesses in the walls, do not hang over the walls, and are in full accord with the massive nature of the edifice.

Along with animal and human sculpture, Armenians also developed the plant ornament, especially the vine and pomegranate motifs inherited from pagan art. The plant motif was displayed in the frieze above the archivolts of the lower blind arcade at Zvartnotz and extended in a waving line over the archivolts of the two higher storeys. It contours the walls of Aghtamar, transforms itself into magnificent lattice-work on tympans of the Gueghard church

<sup>76</sup>See especially Balthusaitis, *Etudes sur l'art médiéval en Géorgie et en Arménie*.

and ornaments the semi-circular bands of the windows of numerous edifices.

Armenia imparted new impulse to the art of geometric ornamentation. It developed the interlacings, met with on the capitals of Zvartnotz, Dvin, Irind, Bana, and on the Armenian cornices.

The geometrical ornament composes also the essential element of the khatchkars, the chief works of Armenian decorative sculpture dating from the debut of Christianity to the seventeenth century. Close study of the Armenian khatchkars is of great importance in all research into the Romanesque art, or the sculptured crosses of Ireland.

After the Tenth century, the geometric ornament grew rich and detailed. It framed like delicate lace-work the windows of the Tigran Honenz church, those of the Cathedral of Ani, and the entrance of the church at Gueghard. The decorations are no longer of massive nature — they have delicate and tender lines. The stone over which it extends disappears under the sculptured lace-work.

The scholar is tempted to compare the Armenian and Mussulman ornaments. But they are two distinct things. The Mussulman decoration covers the wall like a uniform design wall tapestry while the Armenian ornament puts a rare accent on the austere wall. The composition of the two are different, in addition. The constructional elements of the Mussulman ornament may not be made out by the eye — they fade away into the extreme opulence of the decoration. One can distinguish neither the beginning nor the end of the decoration; and this is in full conformance with the eastern soul of the Mussulman — to play without meditation.

In Armenian ornamentation, the constructional elements are always in evidence. The beginning and end are discernable. Rationalism, speculation, meditation which

were the bases of classic antiquity are opposed to Eastern Hedonism. Armenia, it would seem, is a middle-road between East and West. Its ornaments are flat, abstract and geometric, just as Oriental ornamentation. It is Oriental too in its motifs and methods. But it never achieved the illusionism of either Byzantine or Mussulman decorations. It preserved the sense of reality, thus recalling classic antiquity. At the same time that Armenia of the Middle Ages was preserving tectonic logic in its monumental masses, she was also retaining this logic in the decorations.

*Painting:* There is literary evidence that monumental painting was practiced in Armenia from the beginnings of Christianity. Towards the Tenth century, the practice of painting became a general thing. Mosaics at Zvartnotz and Dvin have come down to us, and some frescos are preserved in the churches of Thalish, Tekor, Thalin, Dvin, Aghtamar, and at Holy Savior and Tigran Honenz at Ani.

Generally speaking, however, monument painting did not become very popular in Armenia. The Armenians were iconoclasts in this respect. They were builders par excellence; they were fascinated by stone, by grim and blind wall surfaces. But mural paintings destroyed that wall. In place of natural plain surfaces, a painting tended to create a conditional space. It is true that the mural painting and especially Byzantine painting reckoned with architectonic surroundings and avoided deep perspectives. But the Armenian architect was uncompromising. He tried to retain the sense of massivity, being ever sensitive of sub-divisions and showing a lively feeling for uncovered surfaces. And if in the domain of architecture the Armenian showed himself to be a daring innovator, in mural painting he was influenced by Byzantine, Cappadocian and Syrian models.

More originality and freedom was shown in miniature painting — a field not connected with architecture. But specially in their non-figurative illuminations did the Armenians prove once again that they were genuine creators. The frontispieces, the chapter heads, the marginal motifs of the Armenian manuscripts rank among the handsomest pages of medieval art.

This brief dissertation on the forms of Armenian architecture shows that they were in agreement with the general principle of that architecture — the principle of the mass. Even when the strict letter of this principle was abrogated though superficially, the defection served merely to accentuate by contrast the existence and ubiquity of the mass.

\* \* \*

#### Constructional Methods

All the principal construction materials were used in Armenia at different periods and to differing degrees.

In the first Christian centuries, Armenian edifices were covered with wood. Wood carvings attained a high degree of perfection, as shown for instance by the carved beams found at Ani (Bagratid period), and the capital (874) and door (1716) at Sevan.

There is historical evidence of the existence of burnt brick buildings in the Fifth to Seventh centuries. But brick was not generally used.

The roofs of the edifices were covered with tiles which however were replaced more and more between the Seventh and Tenth centuries by thin slabs of stone.

As to metal, an iron stairway as built in the fortress of Ervandashat (Third to Second centuries B.C.)<sup>77</sup>, while iron braces

were often used in the walls. Historians speak of doors "bound with iron."

But the principal construction material was volcanic rock of different colors (black, brown, red, rose, yellow) found in abundance among the massive rock formations of the Armenian plateau.

The walls of the ancient megalithic structures were built of enormous irregular blocks of stone without mortar. Little by little, the size of these blocks was diminished, and the stones were cut by hand. Mortar was first used in the Tenth and Eighth centuries B.C.; but this material came into general usage only in the second or third centuries of our era. Similarly, hard basalt stone was replaced by tufa, a stone easier to fashion and better secured by mortar.

The union of mortar and tufa was a science well cultivated by the Armenian architect. The blocking of the wall consists of mortar and small stone, a sort of concrete; the hewn stones which compose the facing of this mass are thin and not deeply sink into the concrete. Thus, in those walls which have usually a width of 0 m. 90, the blocking itself measures 0 m. 50 and, consequently, 0, 20 m. remains for each side of the facing. Sometimes, the breadth of the wall measures as much as 1,05 m.; but in this case, the width of the facing does not change, it being the width of the blocking which reaches 0,65 m. It is plain that the blocking is the essential element of the wall supporting the weight.

The same principle governs the construction of the vaults and cupolas. Keystones of a width varying from 0,12 to 0,15 m. are placed over wooden centering and this stone mold is later filled with concrete. Once the centering is removed, the thin bed of stone composes the casing of the concrete mass, as in the walls. (Pl. XV)

The separate support is also composed of blocking and stone facings. The remains of the pillars of Zvartnotz, as an ex-

<sup>77</sup>The date has been fixed by the recent research of academician Manandian (*Les inscriptions grecques d'Arménie et l'inscription Grecque de Garni*, Erevan, 1942). Thoramanian attributed Ervandashat to the First century after Christ.



PLATE XV.—Karavanu, or Thanati-Vank (1280).

ample, shows us the insignificant width of the facing.

It is clear that the massivity of the walls, the vaults, pillars and other details of Armenian architecture was the inevitable result of the use of concrete. Later, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the width of the walls was reduced to 0 m. 55, the blocking grew thinner, and the facings of the walls were joined. May this be explained by the growing prevalence of the domed hall-church in which the constructional role is reserved to the pillars and vaults, and not to the walls? In any case, thin walls are not characteristic of Armenian architecture.

Not having recourse to properly recognized decorative means, the Armenian architect allowed the surface of the wall to receive its aesthetic value from itself.

Carefully polished, the wall brightly glistened under the rays of the sun. Each shadow, no matter how light, was invested with a particular significance, forming a contrast with the lighted parts and making an exquisite play of light and shadow, accentuating the forms and revealing the volumes of the building.

It is interesting to note the substantial difference between the classic Greek wall and the Armenian wall. The former was made of blocks, conforming to the analytical spirit which governed Greek architecture; and the wall was developed not as a mass but as a unit composed of distinct tectonic elements. In the case of the Armenian wall, the stones are not tectonic units since they form only the casing of the mass. For that reason, in polishing the stones, the Armenian architect hid the joints

whi  
a sl  
tion

In  
this  
of j  
This  
eral  
Sev

It  
Arm  
nec  
is a  
of c

A  
to s  
Arm  
tion  
did  
arc

V  
the  
ed  
was  
tion  
ten  
dov  
the  
arc  
wit  
in p

T  
stu  
or,  
For  
me  
tho  
bei  
ide  
que

787

which separated the stones. Often, only a slight variation in tint marks the separation of one stone from another.

In the Seventh century, an exception to this method was introduced with the use of joints fashioned in the rustic manner. This procedure however never fell into general use and disappeared soon after the Seventh Century.<sup>78</sup>

It is clear, accordingly, that the forms of Armenian architecture are intimately connected with methods of construction. It is a synthesis of aesthetic architectonics and of construction.

### Armenian Architecture As An Ideological Expression

An attempt has been made in this paper to show that the massive character of the Armenian monuments is result of constructional laws. But these laws in themselves did not justify all the particularities of that architecture.

Why didn't the Armenians pierce through the south and north walls of cross-inscribed churches, even though that possibility was rendered apparent from the constructional point of view? Why did they content themselves with timid, narrow windows while at the same time building near them very skillfully conceived interior arches and vaults? Why, though familiar with real arcades, did they not use them in place of the solid walls of the churches?

To answer these questions, one must study the soul of the nation, its mentality or, if one prefers, the ideology of the period. For architecture is not a technical phenomenon; it is the expression of the deepest thoughts, sentiment and activities of human beings in all their complexity. Different ideas can be expressed though like techniques are used. On the other hand, anal-

ogous ideas have been expressed through the medium of different techniques during periods in which ideologies resemble one another.

All in all, taking into account that reality is always richer and more full of contradictions than doctrinaire schemes, and with all the necessary reservations on the subject, we will here attempt to advance a few commonplace examples. Like the Greek, the Egyptian used columns and flat fascia of stone. But how different were the expressions of these two architectures! The first is the expression of an eastern theocracy, the second, that of an early democracy. On the other hand, Rome used a different technique — concrete masses, vaults and cupolas; nevertheless Rome's public edifices bring to mind many Greek features by their apparent effort to serve the citizenry, by their open character — their large bays, and the link with nature. Armenia like Rome used concrete masses, vaults and cupolas; but it did away with large bays, and secluded its churches from the world outside, plunging them into semi-darkness. Roman architecture of western Europe, though separated from Armenia by time and distance, nevertheless holds some resemblance to the architecture of Armenia all because analogous social circumstances conditioned the affinity of certain forms; and commercial contacts and artistic influences served to enhance this affinity. Finally, the Renaissance, which once again emancipated the individual after the mysticism of the Middle Ages, adopted the Greco-Roman forms to express the temporal joy of the period, its carnal pleasures, and the lay spirit opposed to Christian asceticism.

Our interpretation is of course open to dispute. But the importance of social and ideological factors in the matter of art is undeniable, it would seem.

Let us now attempt to reconstruct the

<sup>78</sup>Thoramanian, *Materiaux*, pp. 134-146.

social and historical atmosphere which conditioned Armenian architecture. In turning to the historians, we find that their writings reflected the mentality of the period in which they flourished.

To the Christian historians, paganism was the incarnation of wantonness and carnality. Moses of Khoren thus described the acts of the "wanton and voluptuous Semiramis," that antipode of Christian modesty. She thought only of her pleasures, built only the better to play. "Sermiramis . . . in observing the beauty of the country, the purity of its air, the clear streams which gushed out everywhere, the majestic rivers which murmured softly, said: 'In a country the climate of which is so temperate and the water so pure, it is necessary that we build a city here, a royal residence, so that we may dwell here in Armenia in the midst of all this delight.'"<sup>79</sup>

Christianity appeared with its martyrs and its abnegations, its humility and idealistic concepts so abstract from life. The Christian hero, St. Gregory, fiercely told King Tiridates: ". . . in wresting me from this life, you merely augment the joys prepared for me by Christ."<sup>80</sup>

And in order to be nearer Christ, it was necessary to be removed from this impure world. The sensuous image of Semiramis is in opposition to that of the Christian virgins, living only on vegetables, chaste, pure, holy women who through every hour of the day were worthy of offering to heavens their holy prayers."<sup>81</sup>

Real life — "a fugitive life which is nothing, here today and gone tomorrow"<sup>82</sup> — is in contrast with the other life, the eternal life of God, whose reign has no end, and for whom one was happy to sacrifice life here on earth.

<sup>79</sup>*Moses of Khoren*, VIII-IX.

<sup>80</sup>*Agatangelos*, V., 23.

<sup>81</sup>*Ibid.*, XIII, 59.

<sup>82</sup>*Ibid.*, XVI, 78.

And the first Christian monuments were mausoleums built at those places where the virgins were martyred. The connection between the Armenian monuments and the mausoleums was not accidental, following closely Christian ideology. During all the periods of Armenian architecture, churches were built either right over the tombs, or else hard by them. The churches at Haghpat, Sanahin, Aboughamrentz, and Horomos are sepulchral monuments. It is symptomatic that in the church of St. John at the Monastery of Horomos the most massive parts, almost completely devoid of windows, were parts of two mausoleums on the eastern side. Their cupolas were still very light when compared to the massive walls which support them. The massivity of the walls did not follow solely on constructional necessity. Massivity is a quality inherent also to mausoleums which served the idea of death and commemoration.

The heavy solemn forms of the Armenian monuments, and their severe undecorated surfaces, their inner chambers and monumental masses, built to last eternally, are now comprehensible to us. Here is eternal life, the reign without end.

But this idea of eternal life, the abstract Christian philosophy, spread itself throughout a materialistic, hard and animated world. Interminable wars, at times with the Greeks and at times with Persia, and incessantly between the Armenian princes themselves, massacres, plots and treason — this was the general atmosphere. And from time to time, immense numbers of Asiatic peoples invaded Armenia destroying everything wherever they went and completing the measure of the general destruction.

And if there were peace by chance, it was merely a brief interlude between wars. During these moments of respite, cultural life was resumed and creative work went ahead under the direction of illustrious Armenians — princes, kings and catholici. New cities

were founded, gardens were laid out, canals were dug, monasteries, palaces and churches were built.

But a more darker night set in after these brief and magnificent moments of effulgent light.

In the somber progression of events, the Armenian church had an important role to play. It had to combat a chaotic world, to protect the stricken, to expand learning and culture, to sustain morality. As a means of salvation, the penitence, the escape from the troubles of life, the solitude and the opportunity to prepare for the future life through prayer.

The church also opposed itself to the power of the latif. History is full of the rivalries between king and catholicos; and the historian, who always took the part of the church, condemned the orgies of the princes, deplored their impurity and the remnants of the pagan manners which they practiced.

Writers contemporary to the times took full account of the opposition of these two worlds. Among the innumerable historical passages on this theme, the following should be noted purely as an example:

"The evil Hayr Mardpet, the son of Satan, came to Arsaces the King saying: 'The ancient kings did not have a happy idea when they did not take possession of those places in order to display royal luxury and to deliver themselves up to pleasure. If you find what I am saying agreeable to you, the saints find no pleasure in visible places without which they may not lead an austere and cloistered life, which is close to death itself.'"<sup>83</sup>

The passage from the real world to the mystic world took on a symbolic significance in the eyes of Medieval people. "Nerses, that young man with so beautiful and slim a figure, with his unruly wavy hair,

wore rich and elegant clothing . . . Presently, the gathering began to shout shrilly, 'this is Nerses who must be our shepherd.' But in his great humility, Nerses considered himself unworthy of such an honor. He came forward and reported some untruths as to his own person. He was made to yield however when the King, firing up with rage, ordered them to cut off his long, thick, incomparably beautiful curls, and to strip from his person his luxurious clothing. The King then ordered them to give him the priestly robes and have him wear them." The historian notes the change in this manner: "Whilst they cut his hair, many present could not restrain their tears nor their regrets at his beautiful face now rendered completely unrecognizable. But as soon as they saw him ornamented with the beauty of Christ, as soon as The Divine Grace summoned him to look after the House of the Lord, many bystanders experienced unbounded joy."<sup>84</sup>

In this description, it is interesting to note not only the opposition of the two worlds, but also the manner in which lay beauty opposed the spiritual beauty of Christianity. The clothing and lay features disappeared and the figure of the Christian shepherd worthily dressed replaced them. The Armenian liturgy has preserved even to our days the ceremony of the changing of the vestments. The priest changes one by one his religious clothing while accompanying his movements with words stressing the symbolism of this passage from one world to another.

But where did the contact of man with the ideal world take place? In the church, in the House of God, where God is invisibly present during the saying of the liturgy. The sacred interior of the church, isolated and protected by walls, is in opposition to the exterior world and is a source of calm

<sup>83</sup>Thomas Arzrouni, I, 9.

<sup>84</sup>Faustus of Byzantium, IV, 3.

to the faithful. The ideas of Christianity stamped themselves indelibly in the stone.

The entrance of the church is the line of demarcation between the two worlds. It is not given to all humans to pass over it.

Even today, in our time, the Armenian liturgy calls for the deacon to exclaim: "Protect the doors, the doors, with the utmost vigilance and circumspection . . ."

Entire legends have been created around the matter of the church entrance. For example, John Mamikonian relates:

"During the government of Prince Mushegh the Mamikonian, and the administration of Thotik, a marvellous thing came to pass at the Monastery of Glag, before the door of St. Karapet. That Artzrouni prince called Vart the Patrician, who had been responsible for the construction of several churches and convents, wishing to go to Caesarea, led his wife to his father's home and, having entrusted the district to the guardianship of other nobles, went thither. His wife was a pious woman called Mary. She wanted greatly to see the holy men of the Monastery of Glag and those of the Monastery of Karapet. One day, taking with her her eldest son, still an infant, she presented herself with great persistency at the door of the church of St. Karapet, begging the clergymen at different times to allow her to visit the church. She was refused. Stephen led the infant before the altar and had him prostrate himself before God, and this he reported to his mother. She took him and broke out in a flood of tears while lamenting that 'I am an unhappy soul, a sinner, since I am unable to enjoy a like honor. Women, bewail my kind; man, let me pour out my lamentations! O would that the mountains might crush me under their weight, and would that the hills might snatch me away in compassion. Would that monsters might torment me, and the birds have pity on

me; that the angel might pity me; that the demons would congregate and throw themselves on me! Have pity on me holy servants of St. John, and lead me into the church. . . .'

"After having spoken in this fashion, the princess offered many fragrant incenses to the priests . . . then sending a messenger to Thotik, she asked permission to be allowed into the church. Thotik answered: 'Our predecessors did not let women enter, and it is impossible for us to allow your request . . . We trust that our response will not alter your sentiments towards us. Go in peace'.

"The princess replied: 'It cannot be so; and if you wish to prevent me from entering by force, I am not afraid of you; and if you were to tell me that St. John scorns me, I will ask — was he not too born of woman? I will enter the Church, Lord, for I have your own mother to intercede for me. . . . You have, therefore, sucked the milk of woman. Render me worthy of visiting this temple . . .'

"Having spoke thus, the princess entered the Church, kissed the wall of the temple, and sank to her knees before the altar, saying: 'Lord, observe my broken heart and show pity on this unhappy person; for in your bounty you did not remember your wrath . . .' And when she left the church, they were sorry for what had happened and, they did not forgive her for the thing she had done . . . The princess then ordered a dinner prepared for the clerics, invited all of them to partake of the feast — and their number was three hundred and ninety-five. . . . And the princess said: 'O holy men! Rejoice with me in the Lord, for He let me visit the church with impunity. . . . But give to me your benedictions, and continue to live saintly and peaceful lives.' The princess soon departed followed by her entourage.

"The sacristan and one of the priests,

however, came and bowed before the Holy Altar, saying: 'O Lord! You do not punish the woman who dared to commit such an act; know that after this all other women will similarly violate the entrance of this monastery. Show your power now so that the people might know enough never again to violate the sanctity of this holy site. . . .' Now, while the princess was ascending the small hill to the south of the monastery, she perceived a marvellous vision in the north. Said she: 'I see a man with long hair, inflamed with wrath, coming down from the heavens; he is entering the church; he leaves and now approaches me. In his hand he holds a slender sword, wet with red blood.' Scarcely had she said these words when she was smitten by the man of the vision and fell dead under his blow. Seeing this, her servants ran away to inform the people in the church of what had taken place. The abbot of the monastery, hearing the news, railed at the sacristan who became grief stricken and wept for several hours. Going to the place where the princess had fallen, being led by her servants, the abbot there dug a grave into which he lowered her body. Over it, he raised a cross of stone on which was engraved this inscription:

*"This sword is for the person  
who audaciously violates  
The Church of the Lord."*

"And both this cross and its inscription still exist today.<sup>85</sup>"

This passage from history does not constitute an exception. There are cases where the Catholicos forbade sinning monarchs to enter the church.

The church interior is tied to the exterior by windows, as well as by doors. Such early churches as Shirvandjough, Diraklar and Kassakh either had no windows at all,

or else had very few windows. The liturgy called for better lighting; and in the Fifth to Seventh centuries, church windows were enlarged. But the same liturgy did not tolerate a great deal of light, calling as it did for an atmosphere conducive to meditation. Banal light, sun and exterior noise would not most certainly have allowed for the creation of this solemn religious atmosphere.

Light was considered the enemy of penitence and sadness of soul not only in religion, but also in daily living. After the death of Prince Derenik "couriers sent from many places by the mourners brought orders from the princess to close all windows allowing light to stream into the magnificent chambers. 'The sun,' she said, 'when at its zenith in the heavens must not enter my obscurity; neither must the light of the full moon, with that of Venus the star, be allowed to dissipate the gloom . . .'"<sup>86</sup>

This gloom, this penumbra, was necessary during the liturgy, when they prayed at the altar. The trembling light of the wax tapers must mingle not with the dazzling light of the sun but with delicate streams of sun-light which barely penetrated into the church through the narrow windows. After the Seventh century, windows had become contracted. In the Tenth century, they were simple slits in the wall, widening out towards the interior of the Church.

Thoramanian placed the necessity for protection against atmospheric intemperancies among the reasons for the contraction of the windows. Finally, the need to take steps against robbery and pillage of the churches influenced also the evolution of the windows.

It was not enough merely to create a holy interior and to isolate it from without. It

<sup>85</sup>John Mamikonian, *History of Taron*, Ch. 1.

<sup>86</sup>Thomas Arizrouni, I, 9.

was just as necessary to protect that interior. The massive walls also were a medium of protection.

In a letter consisting of 117 paragraphs, Pope Benedict XII accused the Armenians among other things of allowing the clergy to shut itself up within the church during the saying of the liturgy, while the people remained without. In their response to the Pope, the clergy of Sis, capital city of Cilician Armenia, were obliged to admit that the fear of infidels forced the Armenian priests to say their liturgy behind closed doors.

Of course, this tardy Fourteenth century incident may be considered to be episodic; but the defensive role of the church is confirmed by a great deal of older testimony.

Crosses were inscribed over the church entrances from the very first days of Christianity. These crosses were supposed to be the mystic defenders of the church; and like crosses were found too on the walls of fortresses. Indeed, an analogous symbolism exists between church and fortress, both being placed under the protection of the cross.

This protection, as we are assured by the historians, was at times very effective; the church was a veritable impenetrable fortress. John Mamikonian relates that one day the Persians attacked a church but that "they could not find the entrance of the church, for God had hidden it from their sight. They struck at the stones with mallets — but they still could not find the door. Frightened away by demons, they fled from the place, for night had fallen."<sup>87</sup>

Thus it was that to the contemporary mind the door sealed itself completely before the enemy. The church became one massive block; its entrance lost its identity in the mass and the hammer of the enemy

came in contact only with that mass of stone.

The people made excellent use of the means of protection provided by the massivity of a wall. Christianity had scarcely begun to spread over the land; and yet the church already served as a fortress. The pagan multitude "had already surrounded the great walls of the Church of Ashtishat; and while Vertanes, who was in the temple, celebrated mass, the mob made preparations to besiege him."<sup>88</sup> Not content often merely with massive walls, the builders frequently circled the church with a double 'cuirass' made of stone. Thus it was that the walls of the Tsiranavor church at Astarak (Fifth century), which had served as a fortress, were doubled. (Fig. 9)

We note, thus, that all the specific circumstances and conditions of the Christian Middle Ages contributed to the isolation of church interiors behind the massive walls.

But this inevitably brought about a certain rupture between the architectural forms of the interior and exterior.<sup>89</sup> The apses multiplied and the radiant forms of the interior were not always constructed to accord with the exterior periphery which was either polygonal or round, independently of the interior.

There was no absolute independence, however. Tectonic laws prevailed. The digression between the interior and exterior forms never hindered the logical location of the thrusts.

The need for isolation also explains why the architect did not break through the wall in those places where it was a possibility to do so. It also explains why the interior construction of the cruciform church was not allowed to be seen from the outside, and why only the most timid types

<sup>87</sup> *Faustus of Byzantium*, III, 3.

<sup>88</sup> Baltrusaitis, *Etudes sur l'art medieval en Géorgie et en Arménie*.

were built in. It is to be concluded that the massiveness of the Armenian architectural forms was the result not only of constructional conditions, but also of ideological reasons. The tie with sepulchral architecture, Christian asceticism, self-sacrifice, the stormy atmosphere of the Middle Ages and the need to resist this atmosphere by means of complete isolation — all this as well as the tectonic exigencies, influenced the construction of ponderously thick walls, the creation of massive forms and of isolated interior areas. Armenian architecture is the most faithful expression of the epoch.

\* \* \*

As a matter of fact, ideological considerations have always influenced architectural evolution.

The question of properly providing for the defense of the building entrance was before the architects of greatest antiquity. In this connection, the example of the watchful monsters at the entrance of ancient Eastern edifices is advanced.

Man has always protected the interior of his dwellings. The ground floor windows of medieval houses were always timid in character. On the other hand, the builders of the same era did not hesitate to place large windows in the upper storeys. This fear was still evident during the Renaissance. The house is a fortress. Only with the relative security of the Fifteenth century were ground-floor windows enlarged.

A comparison of the churches of Armenia and Byzantium would be a profitable venture. Generally speaking, both were conceived on the same plan based around the idea of the cupola. The evolution of the two forms had many points in common, Christian thought having imprinted its mark on both architectures. The massivity of the churches, the contraction of the windows and the blind walls were found in

both lands. But the common characteristics serve only to set off sharply the differences between the two architectures. Armenian churches were always more austere, massive, and better enclosed. These differences could be explained by a close study of not only the diversity of the building materials used in either country, but also by the particularities of religion, national temperament, civilization and social conditions.

Phenomena analogous to the architecture of Armenia may be noted in Western Middle ages religious architecture. The windows of the first Roman they contracted. Here and there, defensive exigencies, the need of isolation and protection against inclement weather cast the same effect on Rome as on Armenia.

The religious architecture of the West perpetuated too the memory of martyrs and Christian heroes; but contrary to the Armenian churches, Western churches were not in themselves mausoleums. They merely served to shelter the tomb — real or fictional — of the saint. Thus, the Western churches were rather envelopes and, as such, there was no need for them to be particularly massive. Finally, the walls were rendered completely in the Gothic church and the interior became a place of rendezvous for the citizenry. In this evolution, ideological factors played a certain role, as did constructional and social exigencies.

#### Civil Architecture

Civil architecture was highly developed in Armenia. Churches alone were not built in that country; also erected were civil buildings, dwellings, inns, palaces, summer residences, gardens, chateaus, and entire cities.

Armenian history is full of notices on flourishing cities. King Artashes named a city he built "Zard", that is "ornament." Urbanism, then, was already considered by Armenians as a part of the field of art as early as 122. The cities of Armavir, Ervan-

dashat, Tigranacert, Artashat, all of the pagan period, are other brilliant examples of this urban art. Others in the same category are Ashtishat and Etchmiadzin, the cathedral cities of the Catholicos; Bagaran, Dvin, Karin, Mren, all centers of Medieval culture; Van, the opulent metropolis of the Artzrounis; and finally Ani, the celebrated capital of the Bagratid Kingdom, with its magnificent monuments and its allegorical "thousand and one" churches.

Today, little remains of these splendid edifices. Savage hordes which periodically invaded Armenia laid to waste everything in their path. What remains, buried deep in the earth, awaits the spade of the scientist. Up to today, only two or three palaces have been laid open to the light of day.

Basing himself upon the scant information gleaned from the histories and upon whatever has been unearthed in excavations, Thoramanian offered this description of the Armenian palaces:

"In building palaces, they chose usually sites on summits or crests of high hills, reserving enough land around the palace buildings of varying grandeur, and for the laying out of vast gardens, parks, groves, and other areas through which one might amble. Often, the palace itself served also as a citadel fortress. The palace, and the extensive palace grounds were then encircled.

"Scented gardens, orchards and groves of all types, through which wound paths and lanes, were laid out on the palace grounds. That area comprehended within the exterior circle was done on a tremendously grand scale, and the plantations, in their vastness, were in the nature of a veritable forest in which were let loose wild beasts and animals for the pleasure of either the promenaders or hunters.

"If by chance the hill selected for the construction did not have an adequate supply of water, no labor was spared in bringing

there mountain or valley water by means of stone or baked-earth conduits which distributed the liquid in all areas. Besides this system of running water, reservoirs and well-holes which caught snow were built."<sup>20</sup>

The chief components of the palace were the *banquet hall*, with vaults and columns, decorated with reliefs and frescoes; the *throne room* (*arkouni atean*), called by the historians "the place", a chamber accessible to the people since it was there that judgements were rendered, and a room on which opened the doors of other halls and chambers; the *audience chamber*, separated from the living quarters; the *interior court*, also known as "the place" to the historians, often boasting a colonnade in the manner of a peristyle; the *vestibule*, through which one had to pass in order to enter the banquet hall. At times, the vestibule led out into an open arcade in the direction of the interior court.

This constituted the business quarters of the palace. The other part, the dwelling quarters, were private.

One of the more important civil monuments was the palace of the Catholicos Nerses III near the church of Zvartnotz. Palace and church were built at the same time and formed a harmonious group. Both are encircled by a pentagonal enclosure. On the western side of the circumference, the entrance, which is flanked by two square towers, leads through a passage towards the church, thus accentuating the west-east axis. After a semi-obscure passage the church stood forth as a splendid vision, on a tiered platform, sparkling under the sunlight, decorated by arcatures and comprehending the core of the whole block of buildings. (Fig. 66).

The southwestern side of the area was

<sup>20</sup> Thoramanian, *Materiaux*, pp. 352-375.

occupied by the palace. A grand lobby, leading north and south, divides it into two parts. The eastern part, built obviously for privacy, constitutes the dwelling quarters — the apartments of the functionaries, of the clergy and guests, and the various storerooms, etc., as well as a longitudinal chapel. A long portico with arcade opens towards the exterior on the north side of the dwellings creating a semi-covered and shaded area so completely characteristic of the East, and so agreeable to summer sojourn.

The western part of the palace was reserved for receptions. The west wall of the great lobby was transformed into a series of monumental pillared bays giving access to a splendid vestibule of two rows of columns. This vestibule in turn led to the reception hall — a monumental, vaulted place with three pairs of pillars leaning against the walls and holding up the vaults and arches. It is possible that the vestibule had an arcade opening on its southern side.

The variety of passages from one area to another is notable. A consecutive chain is formed; and the visitor finds himself threading his way through porticos, colonnades and lobbies, all of which open on one another and which constitute the outward part of the building; and then enters the semi-covered area, finally to achieve the remote end of the building, whether this be the audience chamber or the highly private nooks and crannies of the apartments.

The great north porch with arcade allows too for a reverse monumental perspective — from interior to exterior. Made assymetrical by its relation to the porch, the church captures the attention of the spectator and by the subtle curvature of its walls directs his vision farther, towards the horizons and skies. We do not know if dispensation was made for a perspective of Ararat, but it would seem to us that a view of the Bibli-

cal mountain was sacrificed in the interests of climatic exigencies.

The palace of Zvartnotz is marked by a relative absence of massive walls. In this case, the builders showed a marked preference for isolated supports and open arcades; and this general over-all lightness is found again to a certain degree in the neighboring church in possible reflection of the pro-Hellenistic bents of Nerses.

The Zvartnotz group is not an exceptional case. The conception of a group consisting of church and palace dates back to the Fourth century.

Note has already been made of the affinities existing between the architectonic subdivisions of the banquet hall of Zvartnotz palace and those of the church (of 622) connected with the palace on the citadel at Ani. In both cases, the decomposition of the mass is sharply drawn. Is this a chance affinity? Did not the basic principles of the palace architecture influence the plan of the Ani church? May we deduce from this and like examples that it was a general rule in civil architecture to place accent on ribs, isolated supports and open areas? The palace of the Ani Bagratid kings might perhaps be advanced as a second example in support of such a hypothesis.

In the untraceable labyrinth which this palace has become today, its essential divisions remain scarcely distinguishable. A great lobby divides it into two sections, north and south. The gynaeceum, with basin, was located in the southern part, while another hall with three walls, which Thoramanian termed "the nuptial chamber," opens up into the apartments of the women. Two banquet halls were found in the northern section, one of which was surmounted by a dome resting on four pillars joined to the two longitudinal walls, much in the style of the domed "hall-churches". It should be remembered that the isolation

of the interior reaches of churches of this type was jealously preserved. Although a constructional possibility, the building in of large bays was avoided.<sup>21</sup>

In the Bagratid palace, however, the north wall of the cupola hall is pierced by large bays, a procedure explained after close examination of the plan. On its northern side, this hall was contiguous to the vestibule of which only traces exist today. Near this vestibule lay banquet halls, but no contact was effected with the outside world.

The building of bays was conditional. Large bays could be placed in the interior or on a court, always of course with the matter of security in mind. It was possible to suppress the wall of the hall towards the landscape, but never that one which faced the real world which was so full of perils. As we have already seen, the banquet hall of the Bagratids opened on another interior; but like the second banquet hall of the same palace, it was more completely isolated from the exterior than was the audience chamber of Zvartnotz. With the passing of time, the danger grew; and finally the fury of the invasions fell on the Bagratid Kingdom.

The ramparts and enclosures at all times formed an indispensable part of a construction. The historians add the important fact that "they were encircled by high walls" to all descriptions they give the foundation of cities or residences.

Little remain of these fortresses today. Immediately upon occupying a place, the invader commenced to demolish its walls in order to ensure his conquest. Only the slightest sort of traces remain of numerous Urartuan fortresses which were found

everywhere in Armenia. Fortifications dating from the Middle Ages are still found at Artagers, Bayazit, Maghasberd, Artashat, Ani, Ampert, Cayane of Lori, Anazerba, Arghina, Erndja and Tignis.

It is plain from this study, though admittedly incomplete, that the Armenian architect was familiar with the use of large bays and light supports. If in spite of this he preserved the blind walls of his churches, it was not because of his incapability or his attachment to tradition. He used varying methods to solve different problems. He shut up his religious edifices and partially rendered open his civil buildings.

#### Conclusion

Certain conclusions may be drawn from this rapid study.

Armenian architecture is infinitely rich and varied. There has not existed a single idea, form or type of architecture which has not aroused in Armenia an attempt at solution in one way or another. Tied in its origin with the art of Mesopotamia, Iran, Greco-Rome and Hellenism, Armenian architecture holds still other ties with Roman or Gothic art, often in fact anticipating their forms.

In its richness and fullness of creation, Armenian architecture shows a remarkable unity of style and admirable tectonic logic, conditioned by the dominance of the mass. It is a veritable school of medieval architecture.

Armenian architecture possesses, too, great historical merit. It assimilated the cultures of the ancient East and of Hellenism, transformed them, created new forms and ideas and transmitted them to the West of the Middle Ages.

END

# HARRY A. KULJIAN— CONSULTING ENGINEER

ON AN ARTICLE IN A PA. BIOGRAPHICAL PUBLICATION

## A PREFATORY NOTE

Some months ago, the press of the nation related of a revolutionary method of spinning rayon devised by engineer Harry A. Kuljian, of Philadelphia, Pa. The Kuljian machine was described as one of the most important discoveries in the rayon industry in years. Mr. Kuljian's story, wrote Robert H. Fetridge in the February 11, 1951, issue of the *New York Times*, "is one of the real sagas of American opportunity, and one cannot recall any other native of Armenia who like him came to America and established himself as one of this country's outstanding engineers . . . ."

To be more accurate, it should be pointed out that Mr. Kuljian has made his mark in a profession — engineering — not unknown to Americans of Armenian stock. One has merely to remember the names of such prominent engineers past and present as Nkshian, Eksergian, Amerikian, and a number of others, as proof of this. There is, however, not a question of doubt, that the Times writer's statement of Mr. Kuljian being "one of this country's outstanding engineers" is well founded. He stands as a symbol of how an immigrant may forge ahead in his chosen field in America — land of opportunity.

Mr. Kuljian is an extremely modest person, loath to speak of himself. Only after the intercession of friends did he provide us with material necessary for the reconstruction of his story. Among the papers was an excellently done biographical sketch which, in the words of Mr. Kuljian, "ap-

peared in a State Biographical Publication" That sketch we reprint here, in whole, considering it a fully satisfactory statement on Mr. Kuljian. To it have been added the texts of the letters from the War Production Board and Navy Department, reproduced below.—EDITORS.

## HARRY A. KULJIAN

In the engineering profession, the accomplishments of Harry A. Kuljian, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have been an inspiration to his fellow engineers. His determination, aggressiveness and willingness to put forth the necessary effort to reach his goal commands the respect of both friends and associates. His career exemplifies the possibilities for those who take advantage of the opportunities this country affords for self-advancement and useful citizenship.

Harry A. Kuljian has won his place at the top of his profession. He is a Fellow of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, a member of the American Society of Electrical Engineers, a member of the Franklin Institute and an active member of the Technical Association of the Pulp and Paper Industry. In the short space of twenty years, he has founded and built an engineering and construction business which ranks among the foremost in the country.

Through the superior technical ability of Harry A. Kuljian plus his dynamic leadership, the company he founded has a host

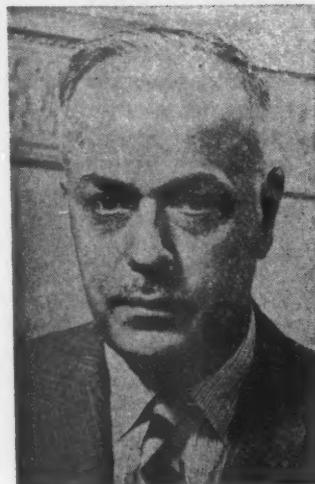
of engineering achievements and advancements to its credit. These include steam and hydro power plants, transmission and distribution projects, drainage projects, process engineering, construction, synthetic fibre biological and industrial waste disposal systems, and many others. Company projects extend from the utility field through the chemical, transportation, paper, food, brewing, distilling, textile, building material manufacturing, to practically all phases of industry.

Many projects have been completed for the Army, Navy and other governmental departments. Such private concerns as: Allied Chemical and Dye Corp.; American Cyanamid Co.; American Viscose Corp.; Armstrong Cork Co.; Cramp Shipbuilding Co.; Delaware Paper Mills; General Electric Co.; Hercules Powder Co.; Johns-Manville Corp.; Radio Corporation of America; Publicker Industries, Inc.; Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.; Westinghouse Electric Corp.; and a multitude of others engage the services of the organization founded by Mr. Kuljian.

\* \* \*

Harry A. Kuljian, born in Armenia December 21, 1893, son of Asdour and Hosanna (Hakoian) Kuljian, arrived in New York City August 20, 1911, aboard the ship "La Lorraine." In his native country, he attended parochial school until the age of thirteen, at which time he was obliged to obtain a position to aid the support of his family. Consequently, he procured a job in the textile industry where he learned this trade in its every phase.

Despite many difficulties, he managed to have enough money to pay for his transportation to the United States. In New Haven, Connecticut, he worked during the day and attended evening school. Later, he made arrangements with his employer to work at night and attend regular day school. In this manner, he gradu-



ENGINEER KULJIAN

ated from high school. In 1914, he entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he completed both the electrical and mechanical engineering curriculums, graduating in 1919.

Upon his graduation, Mr. Kuljian secured his first employment in the engineering profession with the Boston Elevated Company as an operating engineer. Later, he joined the Turbine Design Department of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

When the Westinghouse Turbine Department was moved to Essington, Pennsylvania, Mr. Kuljian resigned to become associated with the Stone and Webster Company in their Pittsburgh office.

Shortly thereafter, Mr. Kuljian left Stone and Webster to work for the Edison Illuminating Company of Boston, on the design and installation of a 30,000 kilowatt unit at "L" Street Station, and general study and layout of Weymouth Station (which was the first high pressure steam electric generating station in the United States). Subsequently, he returned to

Stone and Webster Engineering Company to work on the design of several central stations for the South California Edison Company, Potomac Electric Company, the Lynn Gas and Electric Company, and the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company.

In 1924, Mr. Kuljian became associated with the American Viscose Corporation, at Marcus Hook, Pennsylvania. Later, he was promoted to assistant to the chief engineer and spent five years in this position doing general engineering work in the rayon industry. He was instrumental in the plant expansion program of the Lewistown, Pennsylvania, and Roanoke, Virginia, plants and of a new plant at Parkersburg, West Virginia. All three plants manufacture rayon by the Viscose process. Mr. Kuljian concentrated his engineering skill on the simplification of manufacturing processes. He designed numerous charts, diagrams, and formulas for quickly determining the required information in the design and operation of the Viscose process.

In 1929, Mr. Kuljian went to England to study various plant operations, exchange information on process control, and become acquainted with the acetate process of yarn manufacture. Upon his return from England, he assisted in the engineering, design and erection of an acetate plant at Meadville, Pennsylvania. Simultaneously, he carried the responsibility for the expansion of the Parkersburg, West Virginia, Lewistown, Roanoke and Marcus Hook Plants of the American Viscose Corporation.

• • •

In 1930, Mr. Kuljian left his employers to establish his own consulting engineering business under the firm name of H. A. Kuljian and Company. Among his first clients was the Radio Corporation of America. As consulting engineer he studied and solved many of their manufacturing and scientific problems. Through his ef-

forts, the following accomplishments resulted: economic use of hydrogen, oxygen and liquid air for the manufacture of radio tubes; development of new processing technique for the carbonization of anodes; development and application of black chromium surface for use on anodes; solution of various heat treating problems; electric generation, transmission and distribution problems; improvement on the dust collecting system in the cabinet factory; minimization of fuel expense by the introduction and use of coke breeze; and, the solution of other problems involving plastics, radio tuning devices, and electro-magnetic interference.

As his business expanded, Mr. Kuljian gradually employed an increasing number of technical personnel. In 1934, he became associated with James Linton Cherry, who supervises the architectural and structural phases of the company's activities, while Mr. Kuljian's efforts remain concentrated on mechanical, electrical and chemical engineering problems.

By 1941, H. A. Kuljian and Company had expanded to the extent that it became desirable to incorporate and thus facilitate the handling of its many activities. These had, by now, extended from the United States to many foreign countries. Although specializing in the design and construction of industrial plants and utilities, the corporation's activities had spread into many fields.

During the years of the Second World War, the Kuljian Corporation completed numerous projects for the Army, Navy, and other governmental departments. These included: (1) The design of the Rocky Mountain Arsenal at Denver, Colorado for the Army. This project included the design of chemical manufacturing plants, manufacturing buildings, utilities, warehouses, roads, etc. For services on this project, the Army-Navy "E" was awarded

for engineering to the Kuljian Corporation: (2) power plant installations for the U.S. Government at the following locations: Portsmouth, (N.H.), Norfolk, (Va.), Washington, (D.C.), Charleston, (S.C.), Philadelphia, (Pa.), Navy Yards; and the Anacostia, (D.C.), Cherry Point, (N.C.), and Pensacola, (Fla.) Air Stations.

The following two commendatory letters were received by Mr. Kuljian for his services in war-time:

**WAR PRODUCTION BOARD**

Washington, D. C.  
July 12, 1943

Mr. H. A. Kuljian  
H. A. Kuljian and Company  
1518 Walnut Street  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Kuljian:

I deeply appreciate the advice you gave me particularly regarding heat exchangers several months ago when heat exchangers were the outstanding problem of the Synthetic Rubber Program. As a result of your intimate knowledge of the subject, I was able to eliminate many heat exchangers and also to suggest substitute materials for those difficult to obtain on time.

Your voluntary, unselfish action in giving your time to a problem affecting the Synthetic Rubber Program has proved of inestimable value to the War Effort.

Sincerely,  
FRANK N. CREEDON  
Assistant Deputy Rubber Director  
In Charge of Plant Construction

**NAVY DEPARTMENT**  
Bureau of Yards and Docks  
Washington 25, D. C.

From: Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks,  
To: Mr. Harry A. Kuljian,  
Via: (1) Commandant, Navy Yard,  
Portsmouth, N. H.  
(2) Officer-in-Charge of Construction,  
Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H.

Subject: Meritorious Civilian Service Award.

1. Upon recommendation of the Board of Awards of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, the Chief of the Bureau has this date awarded you the Meritorious Civilian Service emblem as recognition of the excellent services rendered over and beyond those normally required in connection with your duties in the construction program of this Bureau.  
2. The Chief of Bureau congratulates you upon your outstanding performance and loyalty, and

expresses his appreciation of the example you have set for your fellow workers in furthering the prosecution of the war on the vital construction front.

B. MOREELL  
Rear Admiral (CEC), U.S. NAVY.

The years following the Second World War found The Kuljian Corporation occupied with many foreign as well as numerous domestic projects. Foreign activities included engineering and construction work on the Bokaro-Thermal plant for the Damodar Valley Corporation in India; projects involving unusual design work in Venezuela, Chile, Mexico and Europe; plus a host of others in Asia and Africa. Among the domestic projects were many for city, state and county authorities, as well as those for various industrial concerns. Notable among these projects was a large electric power plant at St. Petersburg, Florida, rate studies and surveys for U. S. Rural Electric Administration, installations of Vineland, N. J. and New Bern, N. C.

By 1949, The Kuljian Corporation had engineered and built, numerous breweries and distilleries, several large industrial waste and sanitary sewage treatment plants, a number of water purification and treating plants for industrial use, plus water treatment plants for special processing in petroleum refineries and similar projects. Other types of projects included: steam-electric, hydro-electric, and diesel power generation, transmission and distribution, refrigeration, steam generation, air conditioning, bottling plants, grain storage installation, meat packing plants and various plants in the chemical industry and the building supply field.

The many projects, world-wide scope and diversified activities of the corporation which Mr. Kuljian founded, reveal a steadily advancing growth. Under his dynamic leadership, the corporation now boasts a roster of hundreds of employees,

most of whom are engineers and draftsmen. Main offices of the corporation are located at 1200 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Branch offices are located in Washington, D.C., St. Petersburg, Fla., Rome, Italy and Calcutta, India.

Harry A. Kuljian married, at Boston Massachusetts, 1922, Alice Levonian, the

sister of a classmate and a former childhood friend in Armenia; Mr. and Mrs. Kuljian are the parents of three children: Arthur, a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Florence, a graduate of Drexel Institute of Technology, and Edward, a student at Haverford School.

---

## *Impatience*

*You found the pale arbutus  
Classed it a waxy weed  
So small and so trailing,  
Nothing to win your heed.*

*Never waited for June's fever flowers  
Petaling scarlet in sorcerous light  
Left the overture of the sparrows  
Missed cymbals of July's night.*

*Though spring was sweet and fleeting  
There was yet more . . .  
The ripe summit of summer,  
We did not explore.*

DIANA DER HOVANESSIAN DALLEY

## *The Life Of Ideas*

By P. K. THOMAJAN

The man of ideas has a decisive identity; he stands for something instead of being a composite mass of nebulous notions. A man minus ideas is well nigh — a nonentity.

A healthy mind is exercised by thought — thought energized by supple ideas.

The constant flow of ideas through the brain channels eliminates stagnancy — purifies the mind.

The mind may be compared to a house, where it is one's duty to keep it airy and bright. Prejudices keep the curtains of the mind tightly drawn

Every new idea forces all other ideas to readjust themselves in relation to it. It is well to realize that intrenched concepts will always combat intruders.

Just as it is healthy for women to have children, the same holds true for brain children — they rejuvenate the mind. Each fresh idea is like a mental re-birth.

Ideas are unique organizing agents — they draw on all aspects of experience and fuse their worthwhile parts into dynamic wholes. Ideas have a magnetic pick-up of affinitized particles and do a wonderful clean-up job on a host of odds and ends.

The idea mind has an advanced state of coordination where it induces spontaneous cooperation between correlated elements.

It observes with a purpose — turns accidents into opportunities.

The idea mind has an actionized philosophy —

it likes to make everything tick. Quick, life-giving adjustments are its forte

The man of ideas is forever tunneling out masses of ignorance and breaking through into broader areas of vision.

Set ideas are usually half-dead and they forever seek a strangle-hold one one's mentality. As for notions, they are mental vagrants which should be evicted unless they contribute to their place of cocupancy.

Ideas plough up fresh furrows of consciousness into which drifting seeds can take root.

Each idea acquired and polished off adds one more facet to the diamond that is — life.

Thought is regenerated through the idea and all matter awaits its creative spark to leap into action.

Thoughts without ideas are coreless, a mere mouthing of words, that meander around and around and get no place.

The man of ideas assimilates and transmutes, while the opposite type gulps and gapes.

A good idea is capable of endless conversions and the larger the stock — the more fascinating the combinations.

The man of ideas maintains a hospitable frame of mind for all passing thoughts and he has an amiable way of entertaining them and making them paying guests.

The idea mind is continuously preoccupied, traffic-managing trains-of-thought and getting them through to important destinations.

Each idea is a clarification and creates a lucid relationship with ones immediate environment — makes one a better integrated person.

Ideas have heat and they can act as an incinerator for all the debris that may be in one's mind.

A stuffy mind gets puffy and flabby, inflated with conceits, while one animated by ideas remains lean, lithe, and vital.

Ideas are intimately linked up with the nature of one's creative unfoldment. Each one that is consummated advances the status of one's evolution as a person.

Each idea that is materialized makes one a fitter entity in the scheme of things. Steadily one comes into sharper focus with reality and there is less haze and diffusion in one's makeup.

The retrogressive mind admits few ideas and those that it retains are re-thought and re-thought until they are worn thin, lose face, and all currency.

It is the pressure of thought on thought that molds ideas, then motivates their realization, once they are fully formed. The life of ideas is the keynote of efficient living — turning everything to account. It is the most exhilarating state of existence to be achieved in this world.

# THE POLISH ARMENIAN COLONY

## Part II

By H. ZAVRIAN

### V

#### The Plan of John Sobieski III

There is one event in the colorful life of Polish Armenians which cannot be passed over in silence, and that is John Sobieski's plan for the restoration of the Armenian kingdom.

In the XVIIth century the Turks loomed as a formidable menace for the whole of Eastern Europe, and Poland in particular whose existence they threatened. The entire life of John Sobieski, both when he was the great royal hetman and when he was elected king of Poland, was engaged in perpetual wars with the Turks. It is natural, therefore, that his mind was constantly absorbed with the task of disarming the Turks. He soon came to the conclusion that, in order if not to make an end once and forever of the Turkish advance in Europe, at least to stop its force, it was imperative to enlist the cooperation of the Persian Shah against the Turks and to establish on the eastern border of Poland a Christian dependency which could assist Poland in her wars with the Turks.

Sobieski developed the pact with Persia with the approval of the Pope. With this aim, both he and the Pope sent more than one political mission to Persia, the Polish representatives, generally Armenians, being appointed ambassadors on the one hand, and the Pope's delegates, generally

Catholic missionaries, with the rank of ambassadors, on the other hand.

The Shah ostensibly was cordial in his reception of Sobieski's plans. Thus, according to Krusinski, during a stately dinner in honor of the Catholic missionaries, Shah Suleyman said it was his wish that the Pope, as the supreme head of the defenders of the Christian majesty and the father of the faithful, should persuade the European potentates, simultaneously with the Shah, to launch a war against Turkey from land and sea.

As to the second phase of his plan pertaining to the creation of a Christian state on the eastern border of Turkey, Sobieski kept this a secret between himself and the Armenians, especially concealing it from the Shah whose interests might greatly suffer by such a project.

Sobieski's chief collaborator in this scheme was an Armenian with quite a high-sounding name — Constantine Suleyman, Count of Syria. Equipped with highest recommendations by the King of Portugal, for some time he resided in France, Italy and Germany, and finally went to Poland where he soon made brilliant progress in the service of the government. King John Casimir appointed him ambassador to Vienna. After John Sobieski's accession to the throne, he became one of his intimate counsellors. In 1677 he joined a political mission to Constanti-

nople, and in 1678 he went to Moscow to ratify the peace treaty of Andrusov. In 1686 he traveled to Persia as Polish ambassador and as the plenipotentiary emissary of the Pope and the European governments with the aim of organizing the general invasion of Turkey. Finally, in 1688, John Sobieski again sent him to Persia as his ambassador where he died.

In 1667, when Catholicos Hacob Djughayetiz was in Constantinople, a Polish delegation visited the city. Constantine Suleyman was a member of this delegation, obviously carrying on some secret negotiations with the Armenian Catholicos. What the subject of these negotiations was is unknown, however, John Sobieski was very pleased with the results because in one of his letters to the Catholicos Ourhayetzi he revealed that he kept the answer of Catholicos Hacob to his letter in his files as a most precious souvenir.

Apparently the subject of these negotiations was the same thing concerning which he later appealed to the two Catholicoses, Nahapet and Yeghiazar (Eleazar) through the same Constantine Suleyman, namely, the restoration of Armenia's independence.

After the death of Constantine, in 1689, Sobieski again took up his plan when, in 1691, he sent the priest Simon Petrosovich to Persia as his ambassador with written instructions which have been preserved to this day and may be found in the studies of Baronch. These are instructions of unusual interest and I shall produce here only the chief points.

John Sobieski proposed the following to the Armenian Catholicos:

1. To come to an agreement with the Roman Church and to accept the Roman creed.

2. Through the means provided by the Polish King and under the authority and the supervision of the Armenian Catholicos, to found in the City of Mariampolis a

religious seminary for the preparation of ecclesiastics.

3. To nominate two candidates of his choice whom the Pope could elevate, one to the rank of cardinal, and the other Prince of the Holy Roman Empire.

4. To call a council of Armenian bishops to which would be invited the Armenian bishops of Poland, as well as theologians from Rome, for the purpose of effectuating the task of unification.

5. In accordance with the mind and the will of Catholicos Hacob, to try to restore the Armenian kingdom, and to this end, to solicit the support of the European states, especially the King of France. To accomplish this, the Catholicos should designate those places which are best suited for the quartering of the Christian nations' troops, as well as to give the number of troops the Armenians themselves could raise. On his part, the Polish King undertook to support the Christian king whom the Armenians would elect as their king.

6. To send to Poland parts from the relics of the holy virgins, Rhipsime and Gaiyane, to be reciprocated by local holy relics, as a sign of the mutual love of the two peoples.

7. To permit the Catholic preachers to preach in the churches of Constantinople.

8. To permit Jesuit theologians to lecture in the religious Seminary of Etchmiadzin at the expense of the Polish King.

9. To purge the sectarian parts from the church books. The king undertook to defray the expenses of the printing of the books in a press to be founded as an adjunct of the Seminary of Mariampolis, and to distribute the books free of cost in Armenia.

10. To notify the King of Poland and the Pope of Rome each time a new Catholicos is elected.

11. Until the realization of the preceding

measures, to keep a private ambassador in the Polish court.

12. To send back the Polish Ambassador, Petrosovich, at once, with a reply to all the propositions.

Petrosovich scarcely had departed from Poland when John Sobieski died, yet even after his death, the restoration of the Armenian kingdom did not lose its interest for Europe. In proposing to elect a European Christian king as king of Armenia, it is not known whether Sobieski had in mind his own people or some other nation. It was not long, however, before a candidate for the Armenian throne was found. Two years after Sobieski's death, a similar plan was launched by the Elector of Rhine, Prince Johann Wilhelm of Bavaria who submitted his candidacy for the Armenian throne.

Johann Wilhelm, who was a relative of Emperor Leopold and the Polish King Stanislaw Augustus, readily obtained Rome's support which long since had been concerned with the fate of the Armenian people and was eager to bring the Armenians within the Roman fold. Nor was it difficult to discover the "corresponding" Armenian who was endowed with extraordinary initiative and patriotic zeal. This man, who replaced John Sobieski's collaborator Constantine of Syria, was none other than the well-known Israel Ori, a scion of the Proshian meliks.

In 1678, Ori, together with his father Israël, joined the delegation of Hacob Catholicos in Europe to solicit the Pope and the Christian kings to save the Armenians from the Persian yoke. After the death of Hacob Catholicos the delegation returned to Armenia, while Ori remained in Europe. He spent some time in Italy and France, and finally joined the Prince of Bavaria. Here he entered the military service, served in the civic administration, busied himself with commerce, selling

gems, rugs, silks and horses, the principal objects of trade of the Armenians in Europe at that time.

The Palatine of Pfaltz made Ori his assistant and the latter brought to light extraordinary zeal and initiative spirit, winning over in a short time Peter the Great, the Tsar of Russia, as a partisan of the Armenian cause. With characteristic insight, Ori dangled before each of his patrons the outlooks which interested them most: to the Roman Pope he promised the conversion of the Armenians to the Catholic faith, to the Prince of Bavaria the throne of Armenia, and to Peter the Great the conquest of Transcaucasia and the Caspian Sea.

The interesting details of this historic fact are worthy of a separate study, quite beyond the limits of this writing. Suffice it to note here that Peter the Great was enthusiastic over Ori's project and supported him to the limit.

A similar project was attempted by Empress Catherine II. The candidate for the Armenian throne was Prince Potiemkin who went so far as to order the complete set of the Armenian royal table.

## VI

### The City Organization of Lwow and the Armenians

At the head of the administration of the City of Lwow stood the Voyt (the mayor) which in the beginning was appointed by the king. During the first half of the XVth century King Wladislaw ceded his right to the city administration (the rada), which now had the right of choosing the Voyt.

The rada consisted of twelve members (consules), who were elected for life. They were divided into two groups of six, one (consules residentes) serving one year while the rest (antiqui) rested, and the next year the antiqui became residentes

while the residents of the former term rested.

These in turn, elected from among themselves three mayors (bourgmeister) who served in turns, each one months, as the supreme authority of the civic administration.

After the city administration came the collegium scabinale, consisting of 12 scabins who directed the Voyt, elected from both the rada and the scabins for a term of one year. The scabins had judicial privileges; they constituted the City Court.

Both these institutions consisted of life members, but they soon were converted into an absolute oligarchy, as a result of the action of a small group of wealthy citizens who took over both the administration and the judiciary.

To fight against the absolutism of this new body, King Stephen Bathory (1576-1580) created a new institution consisting of 40 males (*ordo quadraginta virorum*) half of whom were elected from the city merchants and the other half from the artisans. This institution, and especially their lieutenant (regent) who was elected for a term of one year, had the right to exercise control over the revenues of the city administration and served as liaison between the citizens and the administration. The regent was reminiscent of the ancient Roman people's Tribune.

These institutions served the daily needs of the population of the City of Lwow, primarily the Polish, and to be exact, the Catholics. As to the remaining elements of the population, — the Armenians, the Jews and the Russians, the latter were subject to the municipal court, the Jews, to the court of royal officers, while the Armenians maintained their own judicial institutions consisting of their magnates who steered the Armenian internal life and executed judgment. They took care not only of all the litigation among Armenians, but

also all those cases between the Armenians and foreigners whenever the accused was an Armenian.

The Armenian magnates were twelve in number, headed by the Voyt which in the beginning was elected from among the Armenians and by the Armenians. As early as the middle of the XIVth century there were indications to prove that the Armenians had their own Voyt who was the chief of autonomous Armenians, and their representative and champion before all municipal and royal institutions of Lwow.

The absolute autonomy of the Armenians was not agreeable to all at the municipal autonomy of Lwow which brought countless suits against them and stubbornly insisted that the Armenians, too, submit to the city administration and the municipal court.

The royal edicts gradually restricted the privileges of the Armenian court and toward the end of the XVth century stripped them of the right to try criminal cases, and in 1510, all cases pertaining to real estate. The Armenian courts continued their existence, however, their president no longer was the Voyt, elected by the Armenians, but the city Voyt who presided over the Armenian court.

Approximately the same time, in 1519, King Sigismund I established "The Armenian Judicial Code," — a collection of Armenian laws which should govern the courts. This code includes a number of purely Armenian laws taken from the law text of Mekhitar Gosh, and supplemented by parts of Magdeburg rights which are practiced in Galicia.

Besides the preceding institutions which functioned in peacetime, in emergencies which involved the general interests of the whole city, a general session consisting of the representatives of all the classes was held in the City of Lwow. In 1622, a new-

ly-developed set of by-laws to govern similar sessions included a provision for the method of voting. According to this provision, the first to cast the vote were the members of the municipal court, and the second, the Armenian magnates. After this came the vote of the College of 40 (one for the merchants, and the other for the artisans), and lastly the Russians.

When in the days of John Sobieski the Turks marched against Poland, threatening the latter's existence, when the war expenditures had mounted high and in 1689 a special commission had been formed to assess the taxes to be levied, in the twelve-member committee two represented the city administration, one for the municipal court, four for the College of 40, three for the Armenians, and two for the Russians. These numbers indicate the importance of the role which the Armenians played in the life of Lwow.

## PART THE SECOND

(This part is translated from W. Loziensky: *Patriocyty Mieszezanstwo*, pp. 265-306)

### I

#### The Armenians

During the XVIth and XVIIth centuries, the Armenians, or as they liked to call themselves, the sons of Gregory who had descended from Japhet, after the Polish, occupied the second place in the internal life of Poland and were far superior to the Russian population.

John Alenbeg, in describing the outline of the population of Lwow, says the following about the Armenians:

"The youth are virile, smart and fearless, the men active, and kind in behavior, the old men intelligent and good, the girls are proud and swarthy, and the women are a bit plain and in their advanced age wicked."

Leaving the responsibility of this characterization to the companion of Lepsius

(Belgian philologist, 1547-1606), especially the innuendo of his last words regarding the wickedness of the women, let us take the part which is the commendation, and which really corresponds to the truth.

The courage of the Armenian youth — impetus Armenians — as Zimorovich says, was the principal mainstay of those militant merchants who, often under great peril, accompanied fabulous caravans which were exclusively led by Armenians. Physical strength and inventive genius which have survived until now, affability and kindliness, strictly oriental hospitality, love of luxury and display, — these are the characteristic traits of Lwow Armenians as far as we are able to learn from Polish sources. To these should be added the qualities of exceptional business ability, perseverance and agility which in nowise correspond with what we are wont to call characteristics of eastern peoples. And lastly, the innate sense of smell to recognize human and elemental situations which makes the Armenian a splendid agent, interpreter, and even a diplomat.

### II

#### The Polish East

Under the Polish skies the Armenians represented the East. Their little colony was built up around the mother church. That was a corner of Asia, situated on Russian soil which was Asiatic only in external appearance, for in that community of "Persians", as they otherwise were called, in that assembly of men with sunbaked faces and black hair, with curved swords and hooked noses, who spoke their peculiar eastern language, "Turkish" according to John Alenbeg, — who with one foot stood on the soil of Poland and with the other in Asia, and always traveled back and forth via Ankara and Lwow, Tokat and Kamenetz, Van and Yazlowtz, — we repeat, in that little community in Lwow

which reminded of the caravan which had taken a long stay, one could find the ingredients of a Christian state, of civilization, and of human rights. All those things which the Armenians had brought with them from "the great land of Armenia" — that was the way they always referred to their fatherland — they preserved for a long, long time in their customs and within their rights. However, by the beginning of the XVIIth century all this had become more of a colorful streak, an ornament, rather than a deep-rooted national or state sentiment which could have defended them against the influence of Polish environment.

We see them trying cases by the Armenian law to which they tightly cling. However, that law in its operation rather leans to the Magdeburg Code (the Magdeburg or German code of law was very prevalent in those days in practically all the cities of Western Europe). As to those articles of the Armenian law which preserved the nature of their native land, these were partly abolished by the government and partly discarded by themselves, remaining a letter on paper as the reflection of a distant light and the echo of ancient memories. It became a symbol of puritanism and an ornament on the margins of books.

This law, for example, spoke of shipwrecks on the sea, of pirates operating near the shores, of infidel slaves and Christians. One special article calls the pulling of a man's beard "a mortal insult." If an Armenian killed an Armenian, he was fined 365 zlotis, because there are 365 members in the human body and 365 days in a year. To make an oath valid, the plaintiff would pour water on the hands of the man who took the oath.

All these are but a dull echo of the past or the traces of dead tradition. The thing, however, which the Armenians contrived to preserve until the latter part of the

XVIIth century was their eastern customs in dress, domestic conduct, public life, and in the organization of their family and community — all those customs which had survived in their life and memories — expressive of the individuality of their nature, something which was reflected so beautifully, and in such an unique manner in the monotonous public life of Lwow.

In his poems Clonovich has drawn an artistic portrait of an Armenian seated in the open sky in a corner of the market of Lwow, a colorful picture which, despite the paucity of detail, is nevertheless so successful that one would think he was seeing the typical Armenian:

"Behold the hairy Armenian who brings from the East precious sweet-scented oils and countless merchandise, silken clothes, woven with silver and gold thread, rugs which the Turk spears on the ground, roots of tiger lillies, cinnamon and saffron."

It is an erroneous notion that the Armenians, about whose "domination" of the City of Lwow so much has been said, enjoyed more rights and privileges than the Russians. It has been proved that until the union with Rome (1652), all the important doors of influence affecting profits and the citizens were closed to both the Armenians and the Russians, — these posts being accessible only to the Catholics.

The only privilege which afforded the Armenian a high position from the viewpoint of an exclusively profitable autonomy, namely, the particular thing which at the time interested the Russian community of Lwow, was the judicial organization, although that court was far more similar to a patriarchal institution settling cases of inheritance and domestic problems, rather than a real court. This judicial organization was headed by the city mayor. Criminal cases as well as those having to do with disturbing the peace, disputes pertaining to real estate and the question

of possession were subject to the city court.

The Armenians encountered the same obstacles and limitations in regard to purely local retail trade as did the Russians. The Armenians had no right to do business in retail stores but only in time of war when large scale commerce with the East was interrupted were they permitted the right of running two small stores.

The rights of the Armenians were exceedingly limited in following fields: ownership of real estate, the right to sell liquors or the manufacture of liquors, and lastly, the right of engaging in private trades. According to the status quo of 1600 they owned, and had the right to own, 73 houses, could sell wine in two, honey in three, and beer in four houses. In the same year, according to the royal decree, only seven Armenians could join the guilds, two of whom were tailors, two locksmiths, two cobblers and one painter, and these were obliged to submit to the rules and the requirements of the Catholic guild.

But the Armenians controlled a large share of the wholesale trade, all the East was in their hands as if it were their private commercial realm. And that gave them wealth, influence and luster.

### III

#### The Caravans

As the City of Lwow was the connecting link between the East and Poland and certain parts of Europe, so the Armenians were the link between Lwow and the East. After the fall of Theodosia (1475) the Armenians became the sole link between the market of Lwow and the most distant lands of the East. The sale of eastern commodities was organized through them, they were the ones who established the regular trips of the caravans which was of great interest not only to Lwow, but to Danzig, Cracow, Keoln and Nurenberg merchants.

Thus, for example, in 1552, they sent their caravans to the East accompanied by Stephen Haller of Cracow, Hermann Strauss of Nurenberg, and another merchant named Torounitz. The Armenians from Lwow who joined them as guides, for example, as far as Istanbul, assembled in Krivzitz (one of the precincts of Lwow) where they took their leave of their relatives and friends in the presence of practically the entire populace of Lwow which later went to meet the returning caravans loaded with precious and rare commodities of the East with the same enthusiastic zeal.

"The caravan is getting closer," "the caravan has arrived," — that was the most interesting and the most important piece of news not only for the merchants whose veins were injected with fresh blood at the arrival of the caravans, but the entire population who although less immediately concerned, nevertheless were carried away by their curiosity.

The road from Lwow to Istanbul passed along the so-called Valacha line (the present Luchakovskaya Street), touching the points of Klinian, Zlochivis Skai, Drembolov, Kamenetz-Podolsk, Hodin, Iash, Bazardjik, and Adrianopolis — usually called the Iendro-Ietchno route. The caravan consisted of a huge line of heavy carts, led by expert drivers many of whom maintained their own stables with several dozens of horses. Caravan driving, or the job of transportation between Lwow and other cities was a flourishing business in those days. The drivers themselves who were hired for long trips generally were men of wealth and proven nobility, exceedingly well-versed in their profession and circumspect, with an adequate knowledge of the language and the customs of those countries through which the road leading to the East passed. Deserting the merchandise committed to their care was a seldom

occurrence, although they often were entrusted with fabulous wealth. In the affairs of the municipal courts there were many disputes presented by the drivers against the merchants, such as failure to pay the stipulated price for the transportation, but cases of complaint on the part of the merchants against the drivers for having failed to fulfill their part of the agreement or the loss of their merchandise was a rare occurrence.

In 1590 one of the principal drivers, or transporters, as they were wont to call him, was Grigor Lizek, who had in his entourage two royal ambassadors to Istanbul. We frequently come across his name in the writings of Bardosh Owolski. The price of transportation from Istanbul to Lwow in the latter years of the XVIth century was as high as six thalers for each 100 kilo's. The price for the transportation from Lwow to Istanbul might have been a little higher because the driver, after his return, was generally willing to make some concessions. It should be stated however, that the difference was generally negligible, because, owing to the lively trade between Lwow and the East, the driver returning from Istanbul to Lwow never had any difficulty in seeking a cargo.

The head of the caravan was always an Armenian and was called *Caravanbashi*. And since the caravan passed through regions which formed a part of the Polish kingdom, the caravanbashi was endowed with limitless and full powers over those who joined his caravan, just like the captain of the ship in the open sea. The authority of the caravanbashi was official by virtue of signed agreements between Turkey and Poland, just like the capitulations which exist in the East, and based on which, returning Polish caravan traversing the provinces of Turkey enjoys extra-territorial privileges.

"If it should happen, — it is written in

one of the articles of the Turco-Polish agreement recorded by the municipal court of Lwow — that one of the subjects of His Merciful Majesty, the King of Poland, should die on Turkish soil, the courts of that country cannot touch or interfere in the effects left behind by the deceased, and only the municipal court shall make a list of such effects and turn them over to the Caravanbashi or the chief of the drivers. But if an incident should occur in the caravan, some sort of damage or dispute, or if the incident should culminate in bloodshed, no court can interfere in such a dispute nor can it make any settlements, neither the *Qadi* (the judge), nor the *Sovbashi* (the mayor), but only the caravanbashi has the right to examine the matter and reconcile the two sides."

During the XVIIth century the caravanbassis were largely drawn from the family of the Serebковичес. The office of the caravanbashi was a very difficult one and was entrusted only to the Armenians who knew the customs and the habits of the East, had a mastery of the Turkish and other eastern languages, in addition to the Polish and Levantine Italian — Lingua Franca — without which it was impossible to do business in the East.

The responsibility of the caravanbashi was great because he headed the caravan which carried fabulous riches. There were instances when leading a caravan to the East and its return to Lwow required not only extraordinary prudence and spiritual fortitude but unusual daring. It is nothing to be wondered at, therefore, that the Armenians loved to set out well armed and regarded good armor as a proof of personal courage. Being used to the eastern irregularity in fighting, they were averse to military training or drills — the so-called military organization, and for that very reason they were constantly at odds with the city which insisted on drills in marks-

manship and artillery, as was required of all the rest of the inhabitants of the city. The Armenians would say to them proudly:

"Our youths need no drills. Is it not a fact that our sons, before the age of sixteen, or eighteen at the most, are accustomed to travel with the caravans to Turkey and the eastern maritime lands, which keeps them away from home for one or more years? They learn their marksmanship during their trips with the caravans when the latter are attacked by several hundred, and sometimes several thousand Tartars or bandits or companies of looters, to defend themselves against whom or to chase them, our youths resort to their arms and therefore they have no need of your drills inside the city or in its ramparts. But if it should be necessary — which God forbid —, when the enemy attacks the city, then each of us, and everyone of our youths will use arms and will demonstrate his skill and talent."

As a matter of fact, those battles with thousands of Tartars and bandits were the product of the eastern imagination of Armenian magnates, yet it must be confessed that, in the event the city was attacked, the Armenians kept their word, brought their share in the fight, and defended the city by organizing reconnoitering expeditions and executing unexpected attacks, rendered invaluable services, for which task they disguised themselves beforehand in the apparel of the Turks and the Tartars.

Samuel Koushevich, for example, relates that during the siege of Lwow in 1648, on August 20 several hundred Armenian youths sneaked out from the walls of Lwow in Turkish guise, ostensibly in an effort to seize our carts, but on the 22nd they returned to Lwow with the good news that peace had been signed by the two sides.

The Armenian fearlessness and innate diplomatic sense never came to light so brilliantly as it did during these trips to the East and their successful return, laden with many goods. Yet there were dire days when they could use any kind of help for the safety of their sojourn, and such assistance came when they were accompanied by Polish ambassadors to Turkey. The company of the ambassadors not only insured the safety of the trip in peace times, but it proved exceedingly profitable, because the merchants were often exempted from the customs tax.

The Armenians of Lwow profited most of all from such accompaniments, a circumstance which is attested by the municipal record. When in 1552 the King sent Kashtelian Begtzou as ambassador to the Sublime Porte, the latter was accompanied by a whole company of Armenians who wanted to make a killing by being exempted from the customs tax. The great Polish ambassador was accompanied by many Armenians and merchants of Lwow in order to take advantage of his presence and avoid the customs tax while passing through Valachia, and to avoid the payment of any fees for the huge sums of money which they carried with them when they entered Istanbul. His Merciful Highness, the great Ambassador Prince, agreed to this, taking them all, and especially his compatriotic merchants of Lwow, under his patronage, by his authority as Ambassador of the Polish King. And, as a matter of fact, he exempted them both from the customs tax in Valachia and the payments in Istanbul. Meanwhile, all the beneficiaries promised him, with the Grace of God, after their return to Poland, to remain in his indebtedness and to remunerate him for his services.

Yet, the Armenians who were so generous in their words and feelings, did not fulfill their promise. After having return-

ed home with countless goods and riches as a result of their exemptions, the Armenians forgot Prince Zbarazhki, as well as their promise to him. The Prince reminded them of it a number of times and demanded payment for his expenses in protecting them from the Emirs, but all in vain.

"Pan Serebkovich himself is an eyewitness," the Prince writes in one of his complaints, — "to all my efforts and expenses with which I protected the merchants who accompanied me, exempting them from huge sums of money for their importation of money, for which they did not thank me."

When the Armenians ignored these complaints, Prince Zbarazhki started to threaten them and demanded his compensation, "because I believe you should pay me and I should get what is coming to me."

Finally, the Armenians, seeing the whole Armenian populace (*tota natio armenorum*) might suffer from the incident, made a collection among themselves and delivered to the Prince the sum of 5,000 zlotis, stipulating meanwhile that the non-Armenian merchants who accompanied them on the trip, and who equally benefited from the Prince's patronage, should chip in their proportionate share.

#### IV Trade in the East

Trade with the East was an Armenian monopoly until the middle of the XVIIth century, after which started the Jewish competition. One example will suffice to show how influential the Armenians were in their trade with the East. Two brothers, Yourko and Zacharias Ivaskevich, in the course of three years (1600-1602), exchanged 25,000 ducats worth of goods with the following merchants in Ankara and Istanbul: Sharim Mustafa Chavoosh, Shah-Huseyin Yusouf-Oghli, Emid Mohamed

Chelebi, Ahmed Chavoosh, Kohen-Sofji-Oghli etc. This sum does not include a number of commodities which remained in the storehouses of Ivashkevich Brothers, such as: three bales of Indian goods, gilded horse trappings, precious articles, silver utensils etc.

Even much later, in 1621 (during the war with Turkey) when it was customary to seize the goods of Turkish subjects or their agents, and the city administration with the leadership of the magnates of Lwow was taking steps to carry out such seizures, it was only the Armenians — with the exception of a few Russian merchants — who were entrusted with Turkish goods for safe-keeping and to whom the Turks extended great credits although it is not known how much. Driven by their interests, the Armenians lodged protests against these seizures, reasoning that the Turks in Istanbul could do the same thing to them where they had creditors, while one of the city magnates, Gabriel Kostrovich, presented the following argument before the committee which had been organized by the King:

"When Stephen Pototzki was a captive of the Turks, we 23 Armenians went bail for him and freed him from jail. Each of us paid his share of that ransom together with the interest which began to mount and continues to mount to this day because Pototzki failed to pay the stipulated sum."

As seen from the documents pertaining to these planned seizures, the principal Turkish wholesale merchant in Istanbul was Rasoul Agha Chelebi. An idea of the extent of the business between the merchants of Lwow and Rasoul is gained by the fact that, when Rasoul died Sultan Murad in 1625 sent to Lwow his special *chavoush* (emissary) by the name Effakir Mehmet who, having obtained affidavits from the king, was busy collecting goods which Rasoul had committed to various

men. Dressed in his magnificent eastern apparel, with the Sarikh on his head and the gold-colored overcoat on his shoulders, Effakir Mehmet, accompanied by John Kurski, a nobleman who had been designated by the King, held sessions in the city hall, and with the aid of the city judges, collected the sums which the Lwow Armenians owed Rasoul. And this Turk marveled seeing how willingly and easily the Armenian merchants paid their debts, and that with cash which was regarded as huge sums for those times.

A number of eastern goods in Lwow were inventoried as such in various exhibits or business transactions. These were primarily articles of luxury which bore the stamp of the East's vivid imagination and refined taste — rugs, gold embroideries, painted ornaments and articles of utility, arms which were ornamented with exquisite carvings and precious stones, horse trappings, utensils, bow sheaths etc.

All those wares which the Armenians used to import from the East, later they started to manufacture in Lwow. The Armenians were highly talented artisans and were the first to produce eastern goods on the spot, revising the Armenian forms and adapting them to the local Polish taste, reshaping both the article and the suitable ornaments under the influence of European civilization.

The Armenians were accomplished goldsmiths as will be seen in our future articles. In the second half of the XVIIth century when the goldsmithing of the artisans guilds was on the decline, the Armenians who never had been admitted to these guilds with equal rights and had been branded contemptuously as smearers, once again elevated the ancient glory of Lwow in this branch of the arts. The Armenians took over the most important branch of the goldsmithing art, the branch which enabled them to bring to light the knowledge

which they had brought from the East in the provinces of imagination and the science of copying. They manufactured garments, arms, and ornaments. The masters of the pistol holsters, the lamp makers, the illustrious painters — all were Armenians. Their only competitors in painting were the Russians.

## V

### The Armenian Style and the Arts

All this which had come from the East and had become a part of daily life — pertaining to the trades, the customs, and the Polish language, was introduced by the Armenians, and only a small part of it was contributed by the Greeks, the Bulgars, the Valachs and the Levantines of Italian origin. The distinctive merit of the latter, however, consisted of the fact that they introduced these customs into Lwow as revised and recultivated under the influence of European, and principally Italian art. The Armenians brought the East in its coarse, crude form, a severe and rough raw material which was remolded on the spot.

It is curious and at once painful that very few relics of the real Armenian past have remained even among the Armenians themselves; Armenian-Polish reminders of the past are very rare. This is explained by the fact that, after the union with the Roman church, the assimilation of the Armenians with the Catholics and the Polish community was very swift.

Alembeg, the author of the first years of the XVIIth century, informs us that the Armenians still spoke the Turkish language in their homes (*domi lingua tartarorum utuntur*). By the end of the XVIIth century, however, their original customs slowly disappeared. Until that time, it seemed they stood on the brink of Polish civilization, separating themselves by their rigid culture, customs, and racial consciousness, sheltering themselves in their communal

institutions and being clamped in their small, closed world. But now they freely plunge into the Polish waters and are swallowed up in it, now here, now there, sticking out their eastern lovely black heads.

Polish Armenians never spoke pure Armenian. Apparently, the language they spoke in their homes was a new kind of eastern dialect, a mixture of Armenian and slavonic Turkish. But at the end of the XVIIth century they forgot that language also. In their communal documents are seen such Armenian expressions which lend a characteristically refined touch to the customary Polish idiomatics.

Even now the dignitaries of the community are called *erespochan* which later was dubbed "superintendent of the Armenian people" (director). The perpetual transition, from heir to heir, of the tenure of the home or the shop, to the benefit of the church, is still called *wakuf*, as it is called today in Turkey. The revenues of the church functionaries are derived from *ghourbans* — sacrificial offerings. The government taxes imposed on the community are called *yassakh*, etc. But the Armenian language is taught to the youth by the Theaddin Mission which came from Rome in 1864. Father Clemes Kalan said to the Armenian dignitaries:

"Behold, I have taken the pains to come here for the salvation of your language, so it will not perish."

He who wishes to form an accurate idea of the "Polish East" must study the object of Armenian life and productivity. The first thing which strikes the eye here is the eastern imagination, with its austere and rough execution, basically typical, backward, alien. This execution, objectively correct, leaves a sort of false impression. Gradually, there comes into view what would be called a middle line — an organic tie between the substance and the painting in which, it seems, the former is sati-

ated with the latter's vivid colors, while the latter rests and pales before the cold tones of the former, and all this merges together and is made complete, leaving under the Polish skies the impression of a natural and original entirety.

Although for a long time the Armenians used in their homes a unique dialect of their own, however, they soon acquired a knowledge of the Polish language which they utilized in their special enterprises and commercial correspondence. We say nothing as to their judicial affairs which are always kept in Latin and Polish. Although it must be said that their Polish had a characteristic nature of its own in its colorfulness, extravagance, and exaggerations which are reminiscent of the East. All these attest the eastern origin of the authors. The introductions of the letters, the petitions, the praises, superlative turns, — all these seem to be the fragments of Arabic or Persian excerpts. Even their Latin is packed in the folds of a wrapper, or follows the illusory clouds of smoke swirling forth from the censer.

There is a letter from the Armenian Catholicos of Etchmiadzin (1669), written in Latin, as a part of some litigation in the municipal court, which begins with the following introduction:

"Jesu Christi Servus Jacobus, Generalis omniorum Armenorum et Patriarcha Vagarsabath: Luce aedificantae et a Christo delineatae, ceolo similis at Paradiso equalis, a Jeraphinis circumdatae et a cherubinis circumseptae, lucis originis, Sanctae Sedis Eczmiadzyn."

(Hacob, Servant of Jesus Christ, Spiritual head of all Armenians and Patriarch of Vagharshapat, constructed in light and drafted by Christ, heavenly and paradise-like, surrounded by the Seraphim and preserved in the fountain of light, the holy See of Etchmiadzin.)

As to the Polish petitions, these are

woven wholly with fine miniatures. Here is an example, a letter addressed to the Armenian officer of the Polish army, Phathos Babonabeg:

"May this letter of our base and useless Agoulis, together with our fervent wishes, arrive in the hands of our brother Koprogli, Michael of Mahtes, and Mr. Babonabeg, our young sir Anastas, our scion of the Sultan, the light of our eyes, and you all."

These letters are highly significant in that they are not translations adapted for judicial use, but are the originals of letters written in Polish. These letters characterize the Polish Armenians all the better than all which we could say about them in our own words.

"In the name of God, Pan Aslankuli and Pan Serkiz, our best wishes for your health." — writes Melkon Hadjiovich in 1648 to Aslankul Garagazovich, a merchant of Ankara, — "if you wish to know concerning our health, thank God, we are alive, thanks to your prayers. We are sending to you Yashka Shimanovich, together with letters. I have information from Pan Kerner, from Gdansk, that silk is at a premium in your country. Try to get hold of as much silk as you can. If you can, get it on credit, as much as 15,000 thalers. The thin fabrics of Ankara, we are informed, likewise sell very high in Gdansk. This fine thread of Ankara sells the *phunt* (pound) at three zloti. Purchase the *hokha* (four pounds) at three zloti, or even cheaper, for, as I have seen, the medium kind is even cheaper. Also purchase thread for approximately two to three thousand thalers. With the help of God we shall make a fat profit, suffice it the Lord God grants you and me health. Give the German a good reception, but do not acquaint him with all the local conditions and keep him under perpetual fear. I remain . . ."

Even more characteristic and replete

with eastern colors are those letters which the Armenian Nahapet of Venice has written in Latin to Michael Mahtes Avedikovich, a merchant of Lwow:

"From the basest Nahapet, let all kinds of health pour down on Mahtes Michail and those who are with him. You had written to me that Koprogli does not want to return my money. Is he not living in luxury? Why then should my money stay with him? Why does he make himself black-faced? Tell him, that I wish him good health, give him this letter and say to him that Mr. Nahapet has written to you, and that he wants his money, and if there is something left, pick it up and come to Venice. If you do this, good and well, if you don't, the matter will end badly, you know it well. Mahtesi, don't worry, your money will not be lost. For God's sake, Mahtesi, write to me at once, if you want to stay there indefinitely. Let each day of your life become a thousand. May this letter of mine reach the hands of Mahtesi Mikolayev, Poland, in the City of Lwow."

The same Armenian merchant, Nahapet, writes the following words to one Koprogli, a delinquent debtor, who has been mentioned above:

"Mahtesi writes me that you refuse to give him my money. What is the reason? Have you no shame? What has come to your home, to your name? Your wife and children have been forced to go into hiding. Do you want to make them unfortunate? What is your purpose? What goes on in your mind which God should fulfill? What you have thought, you have not thought well. Here, thanks to my generosity, nearly one hundred men have amassed wealth, while you, by avoiding me, have become a vagabond and a wanderer. If you wish to make much money, come to me. I will give you more goods, more than 15,000 thalers worth, take it, sell it, just so you come, then you can re-

turn to Poland where you are making a good living as a merchant. Write and tell me what kind of goods sell best in Poland, the local goods? (Venice),—or the Florentine products. When you come here, we will rustle up 10,000 thalers worth of merchandise and you will sell it. Write to me, likewise, what color of goods are in demand there. Ask me at once, and I will give you all the information you need. Write either in Italian, or Armenian, or in Polish, which ever way you like."

The Armenian writers have preserved their eastern originality, not only in their style, but in the form of the letters. We have seen letters and documents which belong to the middle and the latter half of the XVIIth century, which in their beginning letters, their tails in the signatures, and their calligraphy remind us of the eastern ancient gospels. The City archives of Lwow have preserved many such writings.

In 1687, there lived in Lwow an Armenian by the name of Shimon Hachyevich, who has decorated the initial letters of all these writings, executed hastily, and faulty in the art of painting, but with extraordinary disposition and imagination. His initial letters usually are drawn from legendary birds and are richly reminiscent of those decorations of the pen which are seen in the ancient church books of the eastern Christian era. Each chapter begins with a birdlike initial letter, but these birds are scattered on the pages of the book with such exquisite taste and colorful textures, just like those which we see in the gospel of the Mother Church. Hachyevich has immortalized himself with his poems dedicated to Saint Gregory the Illuminator and the immaculate conception of the Holy Virgin, which he has written in the same volume of the document. The entire manuscript is filled with ornamentation of this kind which seem to have been resting on his fingers.

The traditions of Armenian ornamentation and miniature writing still persist among the Armenians, attested by the above-mentioned gospel which is still preserved in the Mother Church of Lwow, which is highly interesting from the viewpoint of image writing and religious symbolism. That gospel, according to the assertion of Father Paronchen (Paronian), is the handiwork of Priest Vardanovich and was written in 1662.

## VI Translations

The Armenians have rendered appreciable services to Poland by virtue of their familiarity with the East and its languages. No embassy in Turkey could function without the services of Armenian dragomen. Some of these dragomen, thanks to their diplomatic talent, occupied a much higher rank than was warranted by their modest profession, and in such instances, they were often entrusted with important commitments to be carried out personally.

Such a diplomatic agent was Christopher Serebiovich of Lwow Armenians, a man of great gifts and refinement who had been honored by the King and high ranking functionaries of the court as their agent in the East. When in 1630, the city raised obstacles against his building a stone house in the market place, he presented himself before the Municipal Court as the secretary of His Royal Merciful Majesty, and produced letters from the King as proof of his service to the government. In one of these letters, addressed to Serebiovich in Istanbul in 1623, the King instructed him to intercede with the Grand Vezier in a dispute which had arisen between the Tartar Khan and Prince Petlen Kapor. Having named him his Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, Stanislaw Konetzpolski appointed him mediator in the Tartar disputes, and asked him to explain to him why the King

had not been advised of the Sultan's accession. Prince Zbarashki instructed him to collect information in regard to Kan temir. Needless to say, all these were diplomatic assignments. The Crown Prince Vladislaw, the Bishop of Cracow, Shishkovski, the royal Vice-Chancellor Leschinski vigorously interceded in his behalf before the municipal court, and it was no trouble at all for him to rally support and friendship in the highest circles of Poland.

Peoter Gregorovich, or Gzhegorovich, as the name is pronounced in Polish, is another Armenian who, like Sereb kovich, attracts the attention. He is a very enigmatic recluse on whom the documents of the city archives shed no light. Apparently he was an illustrious personality, a sort of diplomatic or financial agent who once maintained great connections both in the East and the West. He was a familiar figure in the palaces of Vienna, Istanbul and Warsaw. King Sigismund III called him his "servant", and Emperor Rudolph II his "chamberlain." Later documents testify that more than once he foisted political machinations in the East. With the exception of a few piecemeal references to his name in the 1616 municipal documents, we find nothing about him either before or after. Gregorovich was killed on his way from Moldavia to the East. King Sigismund III ordered the dignitaries of the City of Lwow to seize the entire estate which he left behind, especially his money and his rich possessions which he left with various persons in Lwow, his nephew Nicholai Khankievich in particular, to make an inventory of the same and through the same Khankievich to send it to the palace.

The city administration executed the King's order, appointing on its part two representatives: Bshevdetzki and Sholtzi who, having invited the Armenian dignitaries Yacoub Zakhnovichi and Ivashka Mikolayevichi, entered the residence of

Gregorovich, the stone house of Mrs. Bogdanovska, behind the church of the Dominicans. Here they found many bundles of papers, including countless letters and documents. For example: an edict of nobility, written on parchment and sealed with a huge seal, given to Peoter Gregorovich and his brother Joseph Ceasar Rudolph, an edict by Michalin Sigismund Bathory conferring upon him the principality of Moldavia, an edict signed by Cardinal Bathory whose meaning is not clear, a number of letters from Bathory addressed to Constantine Mochila, Governor of Moldavia and to the Nestor Virech of Moldavia, a promissory note of 5708 zlotis by Caesar Rudolph to Gregorovich and signed in the latter part of August, 1601, in Prague, and a bundle of German receipts issued from the treasury of Caesar.

In another chest the city representatives found a new bundle of papers and commercial certificates regarding which, however, there is no detailed mention in the records. In addition, they found various precious objects, portrait paintings of Caesar Rudolph and the Governor Michala, as well as the picture of the wife of the Governor of Valachia taken with the Pasha of Choorch.

These papers found in the chests of Gregorovich and the significance which King Sigismund attached to them, and lastly, the haste and the insistence which the King manifested in his second order, urging the city directors to verify the claims of Gregorovich's relatives, — all of this goes to show that Gregorovich was a diplomatic agent, having served both in the Polish and German courts.

We lack the later details which might have shed greater light on the life of this interesting and enigmatic man. Only a few, although deficient explanations in regard to his relations with the Court of Vienna may be found in the receipts which

his son submitted to the court during the examination of his inheritance. This is a summary of the work of Peoter the Armenian, chamberlain of the Roman Caesar Rudolph I of blessed memory, in which mention is made of great sums of money. Gregorovich's claim from Rudolph II was altogether 22,913 zlotis, a gigantic sum for the times and the equivalent of an entire fortune.

## VII

### Political Intrigues

The Armenians of Lwow were inclined and well-versed in the art of staging political intrigues, especially in the East.

The frequent and perennial revolutions in the Near Danubian principalities left the arena open for competitions and dangerous exploitations. The Armenians supported the gospodars (the princes of Moldavia and Valachia) in their effort to maintain their shaky thrones, and what is most important, very often they raised to the throne of the gospodars their own candidates. This was a sort of business for them, the same as their commercial enterprises, sometimes profitable, sometimes not, depending on the outcome.

Gospodaress Margaret Moliknaya, the widow of gospodar Simeon, having fled the borders of her domain, lived in Lwow for one year where she incurred a debt of 2,000 zlotis, mortgaging her mansion. Presently, Almas Yurkovich, an Armenian, suddenly foreclosed the entire sum, arguing that he had put Moliknaya's son Gabriel on the gospodarial throne, a service for which he had received no remuneration. Yurkovich claimed that he had spent in the effort 10,000 zlotis of his fortune. In his writ of claims which has been recorded by the court, Almas Yurkovich mentions one by one all the services which he rendered in that effort, such as "Cum maxima iacfura rerum Jaurum," that is — having neglected

his personal business, having risked his life, and with great exertions he had been able to bring the task to a successful consummation. How in 1614 he had delivered the gospodaress' letters to her friends in Istanbul, and there he had worked hard for the accession of her son Gabriel. Then he had proceeded to Belgrade and Budapest, to Aleco Pasha who was a good friend of the late gospodar Mokila. How on his return he had been subjected to great hardships, for he had fallen into the hands of gospodar Tomsha, an enemy of the Mokila's, and how he barely escaped his clutches by fleeing to Semitratia and from there to Strikov.

"The next year," complains Yurkovich, "I again went to Aleco Pasha in Bucharest and on the road fell into a fatal peril, for, when I met Pan Humeneh (the beloved leader of Simekrat's volunteer fighters) who, according to the assurances of the Mokila's, would assist and protect me, he seized me and delivered me to Gabriel Sirbeni in Turnovo, where they kept me in a hole for a week, and from where with difficulty I escaped to Lwow via Cracow.

"Constrained by the importunities and the promises of gospodaress of Mokila, for the second time I set out to see Aleco Pasha by way of Koshitz and Gedvan, won him over to the candidacy of Gabriel, and armed with his letters, and risking my life, I arrived in Istanbul and delivered the letters to the Sublime Porte. I succeeded in securing assurances that Gabriel would be gospodar if he personally presented himself to the Sublime Porte. I communicated that bit of good news to the gospodaress of Mokila and sent Gabriel's passport to Chavoush Kara-Mehmet and Shliakhtich Samuel Odvibovski. Gabriel, with the permission of the King of Poland, immediately came to Istanbul where I, Yurkovich, for the period of two years assisted him in his effort to gain the throne by assuming vari-

ous commitments and travels, such as to Cilicia to see Iskender Beg, and to Poland to see Madame Mokila. From there, having acquiesced to the importunities of the candidate's mother, I again went to Istanbul where, finally, with great effort I succeeded in securing the reign of Moldavia for Gabriel."

It is nothing to be wondered at that the Armenians of Lwow had no great respect for the gospodars whom they raised and dethroned, and who being always in need of money sought the aid of the purses of the Armenians.

The judicial files are loaded with countless promissory notes and receipts issued to the Armenians, and not only to them, but to Russians and the Polish. In 1595 in the municipal court David Serebkovich (Armenian) handed to gospodar Aharon receipts for: 100,000 aspri, the second for 668 gold zlothis, the third for 3,257 thalers, and the fourth for 8,000 thalers.

The gospodar — great or small — was not particularly respected in Lwow. They had seen them beheaded by the executioner at the public square by order of the King, they had seen them living in their shabby mansions after they had been shorn of their rule, or standing there in front of the municipal court in the role of a miserable defendant or beggar, such as the man who called himself the Illustrious Rudolph, gospodar of Moldavia who had been accused of what you might call an affair of the horse.

Gospodars' daughters sometimes married commoners of Lwow, such, for example, the daughter of gospodar Yankul who married Anton Katakallo, and the other daughter who married Albert Ponintovski Lshyakhtich (a Polish nobleman).

The Armenians attached little importance to the crown heads of Moldavia. A typical example of this is seen in the case of Madame Mokila whom Boktan Donava-

kovich (Armenian) accommodated in his house. In taking Madame Mokila under the shelter of his home he issued instructions: "The ground floor is for the horse where the family can help themselves of the water, a large room on the lower floor, over it another large painted room, besides these, rooms for the servants and two kitchens — large and small — on the top floor, looking over the Russian street."

Then he adds:

"But when the wedding of his son Petros takes place, then Her Highness will be obliged to clean up the whole mansion for two weeks."

## VIII

### The Armenians and Polish Landlords

Generally speaking, it was not so easy to surprise the smart Armenians of Lwow or to intimidate them. Peaceful, having traveled the world over and generally well-off, they enjoyed a high prestige at the Palace and were well protected by the nobility with whom they transacted a considerable business, such as the manufacture of charcoal from the forests, renting whole regions, and extending loans.

Ivan Lukashevich the Armenian, in the City of Lwow in 1595, rented from Peoter Opalinski, keeper of the King's cellar, the entire region of Rokhatin for a period of three years at a price of 5,300 zlothis, with a stipulation that each year, on the festival of Tiarn-end-Haradj, February 14th, he would send to his landlord a small barrel of choice "Malvazia," two barrels of muscat wine, two barrels of honey, two barrels of salted fish of the best kind, four *kars* (80 pounds) of fish marrow, and on the Festival of John the Baptist, 200 head of sheep and 16 oxen.

Meanwhile, another Armenian, Christopher Avetikovich, rented from Stanislaw, Governor of Poznan and Count of Kourketz, the entire province of Pouzk. We

have access to the fourth year contract of this transaction, an exceedingly interesting document, which sheds copious light on the details of the land economy of the times.

By this contract Avetikovich took over the entire revenues of the Province of Pouzk ("with the exception of the manufacture of whiskey which I have sublet to my servant Chapovski from the village of Zavetch") for the period of one year, beginning from Astvatzatzin (the Festival of the Mother of God) until 1584, for a price of 7150 Polish zlothis. The first payment, 7150 zlothis, is to be paid immediately, the second installment, 1500 zlothis, is to be paid on the holy Festival of Voytsekh, and the remainder, 1500 zlothis, on the day of Astvatzatzin, 1584.

And now we come to the most interesting details of the contract. First of all, Avetikovich has no right to enlist services nor make transportations except through those who are tax-payers of the estate. He can only hire carts for the transportation of the harvest to the markets.

"He cannot impose penalties on the tax-payers except in cases of light offense, however, he cannot punish my serfs with the whip unless they are guilty of negligence. As to minor offences, for which they are subject to my trial, he can only arrest the guilty until the arrival of my investigator who alone can judge them, subject to my authority."

A specific article of the contract protects the forests and the sport, forbidding the tenant to destroy the woods and the groves to manufacture charcoal, or to cut the trees for timber. All that is permitted is just enough to provide for the domestic needs of the tenant. The tenant shall see to it that the landlord's forests are not harmed.

"But if after three years from the coming Astvatzatzin any harm should come to

me, such as from the manufacture of charcoal, excavating tar, or cutting down trees, my inspector must make a list and an appraisal of the damage. The tenant has no right to build wooden cottages for sale, but only for the storage of his produce. The limit of such buildings shall be seven. During the entire coming year the tenant has no right to hunt game for the purpose of sale, with the exception of 30 goats. If during the course of the year a general assembly should convene in any place, the day of the assembly the tenant is obliged to deliver to me thirty goats. During the same year, for his own use, he is entitled to 12 goats, according to the provisions of the contract. As it appears from the testimony of the villagers, during the past two years the tenant has exceeded his stipulated number, namely, he has appropriated 46 goats, and when my inspector arrives, he will investigate the matter and the tenant shall pay me a forfeit for the stolen goats.

"As much as possible, the tenant is obliged to protect the boundaries of the estate, so that no one will trespass it. He is obliged to provide for the needs of the local secretary, his wages and his food, and must keep in order the buildings of both the castle and the farm, the embankments in particular. The watermills, the wineries and the distilleries of Ostapkov should be returned unimpaired. Once a year he should entertain my inspector, together with six servants and ten horses, for a period of two weeks. And since in the last two years my inspector paid no visit, therefore, said Avetikovich owes me, and should pay the commensurate sum in cash — the cost of the inspector's visit.

"If during the period of tenure, God forbid, there should be a pestilence, hail, war, or disorder as a result of the intrusion of the enemy, or an invasion of grasshoppers in the region, in that case the total damage sustained should be appraised by

two friends of Christopher Avetikovich and two of my friends, and I shall be obliged to deduct that sum from the tenant's indebtedness."

A special article of the contract refers to the ponds which played a big role in the economy of the times:

"Since the tenure of the estate starts from Astvatatzin, and whereas, according to the local climate, the ponds are not emptied until that time, therefore I give permission to Christopher Avetikovich, at the end of the tenure, to empty the waters and fish only in those ponds which are still full of water when the tenure is in process of ending. For fishing, I give him permission until the coming Yuletide. But since the tenant, according to the old contract, has the right to avail himself of the pond of Shurov, I give him permission to fish there much later, with the condition, however, that he shall not clean it as he has done to the others. And since the tenant has cleaned the ponds of Ostapkov, Grebla, Papern and Pustelnich, in violation of the terms of the contract, therefore, when those ponds are refilled, he should find such a buyer who will pay the same price for which he once sold these ponds.

"During the fourth year of the tenure, the tenant should cultivate and plow all the fields of the adjoining estate, and no matter how uncultivated these fields are, he should leave no patch uncleared. He should attend regularly both to the plowing and the sowing of the seed in time.

"Two weeks after the Festival of St. Michael — and no later — the tenant should

sow the oats, the rye, and the wheat in my estates, giving the precedence to the wheat. The sowing should be done so no field should be overlooked by winter. Besides this, the tenant should recultivate for the autumn sowing the fields of the Lopatin estate, namely, those fields in Lopatin, Ogliadov, and Mikolayev, and that, in the exact amount which has been committed to him. Through the servants of those estates he shall send me letters, as well as sheep, oxen and barren cows. At the end of the tenure we shall divide the newly-delivered animals between us. He is also bound to supply enough fodder for all the animals until spring, as well as the necessary quantity of tare and meeds. At the termination of the tenure the tenant is bound to deliver as much of a pile of oats and wheat which he himself has received according to the contract at the beginning of the tenure. The apiary in the estate where the priest lives, with its 65 beehives, should be completed and delivered to me in order. At the end of the tenure the tenant should have ready for the spring sowing six barrels of barley, one barrel of peas, half of barrel of millet, and five measures of sprng wheat . . . he should prepare and deliver one granary full of oats in his occount, he shall drag the rafts to the village which is called Lapa, and there, where the river Bitkos merges into the Visla, launch them on the river, and supply the hire and the food of the boatmen. For the construction of boats the tenant shall have the right to cut down no more than 30 oak trees."

*(To Be Continued)*



# AMERICAN MILITARY MISSION TO ARMENIA

## Part X

By JAMES H. TASHJIAN

Among the documentary miscellany lent the Hairenik Association by the late Captain Harry Khachadoorian who, as a United States Army interpreter and expert on Near Eastern Affairs, was a member of the American Military Mission to Armenia, no series is more valuable or interesting than that which comprehends the "Armenian papers" given the Commanding Officer of the Mission, Maj. Gen. James Harbord, by the Ministries of the Independent Republic of Armenia.

Publication of these "Armenian papers" in translated form was started in the last issue of *The Armenian Review*, in which three of the nine documents were presented. The remaining papers are herewith offered:

### DOCUMENT IV

Titled as shown below. Document consists of four faces, folded, of lightly ruled paper 14" x 8"; another four faces folded with horizontal writing on the first page, and the full interior section bearing the table on forests reproduced below. The first four faces are written in a cramped hand in a brownish purple ink. The language is recondite. The second section is also in the same ink, but in another handwriting. A third portion — the "Notice on State Properties" — reproduced below, is in the handwriting of section 2, and comprises a slip of paper 9" x 7". The document is unsigned.

### PRODUCTS OF THE FARM ECONOMY OF RUSSIAN ARMENIA

Grains, cotton, grapes, rice and a number of other products play the most important role in Armenian agriculture.

#### 1. GRAINS:

	Amount
Year	Grown
1904	14,010,748
1912	18,733,626

#### 2. COTTON: Production, after cleaning, with the use of 328 gins and 20 cotton presses:

1904	413,779 bags (cleaned cotton)
1906	383,779 "
1908	380,985 "
1910	572,000 "
1912	467,652 "

90% of the cotton grown is of the American type, 10% of the "gharagoza" type.

#### 3. GRAPES: Erivan state grapes are known for their high sugar content. Wines are made from these grapes with an alcohol content of from 12-15%. Wines made of grapes grown in low districts have about a 10-11% alcoholic content.

1904	2,781,050 grapes
1912	3,639,177 "

#### Manufacture of wine:

1913	3,304,000 liters wine
1914	406,000 "
1915	454,000 "

1916	1,654,000	"
1917	1,163,000	"

The raising of grapes is still in a primitive stage. Improvements have been made in the manufacture of wine, and a start has been made in the matter of sweet wines. Generally speaking, white wines are produced and cognac and *raki* (whiskey). Large progress has been made of late in the production of cognac.

Date	Factories	Cognac	Grape raki
1900	2	283,000	8,500,000
1901	2	518,000	4,800,000
1902	3	845,000	3,000,000
1903	5	1,187,000	4,600,000
1904	8	3,226,000	6,000,000
1905	8	2,634,000	4,200,000
1906	8	2,387,000	4,400,000
1907	10	3,276,000	5,400,000
1908	13	4,844,000	9,200,000
1909	13	4,776,000	7,700,000
1910	11	4,167,000	5,800,000
1911	15	6,779,000	8,400,000
1912	15	5,390,000	5,100,000
1913	14	7,248,000	9,400,000
1914	15	6,840,000	4,000,000
		54,600,000	90,800,000

4. RICE: The following figures represent the production of rice in Russian Armenia:

Date	Produced (in poods)
1904	840,980
1905	669,035
1906	—
1907	490,130
1908	620,650
1909	536,875
1910	608,295
1911	551,300
1912	548,000
1913	591,200
1914	558,400

The number of rice cleaning factories

and refineries has reached the figure of 45.

Noteworthy progress has been made over the last years in the culture of fruits and vegetables, and the production of preserves has been pushed ahead. Generally speaking, the future of the agriculture economy of Russian Armenia is tied in with the culture of valuable produce. In Armenia, the culture of 30,000 deciadins (a Russian deciadin equals about an American acre — Author) of cotton and grapes has about the same value as 300,000 deciadins of cereals.

As only a small percentage of these lands are irrigated, it is necessary that arid lands be opened to irrigation in order to raise the standard of agriculture. Such arid lands comprehend a few hundred thousands of deciadins, and rivers flowing through the districts hold enough water for irrigational purposes if hydraulic plants are built.

*Animal Husbandry:* Although there are extensive mountain pasturages in Russian Armenia, animal husbandry is still in a primitive state as to animals, quantity and types of livestock. The following table provides information on types and numbers of animals in 1914:

Mutton, buffalo	437,092 heads
Sheep, goats	921,729 "
Horses	36,065 "
Mules	1,055 "
Camels	6,054 "
TOTAL	1,429,480 heads

*Wool Production:* The annual production of wool is 92,173 poods. The wool from Armenian sheep is coarse. The dairy industry is in a primitive state, new methods having been introduced only in the past few years. A start has been made in the production of Swiss and Dutch cheese. Leather production is also on a primitive plane. 30 tanneries produce only com-

\*A Russian *pood* equals about 36 American lbs., avoirdupois.

mon goods. Raw hides are exported to foreign trade.

*Bee Industry:* The culture of bees is not widespread in Armenia. Improvements however have been made in recent years. The same is true of seri-culture.

	Surface in dec.	Wooded Land	
Eriwan	64213	27000	Principally small firewood, and foliage trees
Tarachichak	21239. 3	16963. 5	Firewood, and some lumber
Karakilliseh	16126	14957. 8	Firewood, lumber, foliage trees, unimportant quantity of pine
Lori	16500	15000	Ditto
Nakhichevan	55218	18674	Firewood, lumber, foliage trees, and scrub pine
Karabagh	55271	37524	Firewood, lumber foliage trees
Alianlou	35781	19138	Ditto
Shamshadin	53462. 2	42759	Ditto
Karvanserai	23684.12	21940. 5	Ditto
Kotkindi	57181. 1	36390. 7	Ditto
Dilijan	43701. 0	25041. 3	Ditto
Sarikamish	7679.97	7020.97	Lumber, pine, and some poplar
Imam Tati	14953	7471.10	Ditto
Arsenyat Pogalip	20427.83	17603.64	Ditto; some foliage trees
Keli	23222.15	18849.85	Ditto
Soghanlough	20108	14037.60	Ditto
Kharavo Bantchari	12776.00	9279.50	Ditto
Olti	9291.00	8724	Ditto
Ardahan	19414. 8	17270.30	Ditto
Haskhavi	10915.00	10915.00	Lumber, pine, some cedar and laurel

#### A NOTICE ON STATE PROPERTIES

Name	Number parcels	Deciadiams
Pasturage land	1339	890964
Fields	308	104039
Real property	193	2431

#### DOCUMENT V

*Titled, as shown below. A manuscript of four faces, folded, each face 14" x 8". The paper is a browning yellow onion skin paper, and is torn in the middle along a crease. The "6 Kopek" Russian tax mark is on the left hand corner of the first face. Ink is a faded purple color, scarcely legible.*

*Handwriting is practically a scrawl. The document is unsigned.*

#### THE WATER POWER OF RUSSIAN ARMENIA

One of the most important sources of natural wealth of Armenia, if not the most important, is Armenia's water power. In working out the data herein included, the findings of the Geodetic Administration of Caucasus, the Railroad Administration of Transcaucasia and the information rendered available to the Russian General Staff have been consulted. These surveys ac-

cord us information on the 28 rivers of Russian Armenia and the brute force of their waters at moments of low level. The following table is based on those reports:

Name of River	Minimum Force in Horse power	Velocity SYSTEM
ARAXES		
1. Arax	791,916	0.00207
2. Akhourian	154,335	0.0077
* 3. West. Arpa Tchai	17,688	0.0119
4. Ampert	37,066	0.0850
5. Sev Tchour	6,584	0.00088
6. Kassakh	28,891	0.0166
7. Dali Tchai	20,027	0.0687
8. Zanki	181,520	0.0095
9. Maman	11,892	0.0233
10. Karni	61,140	0.0358
11. Vedi	52,616	0.0399
*12. West. Arpa Tchai	203,863	0.0231
13. Nakhichevan	128,635	0.0381
14. Verenchag	25,507	0.0949
15 Kilan	24,316	0.0945
16. Ramis	14,452	0.0906
17. Vanant	27,790	0.0978
18 Meghri	128,635	0.0721
19. Passoud	23,810	0.0621
20. Gaban	248,412	0.0332
21 Hakkiarou and		0.0237
22. Parkoushad	505,630	0.0188
KURA		
SYSTEM		
Pampak	126,760	0.0118
Henevan	58,940	0.0236
Garpi	4,940	0.0267
Khram	161,655	0.013942
Azodev	74,450	0.0173
Tartar	363,107	0.0199
Gargar	11,439	0.0384
TOTAL	3,595,046	

\*Obviously, a duplication not intended. It is possible that "East" Arpa Tchai was meant for No. 12 — Author.

The following rivers have been excluded from this report because of lack of information: (1) the sub-tributaries of all the above rivers; and (2) Araxes, and Kura and Djoruk tributaries with all their sub-branches. In order to arrive at a figure representing the brute force of Armenia's water power, therefore, the total quoted above must be doubled.

The real effective power of the rivers in the latter rivers mentioned may be computed by multiplying the result of the mathematical problem suggested above by a single coefficient reduction which will equal 0.5. This will give the full total.

The rivers flow down from the same generally high level. For that reason, their velocity is 0.03 or 0.04, or even 0.09. Of the 29 rivers, the velocities of only four rivers are less than 0.01. These four rivers are the Araxes, Akhourian, Sev Tchour, and Zanki, whose currents vary from fast here to slow there. The minimum power sections of these rivers correspond to 350,119 horsepower, which is scarcely 10% of the minimum power of Russian Armenia.

Foregoing rivers mentioned are partly in undisputed Armenian territory, and partly in areas ownership of which is being deputed by Armenia, and Georgia and Azerbaijan.

#### DOCUMENT VI

*Titled, as below. Possibly originally a portion of preceding document. Same specifications as Document V. Unsigned.*

#### MINERAL RESOURCES OF RUSSIAN ARMENIA

According to the information gathered by the Minerals Administration of the Caucasus, the following is a picture of the military wealth of Russian Armenia:

1. Lead and silver	60	mining areas
2. Gold	10	"
3. Copper	210	"
4. Zinc	11	"

5. Molybdenum	3	"
6. Antimony	1	"
7. Cobalt	6	"
8. Manganese	16	"
9. Iron	58	"
10. Chrome	1	"
11. Arsenic	8	"
12. Pyrite	23	"
13. Sulphur	9	"
14. Graphite	8	"
15. Coal	47	"
16. Black amber	1	"
17. Slate	4	"
18. Peat	9	"
19. Naphtha	6	"
20. <i>Illegible</i>	1	"
21. Rock Salt	32	"
22. Salt sources	6	"
23. Carbonate of Soda	1	"
24. <i>Illegible</i>	1	"
25. Borax	3	"
26. Aluminum ( <i>Bauxite</i> )	15	"
<hr/>		
TOTAL	550*	

The table is nothing more than a compilation of incidental information which cannot be construed to show the full potential mineral resources of Russian Armenia.

We are able here to present figures on the mining areas of the Van and Erzerum Vilayets examined in 1917 by the geological expedition organized by the Russian government:

1. Hard coal	15	mining places
2. Lignite	10	"
3. Peat	1	"
4. Naphtha	5	"
5. Rock Salt	1	"
6. Salt sources	5	"
7. Copper	2	"
8. Lead with silver	2	"

\* The original has 450, a bad error in arithmetic. A pencil legend standing near it corrects it to "550". It is possible the correction is Khachadoorian's.

9. Carbonate of Soda	1	"
TOTAL	40	"

The following is a resume of a publication of the Minerals Administration of the Caucasus. It concerns the *mineral reserves* of Russian Armenia:

*A. Iron Ore:*

1. The Karhad mines of Gansak district contain reserves of magnetic iron, the ore extracted averaging 65% in metallic content.

13,500,000 tons

2. The Shatakh mines of Bortchalou district contain reserves of magnetic iron, the ore extracted averaging 53% in  $Fe^2O^3$ .

1,000,000 tons

3. The Nusker mines of Gansak district contain reserves of magnetic iron, the ore extracted averaging 50% in metallic content.

100,000 tons

This reserve then comprehends 14,600,000 tons.

*B. Rock Salt:*

4. Goghb	51,000,000	tons
5. Nakhichevan	5,380,000	"
6. Suat	4,300,000	"
7. Olti	46,000	"
8. Kaghizvan	2,114,000	"
9. Totan	1,550,000	"
10. Agh Tchai	1,446,000	"
11. Boulanuk	1,030,000	"

TOTAL 67,506,000 "

*C. Aluminum:*

The Pepi mine in Gansak district has aluminum and alum deposits. The aluminum averages 37.58% of the deposits taken.

*D. Carbonate of Soda:*

As Lynch said, the Lake of Van contains 22.197 grams of soda in each liter of water. Lake Van has a surface of 3,600 square kilometers, and a depth

as far down as 400 meters. If we were able to cut off the surface of this lake to the depth of a meter, that portion would contain 79,909,200 tons of carbonate of soda.

\* \* \*

Mineral production in Russian Armenia is being done at present by 22 corporate groups. In 1911-1912-1913, the yearly output of the six copper foundaries was as follows:

		Number	Yearly average Production
Copper ore	18 mines	155,000 tons	
Pyrite	4 mines	10,000 tons	
Rock Salt	5 mines	25,400 tons	
Copper	6 smelters	6,614 tons	

1. The following are mines and smelters figures for 1913:

Mines or Smelters	Copper Ore in Poods	Red Copper in Poods
Alaverdi	4,022,196	165,511
Shamloukh	962,970	45,283
Shahali Elyar	527,084	—
Akhtala	260,964	—
Kedapek	1,881,409	78,892
Sismadan	8,648	1,305
Siounik	73,088	61,266
Oughour Tchai	307,744	48,987
Ghatar	179,093	—
Aralough Kapir	22,209	—
Byuk Tchami	137,675	—
Baravatoump	69,984	—
Manes	795,048	20,746

TOTAL 421,963

2. Pyrite production and mines are shown in the following table (1914):

Tcheraghi Tzor	122,025 poods
Alaverdi	67,383 poods
Kedapek	130,230 poods
Donchut	180,000 poods

TOTAL 499,638 poods

3. The average annual production of rock

salt for the years 1919 through 1913:

Goghb	706,995 poods
Nakhichevan	246,544 poods
Suat	170,767 poods
Olti	67,323 poods
Kaghizvan	375,933 poods

TOTAL 1,549,562 poods

#### DOCUMENT VII

Titled, as shown below. On fragile browned yellow onion skin, 14" x 8 1/2", single sheet. The document is typed in purple, doubled spaced, partially torn and badly decomposed. It bears the signature of Major General Ararati (Ararato), who was the Minister of War of the Armenian Republic.

\* \* \*

#### QUESTIONNAIRE No. 7

##### 1. How Many Experienced Generals?

Without the boundaries of Armenia, in such places as for instance the City of Tiflis, there reside a number of people who are available for service in Armenia. Important numbers of officers are found in Tiflis and Russia. Lack of recent information prohibits our offering a definite figure in this respect.

At the present time, there are 12 experienced generals in military and administrative work in Armenia. Besides these officers, there are 10 other generals in Tiflis who are not actively serving Armenia. If a proper moment is found, they too will be invited to Armenia.

##### 2. How Many Officers of Lesser Rank?

A large number of trained and experienced officers were lost during the course of the long war. Most of these were serving with Russian forces on the Western front and, according to information, the survivors are in Russia, but no figure may be given for them. At present, there are 60 Colonels and Lieutenant Colonels active with the Armenian Army or in administrative posts. In addition to these, there are

40 senior officers in Tiflis and Baku who can be invited to duty.

Therefore, the Armenian Army is in need of skilled officers, especially of graduates of military academies, of whom there is a dearth in the Army. In the initial effort at organization, this lack may be a matter of great difficulty.

### 3. *The Number of Armenian Soliders.*

The present Armenian Army consists of 6 infantry battalion and detachments, 9 artillery battalions, one cavalry detachment and 1 engineer unit, all equipped with facilities to administrate themselves.

At the present time, the number of soldiers in the Army has reached the figure of 12,000, consisting of 8,000 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, 1,200 engineer, and miscellaneous (service), 1,500.

Besides the infantry stationed at various strategic places in defense of the frontiers, militia units from the local citizenry are available for duty. At the moment, these militia units are undergoing military training. As an example, the militia has four battalions, with 3000 individuals.

### 4. *The Number of the Militia.*

Under the jurisdiction of the Armenian Minister of Interior are at present 7 infantry and cavalry units of provincial militia with about 1,500 men, and a militia reserve of about 1000 men and 38 officers. The cities of Eriwan, Alexandropol and Nor Bayazit have their own militia units of 350 militiamen each.

### 5. *The Territory of Armenia.*

#### (a) How Many Soldier are Needed in Peacetime?

The strength of the Army in peacetime is tied in with the matter of national population which at the moment is indefinite because of the unsettled condition of the frontiers. No army strength in this respect may, therefore, be given. Estimating that within the borders of Armenia there dwell today about 1,000,000 people, then, in

peacetime, no more than 3 age-groups may be called to service. In peacetime, the feasible army strength is 12,000 soldiers, taking into consideration that every age-group can give us about 8% of that class to service.

In time of war, should all 12 eligible age-groups be summoned to service, the combat forces may total 40,000 men. The older age-groups, up to the 10th class, can give us 30,000 additional men. 35,000 men will be available for military construction projects and garrison duty in redoubts.

### 6. *The Number of Soldiers in Armenia Major During War and Peace.*

It is difficult to answer this question because of the unsettled boundaries of Armenia and the matter of the population of the nation.

It is possible to add to the above that, in time of peace nearly 1,200 men and women can be called to military service out of each 100,000 of both sexes, which would mean having three age groups under arms. In war time, 4,000 men and women can be raised out each 100,000 of both sexes by calling to service all 12 military age groups.

Minister of the Army,  
Armenian Ind. Republic  
(signed)  
Major General Araratov

## DOCUMENT VIII

Titled, as shown below. A single sheet of fairly good grade white paper 14" x 8". Handwriting is done in a bold scrawl in bright purple. It is signed by Chief of the Armenian Artillery, Armenian Ministry of War, Major General Gamazian. Curiously, the signature is in Russian. Both sides of paper are used.

## A REPORT

Cannon, rifles and machine guns, other firearms and military material needed to maintain the Armenian Army at the rate

of up to 22,000 soldiers in peacetime, and 40,000 in time of war.

Nomenclature	Necessary to our Soldiers and Mountain reserve	How much is needed...				
<b>1. CANNON</b>						
3" Heavy mountain guns, 1909 type	86	73				
3" Light cannon, 1902 type	40	35				
15 centimeter English howitzer	14	14				
6" Heavy cannon	7	7				
<b>2. RIFLES</b>						
"Three Line" Russian make	20,000	15,000				
"Le Belle" French make	28,000	25,250				
<b>3. PISTOLS</b>						
"Nakan" or "Mausers"	5,000	5,000				
<b>4. SABERS</b>						
	8,200	8,200				
<b>5. BAYONETS</b>						
	28,000	28,000				
<b>6. MACHINE GUNS</b>						
	2,400	2,400				
<b>7. MILITARY STORES</b>						
Mountain explosive (gren- ades and shrapnel)	129,000	63,000				
Light explosive (grenades and shrapnel)	6,000	—				
Howitzer shot	21,000	21,000				
6" heavy shot	10,500	10,500				
Cartridges for Russian rifles	10,000,000	9,000,000				
Cartridges for French "Le Belles"	14,000,000	9,000,000				
<b>8. EQUIPMENT AND RESERVE NEEDS</b>						
Telescopes	200	300				
Telephone units	400	400				
Spare reserve parts	800	800				
Telephone wire	1000 kilo.	1000 kilo.				
Locks w/keys, all sizes	2000	2000				
<b>9. EQUIPMENT FOR HORSES</b>						
Complete harnesses for 6 horses	100	100				
			Saddles, complete, Russian or Japanese style	1200	1200	
			Bridles	3000	3000	
			<b>10. SERVICE TOOLS</b>			
			Locksmith tools	50 comp.	50 comp.	
			Blacksmith tools	100 comp.	100 comp.	
			Harness and saddle tools	50 comp.	50 comp.	
			Carpentry tools	50 comp.	50 comp.	
			<b>11. LEATHER TANNING EQUIPMENT</b>			
			all types	1000 poods	1000 poods	
			<b>12. SERVICE CENTER PROPERTY</b>			
			All properties for 150 workers of all types (blacksmiths, etc.)	2 workshops	2 workshops	
			Belts, 1/4 decimeter to 6 deci- meter in width; 50 centi- meters to 100 centimeters in length	10	10	
			Oxygen	100 cyl.	100 cyl.	
			"West" machines	2	2	
			Calcium carbide	50 poods	50 poods	
				(signed)		
			<i>Major General Gamazian</i>			
			28, March, 1919			
			Erivan			
			<b>DOCUMENT IX</b>			
			Titled, as shown below. Four faces, fold- ed, with writing on each face. Pages, 14" x 8" each face. Paper is lightly ruled. Writing is done in bold purple ink, and is in a firm handwriting. There is no signa- ture. The Russian "6 Kopek" seal is on the upper left hand corner of this document. Paper is browned yellow onion-skin.			
			• • •			
			<b>CAN ARMENIA TAKE CARE OF ITS GOVERNMENTAL EXPENSES</b>			
			The Republic of Armenia was founded at a most critical period in public life, at a time when the entire land was in ruins and was under pillage at the hands of the Turkish regular and irregular forces; and also at a time when the entire economic structure of the nation had been shaken. Because of this, the Armenian government			

had to concentrate its efforts on the defense of the homeland while at the same time striving to alleviate the miseries of the refugees.

For that same reason, the largest governmental expenditures is funneled into the military and welfare departments, and to the purchasing of needed staples of life and defense. When, in the near future, the borders of Armenia will be expanded with the help of the Allies, and when the people can be supplied with the provisions and material so sorely needed, better conditions will be created in the nation. Then, too, the governmental budget will not have to be burdened by large expenditures as today for the defense of the land and the sustenance of the people. These are considered extraordinary expenses which, in normal times, would appear on government budgets in only small amounts.

After a more bearable condition has been established in Armenia, the major expenditures of the government would be for communications, internal administration, justice, public education, foreign service, and a central establishment.

The following amounts have been spent for these purposes up to January 1, 1919:

Ministry of Internal Affairs	
(includes expenditures for postal telegrams and transportation)	1,342,682 rubles
Ministry of Foreign Affairs	
(budget)	143,511 rubles
Ministry of Justice	
(budget)	285,306 rubles
Ministry of Public Utilities	
(budget)	903,234 rubles
Ministry of Finances	
(budget)	151,557 rubles
Council of Ministers and Parliament	160,000 rubles
Military Expenditures (excluding extraordinary)	

expenditures)	2,227,334 rubles
<b>TOTAL</b>	5,213,624 rubles

Based on these figures, the Budget to be used in one year by the Government is 62,563,488 rubles (not including all extraordinary expenses).

As to governmental income, it must be realized that due to the poor condition of the people it has been impossible to initiate new taxes or raise those already in effect. This condition has forced the government to take extraordinary financial measures by monopolizing the cotton industry which promises to bring in an income of 40,000,000 rubles.

During 1919, the following income is also expected:

1. *Direct taxation:*

Land taxes	12,614,619 rubles
Property taxes	334,049 rubles
Trade and misc. taxes	1,550,875 rubles
Income taxes	465,939 rubles
<b>TOTAL</b>	14,965,478 rubles

2. *Indirect taxes:*

Sales taxes	3,000,000 rubles
Custom taxes	500,000 rubles
<b>TOTAL</b>	3,500,000 rubles

3. *Income from Governmental Property*

5,000,000 rubles
------------------

4. *Income from Cotton*

Monopoly	40,000,000 rubles
<b>GRAND TOTAL</b>	63,465,478 rubles

In comparing the total of the regular governmental expenses with the total of expected income, it is apparent that in normal times expenditures may be met easily from incoming revenue. This is further proved by the fact that during the days of Russian occupation, the government not only was able to meet its expenses but even made annual supplementary payments to the treasury.

Today, of course, due to conditions raised by the needs of defending the country, of welfare and sustenance of the people, extraordinary funds are needed. Because of

this, it has been impossible for us to meet expenditures with funds at our disposal. For that reason, the government was forced to resort to issuing paper money. An understanding has been reached to this effect between the Republic of Armenia and the other Transcausian countries (Georgia and Azerbaijan), according to which new paper currency has been distributed without, however, real security backing. These paper monies are based on the value of the Russian ruble and are considered as legal tender. This being a temporary phenomenon, the government has decided to back its paper money with specie funds corresponding to their real value at the earliest possible moment.

In order to achieve this goal, the Ministry of Finance is always striving to raise the productive capacity of the country in order to create a condition which will guarantee special enterprises and individual initiative, while at the same time encouraging the introduction of foreign capital to

aid Armenia's mining activities and the establishment of large industrial enterprises.

Being fully cognizant of the natural potentialities and resources of Armenia — its mines, its abundant water power (white coal), its fertility of soil and the industry of its people — the government rests confident that in the shortest possible time the economy of the nation will be reestablished and the people will be given the opportunity to turn back to their daily pursuits; that the rural economy will be developed, the mines will be placed on a productive capacity, and all productive sources will be used. When this condition comes about, the nation will not only cover its administrative expenses, but will export in large quantities to neighboring countries. All this will aid Armenia find its commercial balance and will aid it work out its destiny.

*(To be continued)*



# PAULICIAN PROTESTANTISM BEFORE 844 A.D.

By VAHE A. SARAFIAN

Few persons today are aware of one of the greatest religious wars in history, a continuous campaign of force and proselytism which split Christianity and prepared the ground for the ultimate downfall of the Armenian and Byzantine lands to the Mohammedan Arabs and Turks. That war within Christianity lasted at least from the Seventh century to the Twelfth; its origin may have been far earlier; its final end may have been witnessed only when the shattered remnants of the disturbing element were finally assured religious freedom by formation of the Armenian Protestant Church.

Under the name of Paulicians, a large element of Armenians, possibly including notable contingents of Phrygians, Syriac Cilicians, Bulgarians of Anatolia, and minor tribesmen challenged the growing authority of the formation of the Armenian Protestant of the Armenian and Orthodox Churches as a breach with the ancient and true Christian Church; they denied the novelties introduced since the appearance of organized churchdom in the service of God, in the vestment of clergy, in the methods of worship, and in the sacrament itself.

Although bitterly opposed by the Armenian clergy, who first termed them *tsekhik* ("little mire peddlers"), the Paulicians successfully defended a Puritanical view of the Christian religion among the Armenian masses, so that even today, despite official church policy, the bulk of the Armenian flock still despise the extravagances attach-

ed to certain church forms. Especially since the growth of libertarian and revolutionary thought among the Armenian people since the American and French Revolutions, the ideas and concepts of the Paulicians have become wide-spread and exert a powerful influence against the glorification of saints, against over-focussing attention on images and ikons (which have now practically disappeared from Armenian religious consciousness, although still officially tolerated by the Church), and against the separation of the private life and morals of the clergy from their religious efficacy, as affirmed by the ecclesiastic authorities. In short, although the ancient label "cross-stealers" *khachagogh* for the Paulicians because of their opposition to worship of God through the agency of wooden or stone or golden images of the cross has become a recognized term of slander or contempt, the bulk of the Armenian people share many of the rationalist-spiritual attitudes of the first Protestants, the Paulician (*Paughik*) movement of Armenia.

A brief study of that ancient and proud sect, which inspired a full chapter in Gibbon's classic *THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE*, is a requisite for understanding the background of Armenian thought and for achieving an appreciation of the startlingly dynamic spirit of Armenia since ancient times which has produced the first democratic revolution in Asiatic history and which has left its imprint on the Armenian character sufficiently

sharply so that centuries later that people could still face martyrdom heroically for its faith. The rise of the Paulician movement is important to oecumenical history as fully as to national history, however, for it was the first continuous struggle for religious freedom. The heroic battle of Avarair against the Persian attempt to convert the Armenian people to Persian Zoroastrianism has rightfully been called the first war for religious freedom, but it was at least equally a fight for national autonomy. The centuries-long struggle of the Paulicians, both within and without the Church, on the other hand, had no element of national recognition, but was purely a campaign for free religious expression. Centuries after its rise in Armenia and Byzantium, the Paulician inspired heresies of Europe brought about the Protestant Reformation, which was to give the world the phenomenon known as Western Culture.

The origin and early history of the Paulician Church is deeply shrouded in history, partly as the result of the loss of Paulician writings in the course of centuries and partly as the result of damning and libellous references by the Orthodox and Gregorian writers. The reputed founder of the Paulician sect *as a church*, leaving aside the question of a prior existence as a non-hierarchic, non-organized religious community, is generally regarded as being Constantine, from the village of Mananalis. This area, in the Armenian mountains had a long association with religious independence, as it had been a center of Zervanite Zoroastrianism, of Manicheanism, and of the dualistic Christian-Parsi blended "children of the sun", i.e. the semi-Christian, semi-sun-worshipping sectarians of southern Armenia.

Inspired by a deacon returning from Syria, where he had been a captive of the Mohammedans, Constantine received from him two volumes in return for his hospital-

ity. One of these was the Gospels, the other St. Paul's Epistles. On reading these, Constantine was aroused to missionary zeal. He symbolically adopted the name of Paul's companion Silvanus, and began a tour of preaching throughout the Armenian lands about the year 657. In 660 A.D., he founded a church, named Kibossa, near Shabin Kara-Hissar (Colonia). On leaving the realm of the Caliphate, however, Constantine had simultaneously left security, for the Mohammedans did not differentiate between Christian sects, scorning them all equally, and had entered the bigoted and hostile lands of Byzantine Orthodoxy.

For some twenty seven years, Constantine travelled about in his missionary labors, preaching with some success his adoptionistic view of Christianity. He founded churches in several centers and named them after the churches founded by Saint Paul. Soon these attracted the attention of Orthodoxy of the Imperial court. Particularly damaging was the fact that the general public and the government considered the newly-organized sect to be indistinguishable from the hated and cruelly persecuted Manichean belief. Stringent laws were in effect against the Manichean belief which forbade the rights of inheritance or protection under the laws of Byzantium to adherents of Mani's preachings; these laws were extended to the Paulicians as well.

The Emperor Constantine Pogonatus had his attention directed to the growth of the new sect by the orthodox authorities, whereupon he sent an imperial officer named Simeon to suppress the movement. Constantine (Silvanus) and many of his followers were seized and ordered to recant, which they refused in words of religious devotion and faithfulness to Christ so pure that the heart of Simeon was won over. Under imperial order, Constantine and some of his followers were executed in 687. Simeon, under the Pauline name of

Titus immediately began a missionary activity of his own, succeeding Constantine as leader of the sect. The Paulician church spread, even though Simeon and several other Paulician leaders were slain three years later, in 690, under the order of the cruel Emperor Justinian III. Before long its chief center was in the town of Phanæroea in the mixed Armenian and Greek Helenopontus.

In the eighth century, all the Byzantine Empire was rocked by the bitter conflict within the Orthodox Church between the Iconoclasts (ikon-destroyers) and the Iconadules (ikon-worshippers). The emperor Leo the Isaurian, who is regarded by Conybeare as being practically a Paulician himself, "if not born at Germanicia" (Marash) was at least closely connected with it; Marash was not greatly distant from the same area which had produced Constantine of Mananalis. As Bury says, "Aversion to symbolism and concomitant superstitions seems to have been in the spirit of the sturdy highlanders of the Taurus mountains." Leo the Isaurian inaugurated a dynamic movement toward purifying the Orthodox church of superstitions, Mariolatry, and undue respect for relics and symbols; this movement, known as the Iconoclast heresy, shook the foundations of the Empire for two centuries and impressed an entirely different character upon the Iconoclastic Asiatic provinces and the Iconadule Greek mainland. The resemblances between the Iconoclasts and the Paulicians have been noted as being remarkable indeed, the Paulician movement during this controversy seemed like the left wing of the Iconoclasts. The Armenian historian John (Hovhannes) Oznetsi states that the Paulicians began their attempts at conversion with attacks on image-worship, and that large numbers of Iconoclasts, driven from the Orthodox Church, had gone over to them. It should be born in mind that at

this time the Gregorian Church of the Armenians had only a part of that people in its fold; a good part of the Armenian people, especially in the western part of the Armenian lands, in Anatolia, Thrace, and Byzantium were probable adherents of the Orthodox Church; it seems logical to presume that the Armenians, together with Slavonic, Phrygian, and other non-Greek elements formed the bulk of the Iconoclasts.

During this turbulent eighth century, the history of the Paulician Church was checkered, for sharp division broke out with its expansion in numbers and power. After the death of Simeon, Paulus (Poghos) the Armenian had taken the helm of the church (some trace the term Paulician to his name) and had continued its expansion by missionary activity. On his death about 715, each of his two sons Gegnoesius and Theodore claimed authority; the elder, Gegnoesius, on the basis of appointment by his father; Theodore on the basis of grace received direct from God. A change had come over the simple democracy of the Paulician Church, and loud disputes ensued between the brothers. Imperial attention was again called to the scene, and in 722 Leo the Isaurian ordered Gegnoesius to Constantinople. Leo the Isaurian, himself close to the Puritanic concepts of the Paulicians, could see no heresy to be punished in the opinions expressed by Gegnoesius, nor could the tolerant, aged head of the Orthodox Church, the Patriarch Germanus. Imperial letters for protection of the Paulicians were carried back by Gegnoesius, who then headed the sect till his death about 745.

From that date until his own death in 'about 775 A.D., the sect was headed by Josephus (Hovsep), who bore the Pauline name Epaphroditus. It continued a slow spreading throughout the area of Pontus and Lesser Armenia, enjoying a thirty-five

year period of religious toleration under the reign of the Emperor Constantine, from 741 to 775. A multitude of Paulicians, as well as Gregorian Armenians, were included in the Christian populations of Germanicia (Marash), Doliche, Melitene (Malatia), and Theodosiopolis (Karin) who were settled in Thrace under Constantine's imperial command in order to revive agriculture there and to restrain the Slavonian population of the area.

After Josephus's death, Baanes (Vahan), who is usually considered to have been extremely immoral, achieved control of the sect, which was greatly weakened during the latter part of the eighth century by his unworthy leadership and by the divisions caused by rebellion against him. At this time, gross immorality was charged against the Paulicians, but no credence need be placed in that charge of the Orthodox for it was a standard libel against non-conformers. Referred to as *o punapos* by the Greeks because of his reported immorality. Vahan led until his authority was challenged by Sergius (Sargis) in 801. Sergius, good, gifted, devoted to the word of God, is sometimes considered the real Saint Sargis to whom several churches in Northern Syria have been dedicated. Like Constantine of Mananalis, Sergius was led to a missionary life by the impact of the Gospels and the Epistles of Paul, to which he had been referred by a member of the Paulician Church. He was bitterly aroused by what he considered to be the anti-Christian act of the Orthodox Church in withdrawing the Scriptures from the people, and soon he was launched in a complete missionary life, exhorting the people to read and learn from Scriptures and to live pure lives in imitation of Christ.

The rebellious forces within the Paulician Church rallied to Sergius, who bore the Pauline name of Tychicus, and shortly a beneficial reform had been effected in

the major part of the sect which had sided with him. He became known as the second founder, not only because he ousted Vahan, but because of his prodigious missionary activity. Living a simple life, earning his daily bread by work as a carpenter as Saint Paul had earlier, Sergius travelled over every part of central Asia Minor for thirty-four years in his labors. In one letter he wrote, "I have run from east to west, and from north to south, till my knees were weary, preaching the gospel of Christ." His unwearied efforts achieved great success in extending the sect, but this very extension created a difficult situation in the early ninth century, for the imperial court was wracked by intrigue and insecurity while Saracen armies were a constant threat on the frontier. Meanwhile, within the Orthodox Church the struggle between the Iconoclasts and Iconadules had reached such a pitch that even the slightest sign of toleration of Paulicianism began to seem heresy, so that even Iconoclastic emperors began to persecute the sect in order to forestall the charge of favoring heresy.

The ninth century opened with the tolerant rule of Emperor Nicephorus I, who absolutely refused to persecute the Paulicians, to the great dissatisfaction of the Greek party. Though Nicephorus maintained his supreme authority in the Orthodox Church and, at least publicly, supported the Orthodox Creed, his policy of permitting freedom of opinion was considered heresy by the Greek faction. His enemies spread the word that he was secretly inclined to the Paulician heresy for he had been born in Pisidia, where the sect was strong, he had been supported well by the Paulicians in the rebellion of Bardanes (Vardan) which he had crushed, and now he offered them freedom of worship. Though his supporters in the policy of toleration were not dominant in numbers,

it appears they were strong enough in the following reign to prevent a general persecution of the Paulicians.

Nicephorus was followed by Michael I, whose early liberal rule soon changed, under the bitter orthodoxy of Theodore Studita, who persuaded the Emperor to persecute the leaders of Iconoclasm. Michael may have had inner qualms about the course embarked upon, but the torrent of intolerance let loose when he yielded, for the sake of popular support, to the counsels of Theodore Studita and the Greek monks was soon out of control. An assembly of the Byzantine senate proposed to convert the Iconoclasts, Paulicians, Athin-gans, and others who were considered as heretic by the sword; to put to death their leaders in order to intimidate their followers to become Orthodox Christians. The party of toleration strongly opposed, but a partial persecution under the leadership of patriarch and clergy shortly was under way. A number of Iconoclasts, Paulicians, and other "heretics" suffered, some even being put to death.

Till the persecutions which began in the time of Michael I, the Paulician movement seemed destined to be a great religious revival; as Adeney writes, "If the iconoclastic party of the government had joined heartily with the spiritual movement among the Paulicians we might have seen a reformation in the East anticipating the Reformation in the West by many centuries." But the methods of force now unleashed by the government for political ends vitiated the possibility of effective improvements.

Under Leo the Armenian (813-820), although he was an Iconoclast, the persecution of the Paulicians went on even more cruelly, for Leo was determined that the Orthodox should regard him as being hostile to heresy, hoping thus to overcome some of the Iconadule hostility toward him.

Indeed, so terrible did the persecution become under his rule that some of the Paulicians murdered their judges and fled to the lands of the Mohammedan Emir of Melitene (Malatia). The Emir assigned them the village of Argau as a haven, from which place they harassed the frontier of Byzantium, conducting unceasing predatory raids on their former oppressors, despite the advice of their leader Sergius, who had fled with them. After his death in 835, they decided to intrust the leadership of the church to a council of the Elect, instead of to one person. Thus, the Paulician Church had thrust upon it a political character.

\* \* \*

From 821-823 the Byzantine Empire was rocked by a Civil War over the succession. This is not the place to deal with the appearance of the war of the false Constantine, who was really the pretender Thomas, except to state that Thomas attempted to unite under his standard the two large classes in the Empire who had reason to be dissatisfied with the rule of Leo the Armenian; these were the image-worshippers (Iconadules) and the Paulicians. Skillfully, he sought to reconcile orthodoxy with heresy under a common banner. His pretence to be Constantine VI may have won over some Iconadules, but he was probably far more successful in securing the support of the Paulicians and other non-orthodox elements. Before his defeat, Thomas could count in his domain the greater part of Asia Minor from the borders of Armenia Major to the shores of the Aegean. The Paulicians, who had flocked to his banner, had now become a military force to be reckoned with.

On the defeat of Thomas and the conclusion of the Civil War, one of the great women of history appeared in control of the Byzantine Empire, the staunchly orthodox Armenian regent, Empress Theodora.

She determined to end for all time the bitter religious quarrels which now challenged the unity of the Christian Church in the Byzantine realm by the forcible conversion of all heterodox elements. After her complete victory over the Iconoclasts, which ended their effective role in Byzantine history, she turned her attention to the numerous Paulicians, whom she determined to persuade or force to accept orthodoxy. At that time, the Paulicians were strong throughout the countryside in Asia Minor, as well as numbering many in towns, and even in the imperial court. Though Theodora may not have foreseen the result, the current emotional climate made the outcome inevitable. The three imperial officers to whom she delegated the task of uprooting the Paulicians were brutal and cupidous men; they soon turned the Paulician centers into bloody ruin by massacre and looting. A considerable number of the sectarians grouped themselves under the leadership of one of their leaders, Karbeas (Karbis), the protornmandator of the Anatoliac Theme after deaths and confiscations had become widespread. Enraged by the massacre of his coreligionists variously given as 10,000 or 100,000, Karbeas in 844 led 5,000 troops of the Paulicians to the territory of the Emir Ibn-Abd-Allah of Melitene (Malatia) for sanctuary. The Emir received them and their later-arriving coreligionists with honor and interest, assigning to them lands near the borders of the Byzantine Empire. There the Paulicians founded several towns, chief of which was Tephrike (Tivrik), from which they conducted many raids on their former countrymen. Karbeas became temporal head of the sect, now greatly strengthened by the union of the Sergiots and the Baanites, hitherto divided. Soon Karbeas, at the head of regular armies and as an ally of the Emir of Melitene (Malatia)

could give regular battle to the armies of the Empire.

It is worthy of note that the vicious persecution the Paulicians had undergone apparently inspired greater activity on their part, as the later massacre of the Armenians by the Turks has inspired a greater national life among the Armenian people. During this time, great missionary impulses emanated from the Paulician centers now living free lives; under such influences, Smbat Bagratuni founded, between 833 and 854, the sect called Thondrakians (Arm.-Tondraketsi), which maintained a powerful life until very recent times, many of the present Protestant Armenians being the children of secret members of the sect, who welcomed the protection available to them by "conversion" at the hands of American missionaries.

Large numbers of Paulicians remained in the Byzantine realm, even after the migration of Karbeas and his troops. Many still lived in Constantinople; these reportedly were converted by the Orthodox authorities. Photius states that he himself converted many of them, which is well possible, for the means used, the alternatives given, seem to have been extremely conducive to at least a public recantation of error. The biography of Saint Eustratios tells us that if the persuasive words of zealous church missionaries were not efficacious, denunciation and prison were for most the usual method because the most effective.

It is understandable that the Byzantine government should concern itself with conversion of the Paulicians, for some had a definitely elevated position in the land and could sow difficulties and dissension across the fabric of national unity and strength. In fact, it was possible for the numerous Paulicians to facilitate the military successes of their brethren in Armenia. It should be pointed out that the By-

zantine Empire was a motley, using Greek language, but basically composed of more Armenian and Slavonian people than pure Greeks. The Imperial throne might fall to others than Greeks, but that any serious challenge be made to the underlying Hellenism of the Empire was more than the Greeks, embattled even in Greece by the pressure of more populous peoples such as Slavonians and Bulgars, could accept. Perhaps, that, as much as any religious factor is as important in understanding the attitudes within the Empire, for how else explain the dread of the Iconadule Greek faction at the thought that the Paulician missionaries which infested the land, espe-

cially the recently Hellenized or the border, non-Hellenized areas, might win success? Religion alone might explain it, but only fear or dread can satisfactorily be the explanation why the death penalty began to be widely invoked for those who backslid or who were not readily converted.

In this article, I have sought to summarize the history of the Paulician Church to the period just preceding the accession of Basil to the imperial throne. In a future article, I will continue the history of the Paulicians through his reign, their growth in Bulgaria and the Balkans, and their ultimate contact with Europe.



# WAZIRIC DYNASTY OF BADR AL-JAMALI, THE ARMENIAN, DURING THE FATIMID CALIPHATE

## Part III

Part II in Vol. III, No. 1-9 AR (Spring, 1950)

By H. KURDIAN

Death came violently to Al-Afdal. Ibn Al-Qalanisi in his Chronicle writes:

"Anno Hejira 515 (A.D. 1121-22). "In this year news arrived of the assassination of al-Afdal, son of the Amir al-Juyush, the holder of authority in Egypt (may God have mercy on him), on the second day of the Festival of the Fast-breaking (13th or 14th December, 1121 A.D.), as the result of a plot which was organized against him for a time when the opportunity should present itself . . . . It was asserted that the Batinis were responsible for his assassination, but this statement is not true. On the contrary, it is an empty pretence and insubstantial calumny. The real cause, upon which all accurate and indisputable narratives concerning this affair are agreed, was an estrangement between him and his Lord, the (Fatimid) Caliph al-Amir Bi-ahkamillah, arising out of al-Afdal's constraint upon him and restraining him in following his inclinations, and the aversion which he had shown toward him on several occasions . . . . When he was killed, al-Amir displayed unconcealed joy before all the courtiers and men of rank in Misir and Cario. It is also said that the place of his assassination was in Misir, on the middle of the bridge at the head of al-Suwaqatan, on Sunday, the last day of Ramadan 515 (December 11,

1121). He was fifty-seven years of age at this time, having been born at 'Akka in the year 458 (1066). He was a firm believer in the creed of the Sunna."<sup>1</sup>

Ibn Khallikan, who dislikes the Fatimids, states the same thing.

"Al Afdal was a vigorous administrator. After the death of his father, he proclaimed Amir Bin Mustali as king and directed his government. Amir was a voluptuous man, who which Afdal restrained him, not permitting him to commit his vices. This attitude drove the Amir to conspire against the life of the Wazir, and incited a group to attack him. Afdal was residing in a royal palace near the Nile River in Misir, which now (in the days of Ibn Khallikan) is Dar el Vakala. When riding his horse he emerged from the palace and was advancing toward the river, they attacked him and murdered him, Sunday evening. Almighty God have him in 515 (A.H.), the last day of Ramademy on him."

Another historian, Taghribirdi, relates the same story with little variation:

"In the year 515 of Hejira (1121 A.D.) Afdal Shahnsha Amir el Juyush Abul Qua-

(1) The Damascus Chronicle of the Crusades. Translated by H. A. R. Gibb, M. A. London, 1932, pp. 163 - 164.

sim Bin Amir al Juyush Badr al Jamali al Armany was killed. He was the Wazir of Egypt and the ruler of this land. He received the government of Egypt in the days of Khalif Mustali, after the death of his father Badr al Jamali, until the death of Mustali. After whose death Afdal elected Khalif his son, surnaming him Amir, and directed his government, putting him under his restraint. Amir's grandfather Mustansir and his son Mustali, who was Amir's father, both were under restrictions by order of Afdal's father Badr al Jamali. When Afdal took the reins, he followed his father's policy and put the Khalifs under restraint and bothered them. Afdal's manner went to such extremes against the Amir that he even put a check on his love affairs and wished to kill him with poison. This forced the Khalif to kill Afdal and so he agreed with a group of conspirators. Afdal used to reside in Misir. When one day, mounted on his horse, and unattended by his body guards, he was going (home) they attacked him, and after some happenings, they killed him in the month of Ramadan . . . Ibn al Atihr writes that his government lasted twenty-eight years and that he was a good and just man . . . "

The above statement presents some minor discrepancies. Afdal took over the government of Egypt while his father, Badr, was still alive. It is a remarkable thing that this author prefers to call al Afdal "AL ARMANY, namely. THE ARMENIAN.

Afdal left behind him an immense fortune, a description of which is given by Dr. Hassan Ibrahim Hassan in his "Al Fatihiune fi Misir" (pp. 241-42)—a work which is based on the information supplied by a Thirteenth century writer named Ibn Mueseer (Tarish Misir).

"Six thousand times thousand dinars in cash was found. In a private safe three

thousand times thousand dinars, and in the external treasury three thousand times thousand and two hundred and fifty thousand dinars was discovered, also fifty paper 'ardedb dirhem', thirty loads of refined Iraqi gold for stamping coins, ten rooms, each of which contained ten spikes each weighing 200 'mdghals' of gold which were holding colorful turbans, nine hundred costumes of silk, five hundred cases of fine linen of Damietta and Tinnis suitable for undershirts. a model of his torso made of amber upon which to drape his clothes when he was resting, incalculable amounts of frankincense, copper and other utensils, also cattle, buffaloes, sheep, camels, the income from the milk and the farms totaled forty thousand dinars, he had an ink well adorned with gems which were valued at twelve thousand dinars, and his books numbered five hundred thousand volumes."

Ibn Muessir also gives us the testimony of Dar al Mulk's treasurer: "In the palace of Afdal (Dar al Mulk) was found six thousand times thousand and four hundred gold dinars, seven hundred gold and silver plates, countless services, such as pails, carafes, goblets, lamps and other gold and silver utensils. Besides these, there was a great quantity of large porcelain urns filled with gems, part of which was strung and the rest was loose.

"Afdal also left ninety thousand silk 'atabi' (silk cloth made in Baghdad) apparel, three large storerooms filled with 'debikie' clothing made in Tinnis and Damietta, another storeroom filled with frankincense and baskets full of various perfumes, each marked with the kind and the weight. The containers of musk, camphor and amber were so numerous that they could not be counted.

"Besides these, Afdal left four rooms filled with draperies, beds, pillows, silk cushions, linen and gold-threaded silk 'de-

bikie', various clothes, many cases were full of gold boxes for the Wazir's use and gold and silk woven apparel filled other storerooms.

"To this must be added four thousand rugs and draperies woven with carpet thread, five hundred pieces of large and small crystal containers, five hundred pieces of "muhkem" for transportation of goods, thousands of bags to carry the goods of Yemen, Alexandria and Africa, also seven thousand saddles. He had in his household eight hundred maids (servants), and fifty concubines, each of whom had her own private room.

"In Afdal's drinking room there stood four white camphor and four black amber statues of maidservants, dressed in the most gorgeous apparel and adorned with the finest and most precious stones. When Afdal entered the room, the statues nodded their heads in homage, and when he was ensconced in his seat of honor, they stood erect. When Afdal partook of his drinks, he had it served in cups filled with gems, carried on golden trays. Upon his order, the cups were emptied of their contents on the trays and were refilled with wine."

The informant of these details, his treasurer, also adds that he recounted all this from his memory, and that in Afdal's rooms there were additional great quantities of cotton, linen, wood, cereals etc. under the supervision of his agents and officers which would be impossible to catalog.

To these should be added Afdal's wealth in real estate. These huge holdings are described by Maqrizi:

"One of Afdal's two orchards started from the Street of Honkar, outside of Bab al Futuh and extended as far as Mataria. The second started from Bab al Khantaria and extended to Khandak. They were very famous, as well as the orchard near Bustan al Baali. Afdal loved them so well that he surrounded them with a wall just

like the wall of Cairo, and dug a large lake on which boats drafting eight "ardebbs" navigated. In the center of the lake he erected a marble pavillion upon four columns, surrounded by orange trees, whose fruit was not harvested until they fell off the trees. He fed this lake with fountains and built upon it a copper drawbridge weighing one quintal. In a few days the lake would be filled. He filled his orchards with many singing birds and for his doves he hired a number of bird trainers. He built nests for the doves and the singing birds and had many peacocks on the loose.

"On the left of Bab al Futuh, between the two orchards lay the orchard of Khan-dak. On each side of the four walls of these two orchards there was a gate, with Armenians standing guard before each. The porticos were covered with straw mats of Abadan, and the gates which were only allowed for the use of the Sultan, his sons and relatives, were made secure with many iron chains.

"Ibn Abdal Zahir writes that, in accordance with many testimonies, the value of the sold flowers and fruits from these two orchards each year passed the sum of thirty thousand dinars and this sum assuredly was not enough to cover the expenses. Until the last days of Khalifa Amir, that is, until Hejira 524 (A.D. 1129-30) in this great and fortified orchard there were 811 heads of cattle, 103 camels, and 1000 sheep. The same author states that the walls of the two orchards were lined with sycamore and other trees which, beginning from the corner of Birket al Armany (The lake of the Armenians), by way of the northern and western boundaries, extended as far as the end of Zucac al Kohli (the street of Honkar). The trees lining this stretch numbered 17,000,200. The south-

(2) From Mr. Gevorg Missirlian's Armenian translation.

ern boundary always remained without any fortification."<sup>3</sup>

There, among the other curiosities, grew a sort of fruit, a cross between lemon and apple which could be eaten without removing the peeling.

Thus, a great and wealthy man was Afdal when death came to him. Ibn Al Qal-anisi has a befitting obituary for this great man:

"He was upright in conduct, a lover of justice towards both the troops and the civilian population, judicious in counsel and plan, ambitious and resolute, of penetrating knowledge and exquisite tact, of generous nature, accurate in his intuitions, and possessing a sense of justice which kept him from wrong-doing and led him to shun all tyrannical methods. All eyes wept and all hearts were sorrowful for him. Time did not produce his like after him and after his loss the government fell into disrepute."<sup>4</sup>

This is indeed a splendid tribute coming from a contemporary historian for the Armenian Wazir Afdal.

Al-Afdal was a builder. He endowed Cairo with palaces, canals etc. According to Maqrizi, he dug the canal of Bahr Abul Munadja, built the Palace of Gold (Dar ez Zahab), the Djami al File (The Mosque of the Elephant) which seems to be the same as the Mosque of the Nile (Djami al Nil), Dar ad Dibadj (the palace of Entertaining), Dar al Wazara al Kobra (The great Palace of the Wazirate) which some claim was built by his father Badr al Jamali. The old deeds show Afdal as the builder of Masgid dar Rasad (The Mosque of Astronomy), Manzaret al Baaal (The Pavilion of the Flats), Manzaret ar Taj (The Pavilion of the Crown), Manzaret al Khams Vidjuh (The Pentagonal Pavilion), and Ar Ravdam (The Garden).

(3) *The Damascus Chronicle of the Crusades*. London, 1932, p. 164.

According to Abusahl, the Armenian historian of the Armenians in Egypt, Afdal bestowed his generosity upon the Armenian Monastery of Tamvahie which was located south of Dura. He planted palm and other trees, built canals and fountains in the garden of the Monastery, and loved to visit there. To Afdal is attributed the writing of some poetry.

#### AVHAD BINBADR AL JAMALI

Avhad was the son of Badr and the brother of Afdal. Very little is known about him. Maqrizi informs us that Badr advanced toward Alexandria where a band with his son had rebelled against him in 477 (A.D. 1084, May) in the month of Muhamarram. After a few days siege, Badr stormed and seized the city.

Taghribirdi gives more details about this occurrence. In the year 478 (1985 A.D.) "a company of men in Misir agreed with the son of Amir al-Juyush Badr al Jamali to kill his father and install the son as the sole Lord of the government. The father hearing about this, killed the gang and destroyed his son. It is said he buried him alive, and others assert that he drowned him or starved him to death."<sup>5</sup>

This is all that we know about Avhad except another bit of information from Maqrizi that Avhad had a "kholam" (a servant or body guard) by the name of Izz al Mulk.

#### SHAABAN BIN BADR AL JAMALI

There is mention that Badr had a son by this name. Maqrizi states that in 458 (1066, July 3, A.D.) on the 6th of Shaaban he was recalled to the same office (Badr as Amir of Damascus), but hearing that his son Shaaban was killed in Ascalon in the month of Ramadan, 460, he departed from the city. Shaaban must have been killed about 1068-69. Nothing else is known about him.<sup>5</sup>

(4) and (5)—From the Armenian translation of Gevorg Missirlian.

## MUZAFFAR BIN BADR AL JAMALI

He is the fourth known son of Badr. Maqrizi says the following about him: "I believe in this place (The Mosque of Birdjevan) is the tomb of the son of Amir al Jamali named Muzaffar, surnamed Abu Muhamad Jaafar. When Afdal became Wazir after his father, he authorized his brother to sign in his place, so Muzaffar Jaafar received this title — 'All powerful conqueror, the sword of Imam, greatness of Islam, the glory of the creatures, defender of the faith, guardian of religion, confidant of the commander of the faithful Abu Muhammed Jaafar Bin Amir al Juyush Badr al Jamali.' He was killed in the year 514, 7th of Jumada Ula, Thursday eve. It is said that his own servant Javhar killed him, incited by Kaid Abu Abdallah Muhammed Bin Fatic al Bataiy. Others say that, when at night he returned drunk, the night watchman of the quarter of Birdjevan made fun of him. Whereupon, the two stoned each other until he was struck on the side and was killed."<sup>6</sup>

Maqrizi's date for Muzaffar's death is August 4, 1120 A.D., which is one year before the assassination of his brother Afdal. Muhammed Bin Fatic could not have killed him as he was then in the service of Afdal who surely would have punished the assassin of his brother. It is more likely that Muzaffar was killed in a drunken brawl.

Dar al Wazara or the palace of Wazirate was the residence of Muzaffar and consequently the palace also was known as Dar al Muzaffar. Maqrizi adds that he remained there until his death and was even buried there, his tomb being known to the public as the tomb of Jaafar as Saaduc.

Maqrizi informs us that when Afdal marched against the Crusaders in defense of Ascalon he elected his brother vice-

(6) From the Armenian translation of Gevorg Missirlian.

that Muzaffar had two "kholams" (servants) of Armenian origin in his service: Kusta, or Custa (Constant), and Shihabeddavla Duri.<sup>7</sup>

ABU ALI AHMED BIN  
AL AFDAL BADR AL JAMALAI

He was the son and successor of his father Afdal. Following is from Ibn Khalikan about him:

"After the assassination of Afdal, Al Amir imprisoned all his sons, among them Abu Ali. But when the Amir himself was assassinated, the soldiers freed Abu Ali from the jail and proclaimed him ruler. He marched on the palace, arrested Hafiz (al Ubeidi), and became governor, ruling in the best manner. He returned to their rightful owners the confiscated property, established Imamism, believing in twelve Imams, refused to recognize Hafiz and his dynasty. . . . He coined money in his name . . . and continued thus until one of the courtiers attacked him outside of Cairo in the Grand Garden and killed him in the year of 526, about the middle of Muharram. This assassination was plotted by Hafiz who had been freed by the soldiers and declared Lord, surnamed Hafiz.

"The soldiers, led by Rudvan Bin Valakhshi, refused to accept Hazabr al Mulk as Wazir. They rioted in Bein al Kasrein, and sided with Ketifat, surnamed Abu Ali Bin al Afdal, and said that they would not be satisfied until Hizabr al Mulk was removed (from the office of Wazir). On the 16th of the same month they elected Ahmed, the son of Afdal, Wazir. His first job was to put the Caliph Hafiz under guard. He jailed him in the same saloon which now is converted into a mint, tried to force him to abdicate but was not successful. Ahmed belonged to imamism (the Shee sect), in the prayer of Khotba he

(7) From the translation of Missirlian.

stopped the mention of Hafiz' name, ordering instead to pray for the coming of the expected Imam.

"Ahmed was assassinated in the year of 526, on the 16th day of Muharram (December 8, 1131 A.D.), Thursday, on the outside court of Bab al Futuh, by the personal 'kholams' of the Caliph who were led by Yanis, then they hurried near the Caliph, freed him from his bonds, and removed him from the above-mentioned saloon and set him in the office of the Caliph. The decapitated head of Ahmed Bin Afdal was paraded, and to Yanis was given the robe of the Wazirate."

Yanis, by the way, was of Armenian origin and one of the slaves of Afdal.

The learned Orientalist De Lacy O'Leary gives us a succinct picture of the state of affairs in Egypt in those days. We will quote extensively from his work on the subject:

"The Khalif al-Amir left no son, but at the time of his death one of his wifes was pregnant, and it was possible she might give birth to an heir. Under these circumstances Abou al-Maymun 'Abul Hamid al-Hafiz li-dinillah, son of Muhammad, one of the brothers of Mustali, and consequently cousin of the late Khalif, was declared regent, and as such, he received the oath of allegiance from the citizens of Cairo on the very day of al-Amir's murder, and on the same day the Wazir Abu 'Ali Ahmad, son of al-Afdal, received the oath of allegiance from the troops. The regent al-Hafiz expressed his confidence that the child about to be born to the deceased Khalif would be a son, 'No Imam of this family,' he said, 'dies without leaving a male child to whom to transmit the Imamate by special proclamation.' Although the late Khalif's cousin was thus declared formal regent, the Wazir Ahmed put him in confinement and took the whole power into his hands, and thus received the ready

acquiescence of the court, the troops and the people, for everyone regarded the late experiment of the Khalif acting as his own Wazir disastrous. The new Wazir ruled justly and well, and restored to each the property which had been confiscated by al-Amir, so that as ruler he was greatly esteemed.

"In other respects, however, his conduct throws a strange light on the conditions prevailing in the Fatimid state at this period. The Fatimids claimed to be not only rulers of Egypt, but the legitimate Khalifs in true descent from the Prophet, and also Imams divinely appointed as guides and teachers of Islam. The whole Fatimid state was bound up with this religious theory, although it was one which did not command the sympathy of the bulk of the subject population, and a distinct tendency had more than once appeared to discard it for frankly secular claims. Under the Wazir Ahmed this theory on which the Fatimid claim rested was formally discarded by the government. Ahmed himself was a Shi'ite, but of the Sect of the 'Twelvers', and so, a follower, not of the Fatimid Imam under whom he held office, but of the hidden and unrevealed Imam who, under the name of Muhammad al-Muntazir, had disappeared in 260. For the present, therefore, the Friday prayer in the mosques was offered for the invisible 'al-Ka'im', and his name appeared on the coinage. To us, such a condition seems almost incredible, even though during the time the titular head was merely regent and not fully recognized as Khalif. When al-Amir's wife was delivered, her child was a daughter, but for all that, al-Hafiz remained simply Regent until 526.

"Dissatisfied with his dubious position and the restrictions imposed by the Wazir, Hafiz plotted against him, and Ahmad was assassinated in the 'Great Garden' as he was on his way to play polo on the 15th

of Muharram, 526 (December, 1131). At his death Hafiz received the oath of allegiance as Khalif, and was acclaimed by his bodyguard, 'The Young Guard', although his reign is usually dated from the date of his cousin's death. At this time al-Hafiz was fifty-seven years old.

"He appointed as Wazir an Armenian named Yanis who had been a slave of al-Afdal, one of the Armenian mercenaries whom he had brought from Syria. Yanis turned out to be a severe and hard ruler, and in the following years he was poisoned by the Khalif's orders."<sup>8</sup>

Ahmad, according to Maqrizi, was buried in the Mausoleum built by his grandfather Badr outside of Bab en Yasr where his grandfather and his father Afdal were buried.

With Ahmad, it seems, the great and glorious Waziric Armenian dynasty of Badr al-Jamali in Egypt comes to an end. Some of the heirs, even after the assassination of Ahmad, received some protection from Yanis, however, we do not hear any more about members of his family. But we know for a certainty that for a long time a "party" existed in Egyptian political affairs known

(8) *A short History of the Fatimid Khalifate*. London, 1923, pp. 222 - 3.

as "Juhushites" which was named after Badr. To this party belonged a number of other Armenian Wazirs of Egypt, the most notables among them, Bahram, or Vahram, as Salih bin Ruzic, and his son Abu Shudja al-Adil Ruzic.

The influential power of the Armenians survived in Egypt for a long time. Some of Armenian Wazirs served Egypt well, by enforcing law and order in the troubled land, and who did not even deem it necessary to change their Christian religion while serving as military and civil rulers of Egypt. Time and again they proved their loyalty to their adopted fatherland by contributing to its economic and cultural welfare, and when necessary, they did not hesitate to take up arms in defense of Egypt, and they even sacrificed their lives. They never abused the power which was theirs as the Turkish mercenaries in Egypt often tried, or as Saladdin actually did.

It is worthy of note that, in all their glory, power and wealth, they never forgot that they were Armenians. All Moslem historians, while recounting their achievements and singing their praises, never failed to record these great men were "AL ARMANI" — ARMENIANS.

END



and  
late  
own  
ruled  
the  
by  
eately

duct  
tions  
this  
e not  
mate  
phet,  
d as  
whole  
s re  
which  
f the  
s dis  
the ap  
particular  
theory  
was  
Ah  
Sect  
, not  
held  
sealed  
ahmad

For  
rayer  
visible  
n the  
seems  
ng the  
egent  
When  
child  
Hafiz

sition  
Vazir,  
I was  
as he  
15th

The following POEMS are from, or better still, just from

## *A World of Question and Things*

By KHATCHIK MINASIAN

IV

### *The Novelty Act That Failed*

*He played a solo on nut shells  
by knuckle raps  
and the all-shy smiles,  
hit the big time circuits  
with pleasant shock  
and public petting,*

*decked the neck with selects,  
haw-haw hee-hee'd the dames  
and public  
with the nut-raps,  
boasted and coasted;*

*took up voice  
of the Crosby-choice,  
tumbled on the polished stair,  
flipped fractured on the Orientals  
four feet high  
and settled on the bottom beat,*

*turned in the all-desperate attitude  
to empty shells  
that had switched to no-ring bells.*

## *Perennial Escape*

*When did you last walk in the rain alone  
bareheaded,  
bald or well hedged on top,  
breathing deeply in the all-health attitude,  
feeling the omnipotence of the elements?*

*Stassman had the strange-effect attitude  
in the rain,  
claimed personal contact with the elements,  
talked bird language to the rain drops  
and remained well hypnotized  
long after the rain's absence.*

*The communion is indestructible  
he claimed,  
while others claimed the relaxed-act  
to escape the morning alarm  
from workum*

## *Of the Faint Heart*

*Are you of the all-fear attitude  
when it's mind speaking time,  
twisted, spring-like without the recoil,  
faint hearted in the stretch,  
desperate for a lunge against the foe  
with an argument,  
sick-smiling with the side glances  
and the two-pound pressure hand clasp  
that sickens the clutch  
expecting forty.*

*just a well packed human sheep  
with a no-spring leap?*

## *Above the Fourth Floor*

*There was that Stassman boy,  
the flashy up-and-comer,  
who upped himself into the brightlights  
and took up the jazz piano  
(not on his back)  
and gave it all he had,  
smiling on the top of life,  
showing the solid gold molars.*

*Do you zoom above the crowd  
and find yourself helplessly suspended  
on the fourth-floor of the life,  
the floor that consoles and bring cheer  
only to your father?*

*Do you think he suspects  
the thirty-floors yet to be climbed?*



# ARMENIAN LIFE ABROAD

*A digest of recent happenings among the Armenian settlements in diaspora.*

## **United States:**

### **Armenian Martyrs**

In common with their compatriots elsewhere in the dispersion, Armenian Americans paid homage to the memory of the Armenian martyrs who fell to Turkish violence during the terrible days of April 11-24, 1915. In April, most Armenian American communities marked the 1951 anniversary of the holocaust with appropriate exercises.

Perhaps representative of the numerous "Aprilian" Memorial services held throughout the United States and Canada was the memorial function held in Boston, at the Hairenik Building. At that time, speakers pointed out that the annual observance of the April Massacres serves to remember those who fell during the period of massacres, but also brings to mind the heroic defenses of Van, Suedia (Musa Dagh), Shabin-Karahissar, Urfa and Jebel Moussa, which are symbols of the Armenian determination to resist attempts to destroy them.

### **Mekhitarian Abbots Hobozian and Oulouhodjian Visit America**

During the past few months, American Armenians were honored with visits to these shores of the Abbots of both Armenian Catholic Mekhitarist establishments, in Vienna, and Venice. This was the first trip to the United States made by both clergymen, Abbot Serabion Oulouhodjian, of Venice, and Abbot Mesrob Hobozian, Vienna.

In a protracted tour of the Armenian communities of America, Abbot Oulouhodjian, as the representative of an Order

which has played an important and distinctive role in the preservation of the culture of Armenians, was warmly greeted by the general public, and prominent members of those communities. In California, a series of special receptions were held at which Armenian Americans gave generously to a fund to aid the Mekhitarists of Venice in their invaluable work on behalf of Armenian learning.

Armenians alone were not aware of the presence of the venerable Abbot in this country. The local English-language press of San Francisco, for instance, gave over quite a bit of space to the Abbot, his Holy Order, and his visit and mission in America.

Abbot Hobozian's visit to the United States was result of his desire to aid in the consecration of a member of the Vienna Order of the Mekhitarist Fathers, Father Lorenz Kogy to the title of Bishop of Comana. As has been reported, this consecration took place at the Holy Cross Cathedral, in Boston, with Archbishop Cushing of Boston, chief consecrator. Abbot Hobozian assisted.

Abbot Hobozian's brief flying visit here was punctuated with a special banquet held in Boston, at which time Archbishop Cushing reported his determination to have a special church built for the use of Armenian Catholics of the Greater Boston area.

## **France:**

### **Parisian Armenians Honor Veteran Actor Asho Shakhatouni**

On April 22, this year, Paris Armenians and compatriots from other sections of free

Europe met in the French capital city to pay homage to Asho Shakhatouni, a veteran actor.

Asho Shakhatouni has been a leading figure on the Armenian stage for a number of years. His efforts on behalf of the Armenian theater have served to keep that art alive among Armenians, and to introduce it effectively to non-Armenian circles. He has been an honor to the Armenian people. Shakhatouni, now in an advanced age, is widely-known and widely-admired. The aged actor was himself present at the testimonial banquet held in Paris.

#### Armenian Life in Lyons

According to recent information, there are presently residing in Lyons, France, no less than 963 Armenian families consisting of 3852 individuals. In two years time, there have been 134 weddings among Armenians, only 18 of which comprehended marriages of Armenians and others. In addition, there are about 10,000 other people of Armenian parentage dwelling in the 14 nearby communities. Armenians of Lyons the environs enjoy a rich national life.

#### Lebanon:

##### A. R. F. Candidates Sweep Elections Held in Lebanon

Results of elections held throughout the Republic of Lebanon recently for membership in the Lebanese Parliament once again demonstrate the popularity of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation among people of Armenian parentage.

Despite the feverish attempts of the anti-Dashnak block in Lebanon, ARF members Movses Der Kalousdian was returned to Parliament, as was ARF sympathizer Dr. Hairabedian. In addition, Joseph Chaderjian was elected on the Dashnak ticket. More than incidentally, the orderly manner in which the Armenians ran their elections evoked the praise of non-Armenian circles of that country.

#### Syria:

##### More Than 20,000 People Attend 25th Annual Homenetmen Games, in Aleppo

On March 26, more than twenty-thousand people jammed into the Aleppo Municipal Stadium to witness the Twenty-Fifth Annual Football and Basketball Games of the Hai Enthanour Marmnamarzakan Mioutioun, known world-wide as Homenetmen. In addition to seeing a series of thrilling games played by athletic teams representing the Homenetmen of Syria, Lebanon and Transjordania, the onlookers witnessed a parade of 2200 of the Middle East's finest Armenian youth — Boy Scouts, Arziviks, Marzik, Gayliks, and Gagough Tatiks — the last children between the ages of 4 and 6.

A number of governmental and Armenian patriotic figures were in attendance. The games were officially opened by His Excellency N. V. Fouad Bey, Governor of Mouhafiz State. Bishop Zareh of Aleppo was Honorary Chairman. The Patriarch of the Greek Orthodox Church attended the games as a member of Bishop Zareh's personal party. Among the honored guests were Gen. Dro Kanayan, the famed Armenian patriotic fighter, Col. D. Baghadasian, K. Lazian, H. Papazian, A. Kabakian, and others.

The Beirut Homenetmen "A" team won the soccer (football) championship in that class by downing Aleppo 4-1, but Aleppo turned the tables in basketball, beating their arch-rivals by a single point. Beirut girls triumphed over their Aleppo sisters in basketball, while the "B" games were marked by a soccer victory turned in by the Gameshli (Syria) team over Beirut "B".

In opening the games, Governor Fouad lauded the Armenians for their "constructive and praiseworthy activities . . . which bring fame to . . . all Armenians (and) Syria as well."

## Turkey:

### Archbishop Katchatourian Assumes Patriarchal Duties in Istanbul

Armenians of Istanbul are almost unanimous in saying that the accession of Archbishop Karekin Khatchatourian to the Patriarchal Throne of the Armenian Apostolic Church of Istanbul has reintroduced peace and quiet to the Armenian community of that city, hitherto troubled by the tumults attendant upon the general dissatisfaction with the interim regime of Archbishop Arslanian, now deposed in favor of Archbishop Khatchatourian, summoned to Istanbul from his duties in South America. Istanbul Armenians recently went to the polls to elect their new Patriarch.

The first heartening thing was that Archbishop Khatchatourian was greeted warmly by Armenians here upon his arrival to assume his new duties. The Armenian church communities outside Istanbul also sent their warm greetings to the new Patriarch. The representatives of the former *locum tenens*, Archbishop Arslanian, also visited the Patriarch, handing over to him the records of his office. 6000 in Turkish gold, held under account by Archbishop Arslanian, has not, however, at this writing, been returned to the Patriarchal treasury. The financial transcation of the *locum tenens* had come under specially heavy fire. It is believed that the new Patriarch will soon summon Bishop Arslanian to render the See a reckoning of financial affairs during the period he occupied the Patriarchal Throne.

Archbishop Khatchatourian has opened his ecclesiastic reign in a business-like manner. He has already contacted all his parish priests, sending them questionnaires on the matter of their qualifications, and the condition of their parishes.

The Archbishop has already received welcoming visits on the part of Turkish gov-

ernmental and military figures. The Archbishop has also visited Ankara, seat of the Turkish governmental dignitaries, and was tendered a reception by official circles.

## Italy:

### A New Church and Armenian Center in Milan

There is an appreciable pick-up in activity among the Armenians residing in Milan, Italy. Recently, the Catholicos' representative in Europe, Archbishop Artavasd, laid the cornerstone of a new church which will serve the religious needs of the Armenians of Milan.

A seven member committee been formed, in addition, to work with the Milan city government in the establishment of a cultural center for Armenians. According to a recent report from Italy, this committee has been instrumental in raising about six million liras towards the sorely needed center. The committee has asked all members of the Milan Armenian community for donations to ensure the completion of the project which it is believed will benefit the young people especially.

The Italian Armenian Women's Association is doing especially important work for Armenians. That society, in one year's time, has been able to raise 1,200,000 liras in support of the Armenian refugees in the country. In the latter matter, it should be pointed out that close to 70 Armenians from Yugoslavia recently arrived in the city of Trieste. Many of these refugees left Yugoslavia with nothing more than the clothing on their backs. Their needs are being met by such societies as the Women's Association. Archbishop Artavasd himself paid the unfortunates a visit, promising them material and financial help. The refugees hope to find final asylum in other countries, but their movement has been long delayed.

---

---

CLASSIC BOOKS IN SERIAL FORM

---

---

# SAMUEL

*A Historical Novel*  
**Of Armenia 366 - 400 A.D.**

By RAFFI

Translated from the Armenian

## A SUMMARY OF WHAT HAS PRECEDED

The story begins in the latter half of the fourth century A.D. In his contest with Byzantium for the mastery of Armenia, King Sapor of Persia has treacherously seized King Arshak (Arsaces) of Armenia and his Commander-in-Chief, Prince Vasak Mamikonian, and has confined them in the Fortress of Anoush. Sapor has killed Prince Vasak, has stuffed his body with straw, and planted it in King Arshak's cell. Two powerful Armenian princes, Meroujan Artzrouni and Vahan Mamikonian, have gone over to the Persian side in return for promises, one, the throne of Armenia, and the other, the post of Commander-in-Chief. Lady Mamikonian, the wife of Vahan, an ambitious woman of Persian sympathies, is a vigorous supporter of her husband's conspiracy. Samuel, her son, an intensely patriotic youth who is loyal to King Arshak, is shocked by his parents' infamous conduct. Four youthful leaders who are loyal to the Armenian King, Sahak, the son of the High Priest, Mesrop, the future inventor of the Armenian alphabet, Prince Mushegh, the son of Prince Vasak, and Samuel hold a secret conference to form an interim government and to organize the resistance against King Sapor. Mushegh, who has been appointed Commander, sets out to organize the army, while Samuel, with a retinue of 300, proceeds to meet his father who is expected to invade Armenia with Persian troops. Meroujan and Vahan, at the head of Persian armies, have ravaged the land of Armenia, while Queen Pharanzem has taken refuge at the Castle of Artager. Repulsed at the gates of Artager, King Sapor retreats to Persia, leaving his lieutenants behind to complete the conquest of Armenia. Prince Mushegh surprises Sapor's army at the gates of Ctesiphon and inflicts upon it a humiliating defeat. Elated by Mushegh's victory and confident that she can hold the fort, Queen Pharanzem, against the same advice of her Commander Mushegh, commits the fatal error of insisting on sending him to Byzantium to bring back her son, Crown Prince Pap. During Mushegh's absence, pestilence and famine decimate the Queen's forces and she herself is taken captive by Meroujan. However, Princess Vormizdoukht, the sister of King Sapor who is a hostage with the Queen, scorns Meroujan's love and succeeds in securing the protection of a Persian General who is a subordinate of Meroujan. Meanwhile, Samuel has contacted his father in Armenia and has discovered that the Persian armies have completed the conquest of Armenia, and Meroujan and Vahan are on their way to report to King Sapor and receive their rewards. Prior to their departure, Prince Vahan arranges a hunting party for his son Samuel and the remainder of his retinue in a small island of the River Arax.

## BOOK III

## CHAPTER III

## The Pit-falls of Arax

*And then the son of Vahan, named Samuel, smote and slew Vahan, his father.*  
—FAUSTUS

Old Arax had wonderful pit-falls, as well as wonderful caprices. From time immemorial she had stubbornly fought against her unequal banks, resenting as it were the narrow path which an equally capricious nature had mapped out for her course. She loved expanse and freedom while the narrow path annoyed her.

Sometimes two parallel mountain ranges converged and constricted her in their deep narrow ravine. Whenever this happened, her fury had no bounds. She beat against her rocky banks in dreadful torrential cascades, roaring, crying, foaming, and it seemed one could hear in these terrible rumblings the fateful words: "it is narrow, it is narrow, I am being choked."

At other times the convergence of the mountain ranges would give way, separating and receding from each other, and laying open before her the vast limitless expanse. And whenever this happened her waywardness had no limit. Freed from her narrow defiles, like a vicious dragon, she overran her banks relentlessly, inundating the luxurious flat expanse, or, like a drunken giant, now turned to the right, now to the left, but never following a straight course.

Nor did she know how to enjoy her freedom wisely. Suddenly she would stretch out her enormous wings, would pluck a parcel from the dry land, and pressing it to her bosom, would isolate it. For a time she would begin to caress and protect her toy with childish fondness.

The island would grow and blossom forth with luxuriant shrubbery and burning flowers. The bird of the sky would weave there her nest, and the wild animal would nurture her young ones. The island was like a beautiful bouquet which amused her, and as if she were a vain youth, she used it to adorn her proud breast. But suddenly she seemed to tire of it, as it were, her waves would rise foamingly, the billows would roar furiously, and in the matter of a few moments they would swallow up this beautiful ornament leaving not a trace behind.

The queen of Armenian rivers was treating her islands in the same manner that the King of Armenia had treated his isolated princes.

And, indeed, Arax was the pattern of the political situation of her land. When the crafty Persian and the perfidious Roman, like twin mountain ranges, converged to press upon her, then the screams and the protests of Armenia knew no bounds. She exerted her entire fury to be rid of their pressure. But when the two allies broke up their joint pressure and she recovered her freedom, she would then begin to busy herself with her internal feuds, ruthlessly destroying the principalities within her even as the monstrous Arax devoured and swallowed up the small constricted islands within her.

It was one of these islands where the hunting party, agreed upon by Samuel's father and Meroujan, would proceed that day, called Princes' Island, left open to

wild animals by one of the princes of the Siunis. The sun had just risen when the hunting party set off. It was a cool, tranquil morning. Even the red whirlwind which was wont to blast at times the banks of Arax, sweeping before it the red sand of the banks and filling the air with a torrid bloody fog, was quiet that morning. The air was clear and balmy.

The path, as far as the River Arax, was banked with a luxuriant vegetation, mostly weeds. Before the fights between the battling armies the place had been the grazing ground of the princely steeds of the Lord of Nakhidjevan but now one could see there only the burrows of the Persian army. In spots there loomed bare sharp-pointed hillocks which had preserved their monstrous existence, as it were, merely to be able to show to passers-by what grim tricks time had played on them. The rain of centuries had corroded the soft soil of the hillocks, leaving behind only the hard petrified skeleton which shot out like grotesque images. Yonder appeared a whole caravan of camels, — hunchbacked and long twisting-necked animals in serried ranks, almost suspended in the air. In another side could be seen a number of turrets, superimposed one upon another, and shooting into the sky. The entire range of the towers was supported by a thin timeworn pedestal, leading one to think that if it fell, the entire structure would collapse. A little way off one could see painted in the air the dreadful images of human ghosts, as if they were the statues of petrified giants. Here is a coiled dragon, his monstrous head shooting upwards, its dreadful jaws gaping, threatening to swallow up the passerby. Once upon a time the place had been inhabited by the offspring of dragons which had been brought to Armenia as captives, and now only their craggy skeletons remained.

It was an enchanted, petrified world

through which the hunting party proceeded with heavy, quiet steps.

They arrived at the boisterous stream of Nakhidjevan which was racing and merging into Arax, crying and beating against her pebbled bottom. On that side of the island nature displayed an entirely different panorama. The entire length of the stream was protected by flowing willows, short mulberry trees and various kinds of wild shrubbery which, having twined with one another, formed a living fence, rendering the path practically impassable.

On this side lay the fertile vineyards of the inhabitants. Before the fights these wondrous vineyards, with their superlative culture, had justified the oldest tradition that the Armenian knew his vine culture from the day Patriarch Noah planted the first vineyard at the base of Mount Ararat. The choice grape of the land of Coghtnis, with its heavy and succulent bunches, burned under the life-giving rays of Armenia's sun. It was this grape which supplied the nectar which inspired the minstrels of Coghtnis. And now, the leaves fallen, and the vines broken, it seemed the grapes had been crushed and swept away by the terrible hail. It was the Persian soldier's heel which had wrought this heart-rending abomination. Before the ravages of the enemy the red apple, like the cheeks of a young damsel, was full of smiles and laughter, while the heavy pear pulled down the leafy branches of the trees with its weight, leaving the pleasant impression of bowing with their heads to the passerby. And now, the branches were still bending and withered, but this was the insatiate Persian's ruthless handiwork. Before the fights the golden peach was coyly hidden behind the huge purple trees which had taken them under the protection of their thick foliage. But now these trees, withered from the thirst, had

been stripped of their rich verdure and looked so lean as if it were the end of autumn. There was no caretaker to cool their thirst and save them from their premature end.

Throughout the vineyards there loomed the two-story buildings of the harvest which, many a time, had served as shelters for persecuted innocents. The band of Rhipsimian virgins found shelter here once for a long time. In peace times the families of the vineyard owners lived in the upper stories of these buildings from the beginning of spring until the arrival of winter. They took care of the vineyards, harvested the grapes, and at the same time enjoyed the pure breezy air of the delightful orchard. The vineyards had been a sort of summer resort for them. But now there was no one in sight. The buildings were deserted and the vineyards uncared for. The tumult of war had scattered them all. Some had fled and sought refuge in the neighboring mountains of the Valley of Vays, while others had been taken captive by the enemy.

The enemy was passing through these same vineyards which he himself had ravaged. The vineyards themselves covered a considerably large area, separated from one another by low clay walls, whose winding thatched streets had designed a dark labyrinth, hidden in the shadow of thick, luxuriant trees. The long line of the hunting party was proceeding along these labyrinthine lanes but they needed a considerable time yet until they emerged into the open. On many occasions these formidable labyrinths of Armenian vineyards had swallowed up whole enemy companies. But now the enemy was boldly passing through the desolate streets of these Goghtni vineyards.

Samuel took in the gloomy sights of his surroundings and his sensitive heart was pierced to the core with incurable wounds.

His father, however, was very gay, feeling nothing, and animated only by a deep satisfaction that, after the separation of several heavy years, for the first time he had the good fortune of joining his son in this gala expedition.

As they emerged from the dark, winding passages of the vineyards, a vast expanse of cultivated fields unfolded before them. A few weeks before these fields had presented a wondrous golden sea where the ripened grain, with its plentiful bounty filled the heart of the farmer with boundless joy. But now, unreaped and abandoned, they had withered from the burning rays of the sun, had shrivelled and dried, and had been carried away by the wind as from a great massacre. The green unripened fields of millet and hempseed, jaded from thirst, had faded and were touching the ground. There was no vigilant tiller, no providential caretakers. There appeared only the lover of the fields — the mournful lark which incessantly soared in the air, always on the same spot, and, flapping his little wings, stared at the dissipated harvest in terror, and like a lamenting spirit, he now darted low with sighing cries, and now shot upwards, again soaring in the air on the same spot, and kept up his sad, mournful dirge. There appeared herds of enemy mules who freely, and with impunity, scattered the sheafs of the harvested barley, more trampling it under their hooves rather than eating it.

Having passed the fields and several ruined towns and villages, the party reached the verdant flats near Araxes which, nearer they came to the banks, ended in dense thickets and wild forests. In places the water had formed pools, and in places the ground was covered with marshes. The horses's hooves fell with a dull heavy thud, as if underneath the ground was empty. Sometimes it seemed the gravity raised the ground or lowered it under the weight of

the horses. In these spots were hidden the dark snares of Arax and her dreadful underground pits covered with a thick black liquid whose surface, having hardened like heavy cream, had formed a deceptive and hazardous covering over which they were travelling. These bottomless pits were wont to open up their enormous mouths, and like Tartarus, swallow up the passers-by. It was in one of those pits that King Artavasd of Armenia perished with his horse, when once he went on a hunting expedition near the banks of Arax.

The sun was quite high and the cool morning air was gradually being saturated with a delightful warmth as the hunting party kept on its way in gay spirits. Samuel had mounted a beautiful golden-colored steed which he had received as a gift from his father that morning. He was followed by the lad Houssik who played the role of squire, carrying his Prince's long lance, his broad bow, a quiver full of arrows, and a thin leather rope wound around and hanging from the saddle. Samuel himself carried a lone sword and a little silver bugle hanging from his golden necklace.

Old Arpak was in his martial glory, as if he was a child again. He headed the party, followed by Samuel's forty armed servants. Some of them held in their hands hunting falcons while others held on to the leash of restless hounds tied to their long necks. The only ones which were left free were the small ferreting pointers and enormous shaggy mastiffs which, in the language of hunters, were called "Wolf stranglers." Samuel's father had made all these preparations for the sake of his son.

Before dawn, early in morning, the scouts had started off to explore all the places for hunting and to report. Samuel was accompanied by his father, escorted by his guards. At a little distance, mounted on his customary white steed, proceeded Meroujan, accompanied by his com-

pany, including the Persian General Karen together with his staff. Father Mardpet did not join the expedition.

A company of Persian boys led the party, among whom was the lad Artavazzd. These boys were the cynosure of all eyes with their magnificent armour, however, the lad Artavazzd was the most striking of all. His childish joy seemed to have no bounds. Together with his lively steed he seemed the embodiment of merriment. From his left shoulder hung a silver quiver full of arrows, from the right, a broad bow which seemed a bit too large for his size. He held in his hand a light javelin, from his waist hung a double-edged sword encased in a silver sheath.

Deeply immersed in his meditations, Samuel only casually swept his surroundings with his glance, always gazing into the distance, the far distance, as if trying to become acquainted with all the places. His grief-stricken face, as always, showed no sign of satisfaction although he wanted at least to appear a little cheerful. Yet, even in his sadness, he was magnificent. Only his huge steed was gay, who incessantly kept prancing and galloping, while Samuel's deft hand so handled the reins that the restless creature turned into a gentle lamb, as it were. His father would watch him with secret admiration. He wanted intensely that his son would separate from the company and give his horse free rein on the flat expanse which spread before them like a velvety carpet, and even dropped a broad hint, but Samuel declined the invitation saying:

"It would be risky, father, because this beautiful steed which you gave me today is not used to my ways, neither am I acquainted with his nature. It is quite possible that we might not understand each other."

"No, on the contrary," the father replied smiling, "he is as wise as he is irritable and

headstrong. You can turn him around like a candle in any direction you like. He is one of the crack steeds of King Sapor's stables, a gift of the Prince of Hamaveran. When the last time I called on the King of Kings to take my humble leave, he made him a gift to me, saying: 'Go, Lord Mami-konian, I commit thee to protection of Aramazd. Go, and with this steed carry out your invasion of Armenia; he will have a beneficent and prosperous effect upon all your enterprises.'

With the last words, the father pointed with his hand to the forehead of Samuel's steed, and asked:

"Haven't you noticed yet the white star on his forehead?"

"It is the first time that I've seen it," Samuel said.

"That is the sign of success," the father repeated.

"I don't know how far that star will lead me to success," Samuel said with an enigmatic smile, "but I think we are traveling near the marshes. There are many quagmires around there. It could be the star of King Sapor's steed will lose its significance in the quicksands of Arax."

"It could happen," the father said, concealing his displeasure at his son's biting and sarcastic remark. "But we have already passed the quicksands."

At this juncture the lad Artavazd joined them.

"I am not afraid of the quicksands," he said cheerfully. "My horse, although without a star of success, nevertheless can fly over pitfalls. It is in vain that Samuel plays coy. He always knows how to sell his talents very dearly. See? How I can play with my horse?"

And without waiting for their challenge, the lad abruptly pulled the reins and began to lash the horse with his whip to exasperate him. Infuriated, the horse began to bounce around. His gigantic leaps

struck the onlooker with terror, expecting each minute that the maddened beast would throw off his audacious rider. But the lad firmly clung to him, as if he were a part of him. He carried himself so freely and boldly that one could not imagine such self-confidence in a mere lad.

When the animal was wholly infuriated, the lad began to draw various clever circles on the flat ground. The horse was circling at full speed while the lad, with amazing celerity, would whirl around the animal's neck and then settle on the saddle again. At that time he was like a spinning wheel which revolved around its axis. His example was imitated by a number of Persian boys whose cleverness was no less interesting, but they all paled before the exploits of Artavazd, especially when he began to execute his tricks with the javelin. While the horse was galloping at full speed he would hurl his javelin, and each time the javelin would be nailed to the exact target. Then, with lightning speed, he would swoop down and pluck the javelin and would again hurl it at a new target. But if it happened that the javelin failed to hit and fell down, without losing a moment, he would dash to the spot, and without releasing his feet from the stirrups, bending down over the saddle, he would pick it up.

Sometimes he chased the Persian lads who were competing with him and who made it appear as if they were running away from him. At those times the young hero seemed to gain stature, impressed the onlooker, and assumed a terrible countenance. He would swoop down with the swiftness of the eagle and his adversaries seldom succeeded in repelling his javelins with their shields, although he never struck with intention of harming them. But when it was his turn to let them give him chase, he was so swift that his adver-

saries could not even touch the dust of his steed's hooves.

The mock warriors went through several other contests until the shouts of approval rose from all sides:

"Long live Artavazzd, long live Artavazzd!"

Thick with perspiration and flushed, the lad rejoined the company. His burning eyes, under the terrific tension of his powers, were shining with all the force of his childish vitality.

"You completely eclipsed our boys with your wonderful skill, Artavazzd," remarked the Persian General Karen. "The glory of the arena belongs to you."

Artavazzd, who sometimes indulged in the innocent boastfulness of showmanship, realizing this time his own superiority, answered modestly:

"No, Lord General, it seemed your boys spared me because I am a guest in your company."

"On the contrary, they were very much in earnest in their contest, but you defended yourself with extraordinary valor. From now on the star of the future hero shines on your forehead."

"Just like the star on the forehead of Samuel's steed," the lad replied jestingly.

"All jokes aside," observed Meroujan with a unique prediction, "you will turn into a good thing, and certainly a very good thing."

For some time the lad was the topic of the conversation until they reached the banks of Arax. Here the banks of Arax were covered with a soft, red-colored sand. The fertile softness, in turn, was carpeted with colorful shrubbery and dense thickets which adorned the banks like a green ribbon. The water, likewise, has assumed a red color, caused largely by the deposits which the river had scraped up in her course through the mountains. In these parts the silent and dull course of Arax

left the impression that the water was at a standstill. In the center of the river, like a beautiful oasis, stood the Princes Island where the hunting would take place that day.

The island was closer to the mainland on the left side of the river, separated only by a narrow canal. In time of hunting they crossed the canal on a portable wooden bridge, in other times they removed the bridge. That day the bridge was up. On the side of the land, the bridge was fastened to a firm rock, while the other end of the bridge was settled on an artificial mound in the island. The water under the bridge was considerably deep and the flow was swift. The bridge was so narrow and long that only a horseman could cross it at a time. That was the reason why it took some time until all had crossed it.

Early in the morning they had put up a number of tents on the green flat of the island for the comfort of the hunters, where Meroujan's cooks had started a fire and were preparing breakfast. There would be no hunting until after breakfast. When they reached the tents, all dismounted to refresh themselves a little, have a snack, then set off for the hunting. The lad Artavazzd, however, was in a hurry. Without waiting for breakfast, he snatched a piece of bread and cheese, and munching it, he was off to explore the island. Samuel remained beside his father. Old Arpak, together with Samuel's servants, squatted on the grass near the tents. But Meroujan, holding the Persian General Karen by the hand, strolled in front of the tents, intimately conversing with him on some matter.

The island was quite large and oval, constricted between the two branches of the river along the entire length. There was no habitation, with the exception of a few small tents which were deserted now,

the former abode of the keepers of the island. The enchanting island was beautiful in its wild magnificence. How much love, how much tears had been shed there! Sometimes the Prince of Siumis would visit the place, bringing with him the multitude of his concubines and minstrels. The music would play, the mistresses would dance, the wine would overflow in large silver goblets, and whole nights were spent in glad, carefree, and boistrous revelry. Even the bashful fairies of Arax would envy, seeing how man knows to enjoy endlessly the love of woman and her beauty.

Yes, the enchanting island was beautiful. Tall erect reeds with white clustered tops were swayed by the zephyr's soft breath, breaking into a soft mysterious rustle which was like the passion of lovers. An intelligent deer, stretching his long flexible neck, devoured the fresh leaves of the reed with a unique, zestful appetite. Suddenly he disappeared as he heard the footfalls of suspicious visitors. There, in the damp darkness of the bullrushes, was wallowing a wild boar, arrogantly scorning the burning rays of the sun in his cold, muddy bed. A timid rabbit, at times coming to a sudden stop, at times looking around him, was scampering through the silky softness of the meadow. A frightened reindeer, standing on a moss-clad rock bewildered, was watching in order to ascertain who the newcomers were.

The rich vegetation was luxuriant to the point of compelling the admiration. Through the soft succulent verdure, various kinds of water lillies shimmered with their little heads — water lillies which in other place would have adorned only the marshes. Here and there the wild lily shot up with its thin stalk and long, sword-shaped leaves, filling the air with its delicate, alluring fragrance. In places the wild rose had unfolded its gorgeous blossoms, smiling with its velvety purple petals. On

various sides the shrubbery and the thickets were so dense that one could not see his companion even at a small distance. Travel by horse was difficult there, the trails, scarcely visible under the ordinary conditions, were completely hidden by the thick web of the chapparel.

When breakfast was over, each picked up his armour and they all were ready for the hunting. The vigilant scouts with their hounds already were busy in the thick woods smoking out the wild animals. When they set out, the hunters separated into several small companies and spread out to the various parts of the island. The lad Artavazd joined Meroujan's company, while Samuel accompanied his father. Among the latter company was the Persian General Karen who was followed closely by Arpak and Samuel's servants. The remaining Persian officers formed separate companies and followed their own course.

Holding his long javelin in hand, Samuel was shuffling along silently. Generally, when he was in deep agitation, his swarthy face took on the color of bronze, and just now that was his color. He looked that way when in the thick of the battle or when he was in the midst of the delightful exercise of hunting. But it was neither of these which was inflaming his heart at the moment. It was an entirely different sort of worry which disturbed his soul.

"Samuel", warned his father in a voice which was packed with all the paternal tenderness and warmth, "be careful when you meet wild boars. The boars here are exceedingly ferocious."

"I would like to meet tigers and lions, father", Samuel replied wryly. "But alas, there are neither tigers nor lions here. I would at least like to see one of these dreadful crocodiles of Arax raising his head above the waters, and attacking me with all his fury."

Samuel was not a boastful lad. His father knew that. What then caused him to indulge in such illusions? During breakfast he had drunk very little. His father observed that. It was not the wine, therefore, which had excited his imagination. All the same, his father asked:

"It seems, Samuel, you want to display your courage, but your courage no doubt needs no such proof."

"No, father, it is not because I want to show off. I am far from being vain. I only want to fight, fight to the death."

Samuel's reply saddened the father. He wants to fight to the death. What is it that has caused my son to tire of his promising young life?" These thoughts terrified him.

The conversation between the father and son was interrupted by the bugle of one of the scouts. Samuel instantly raced in the direction of the sound, followed closely by the lad Houssik who was his armour-bearer, and a few of his servants.

The animal which had been ferreted out was none of the game Samuel wanted. It was a huge moose with heavy, sharp-pointed branching horns, dashing out of a clump of willows. He looked around unconcernedly, then raising his head he started to flee, but the hunting dogs instantly surrounded him, although none of them dared approach him. His sharp horns served him not only as a shield but as a lance. Whichever way he turned the hounds fled before him in company. As Samuel appeared on the scene, the animal rushed at him fiercely and would surely have disemboweled the champion with his horns hadn't the latter's javelin made a direct hit on his shoulder, wounding him, although not mortally. Again the hounds surrounded him and Samuel repeated the blow with the javelin which this time hit him on the thigh, and yet, the animal, not so much from the fear of the blows he had received,

but fearing the unexpected, pierced the chain and started to flee. None of Samuel's servants could intercept him, but Samuel kept up the chase. The fleet animal's flight was something to see, but no less fleet-footed was Samuel himself. He had learned sprinting from his early childhood as a principal course in his education. Standing there with his companions, his father was tensely watching to see how his son would come out of the chase. At that time the animal's long and fleet legs scarcely touched the ground, while Samuel kept pelting him with arrows which, although hitting the mark, made no more impression on the animal than quills sticking to his hide. The wounded animal kept fleeing, leaving behind the traces of his blood.

No less exasperated were Samuel's servants who, in unison with the chasing dogs, were scurrying in all directions in their efforts to head off the animal and prevent him from reaching the bank of the river, lest he swam across to the safety of the mainland. In this chase, Samuel was followed only by his armour-bearer, the lad Houssik.

"Give me the rope," Samuel ordered, turning to Houssik, "otherwise this rogue will wear me down."

The lad handed him the cord. Having fastened one end of the rope to his left arm, Samuel formed a lasso with the other end and with his right hand flung it at the fleeing animal. The lasso caught him on the horns and the neck, and now it was a question of power whether he would be able to check the animal or himself would be dragged by him. However, Samuel's arms had enough power to restrain the animal who now was at his mercy like the fly which is caught in a spider's web. Just then the lad Houssik arrived and, directing his javelin at the animal, wanted to nail him in his side, but Samuel stopped him, saying:

"Hold it, I want to take him alive to my father."

The father saw and his heart was filled with a boundless joy. Karen, the Persian general, was standing beside him.

"How did it look to you?" he asked, turning to the General.

"Magnificent! The shining Aramazzd is a witness. It was magnificent," the amazed Persian exclaimed. "Do you know? — Prince, it is more difficult to hunt the deer than the lion or the tiger because the deer is fleet and runs away, whereas, the lion or the tiger disdain fleeing, they stand their ground and fight. On the other hand, it is easier to have to do with a fighter, either to conquer or be vanquished."

Dragging his game, Samuel approached his father.

"I have done my share," he said, wiping the perspiration off his face, "we shall have enough roast for dinner."

"Don't you want to keep up the hunt?" his father asked.

"I want a little rest, that rogue tired me considerably," Samuel said, pointing to the animal.

The servants came and took the game away while Samuel and his father strode to the side of the tents, followed closely by Houssik. The Persian General Karen, on the other hand, left for the woods to see what the other hunters were doing. When father and son reached the tents, the father pointed to one, saying:

"Let's get in here, that is our tent."

"I would like to stroll around the island and take in the scenery," Samuel replied. "These tents annoy me. It would be a crime to be cooped up in these tents while outside there is the clear sky, the velvety verdure, the magnificent banks of the Arax."

Again the father noticed the melancholy of his son. What could be the cause of his restlessness? He had made all the pre-

parations of the day for the entertainment and the pleasure of his son, while the latter seemed to shun it all. He sought solitude, the silence of the wilderness, to speak with his heart and to consult with his soul. The father would not let him go alone although Samuel preferred to be alone. Holding his son's hand, the two strode toward that side of the island which was free of thickets.

In the distance one could hear the sound of hunters' bugles and mingled shouts. At that moment, father and son were quietly making their way over the soft grass which, studded with wild flowers, spread before them like a rich colorful carpet. For a long time they kept going silently until they reached the bank of the island where they were tempted by the delightful shadow of a clump of flowing willows. Father and son sat down side by side. The beautiful umbrella was enchanting. There the willows nurtured in their impenetrable bosom a most refreshing coolness, despite the midday intensity of the sun's rays.

There was a sort of forced silence between father and son. Both wanted to speak and yet both were reluctant to break the silence, not knowing what to say, or how to begin, although they had much to talk about. It was the first time that they were alone together, and that, in such an isolated solitude. Each wanted to open up his heart. The father wanted to explain to his son all his intentions, his plans for his future, or how he thought to map out his good fortune. Besides, he wanted to explain to him his political plans which generally pertained to the affairs of Armenia. But the son needed no explanations. He knew and had long since understood everything. He only wanted to tell his father that all this which he had performed, or intended to perform, undoubtedly would lead the fatherland to an irretrievable peril, whereas the son did not want

to seek his glory in the ruins of the father-land.

While father and son were in the midst of this trying silence, ready to burst at any moment, the lad Artavazd was working wonders on the other side of the island. His pointers had ferreted out a ferocious wild boar in the reeds which, having thrust out his snow-white and razor-sharp tusks, and with terrifying bellowings, was lunging right and left while the hounds scampered away as the mice run away from the cat.

On this side of the island the hunters were mounted because the ground was spacious and flat, allowing the horses free range for their movements. Only the banks of the island were fenced with thick bulrushes through which they had forced out the wild boar. Again he sought the shelter of his dark, damp lair, but here the long chain of Persian boys made a formidable barrier, threatening the boar with their javelins everytime he approached them. Artavazd was left alone to capture his game.

"Keep away, Artavazd, you can't do it that way."

It was the voice of Meroujan who had been watching the lad's fierce fight with the animal with unique interest.

"Oh, that's nothing," the lad replied with customary boastfulness. "Once in the woods of Beznounis, I killed an enormous bear."

Meroujan believed him, nevertheless he ordered the Persian boys to help him.

"No, please," begged the lad avidly, "order them to let me finish the fight. The animal is mine, I was the one who discovered him in the rushes."

Meroujan ordered the Persian boys not to interfere. The lad turned to old Arpak.

"Let me have your horse, dear Arpak," he begged. "Mine is shying, he not sure

of himself. But your old horse is experienced like you and will not shy away."

The old man dismounted his horse, mumbling:

"If it were not for your tongue the ravens would carry away your head."

The lad paid no heed to Arpak's sarcasm. In a twinkle of the eye he was on the old horse. At that moment the boar, like a caged animal, bellowing and flapping his wide ears, was desperately scrambling to find a way of escape but on all sides he was met by the Persian boys' solid phalanx, Artavazd was alone in the chase. But the animal, like a deaf terrifying monster, would turn around and thrusting his twin white tusks as his horse, would charge him, while Artavazd turned him back each time with his javelin. Artavazd was exasperated seeing his blows had no effect on the animal, and moreso as the Persian boys started to giggle at his impotence.

"Dear Arpak, he turned to the old man pleadingly, "please, quick, let me have your javelin. Mine is too light and I fear it will break."

"I will let you have my javelin, dear Artavazd," the old man said, laughing good naturedly, "I will give you mine, but I cannot lend you these arms."

"To be able to launch old Arpak's heavy javelin one must have the strength of his arms, Artavazd," Meroujan said, explaining the old man's subtle sarcasm.

"I am no small beast myself," Artavazd said with unique self-assurance, looking at Meroujan.

The lad's boastfulness delighted the old man and he willingly exchanged his javelin. To tell the truth, the javelin was quite big and heavy for Artavazd, yet he was not without the skill to wield such javelins, especially when he was mounted. Coordinating the full force of his young arms with the power of his horse, without losing a moment, he held the body of the

javelin in his right arm, its sharp point aiming low, and drove his steed at full froce at the boar. The ensueing impact of the blow was so terrific that the javelin pierced the animal in the side and came out from the other side.

"That's the way to smite the beast," the Persian boys bantered laughingly, "but the real trick is in pulling out the javelin."

Artavazd instantly about faced his horse and the animal easily pulled out the javelin, while the boar lay there on the ground motionless.

There were shouts of approval from all sides. Artavazd left his prey which the servants instantly carried away, while he himself joined the company of spectators. He returned old Arpak's horse and his javelin, whispering in his ear:

"Thank you for your kindness, dear Arpak, otherwise those Persian pups would have chagrined me."

\* \* \*

While this was going on, Samuel was seated with his father at the banks of the island. Samuel was silently gazing at the reddish current of Arax whose gentle wavelets were beating against the sandy banks. The father was telling his son about his future plans and intentions, only insofar of course as he could believe his son. He was saying that when, "God granting success," the Armenian and Jewish captives safely arrived in Ctesiphon, and if he had the good fortune of enjoying King Sapor's mercy, he would then return to Armenia with Meroujan. He was telling how he, as the Armenian Commander-in-chief, would organize the Armenian forces under his command. He was telling of Meroujan's future plans, what kind of a kingdom he would establish in Armenia. He was bitter against the "crimes" and the "immoralities" of the Arshakounis (Arsacids) and animated by Meroujan's exploits, he was expressing his deepest joy that at least they would be

rid of the Arshakouni yoke, and Armenia, under the mighty staff of Meroujan, would enjoy peace and prosperity. The son was listening silently as each word of his father pierced his afflicted heart like poisoned arrows.

Then he began to recount his plans for his son. With a unique satisfaction he revealed how many times King Sapor had heard about him, how he was familiar with his exploits, and how his name was known at the Court of Ctesiphon. All that remained now was to show himself at the court of the King of Kings and he undoubtedly would appoint him Commander of the Armenian cavalry in Persia. The occasion would introduce him to the Persian Porte, and the Persian court in general. After that, his elegance, his skill, and his upbringing would be sufficient guarantee for the King of Kings of the Aryans to marry him to one of his daughters, with the rich dowry which is the privilege of those who become a son-in-law of the King of Kings.

Samuel practically was paying no heed to his father's sayings. He listened attentively to the first part of his father's story, but as to the end? — he could draw his own conclusions. His head bowed low, he was avoiding the eyes of his father. His grief-stricken eyes automatically fixed on a thick, half-rotted piece of timber which the waves had swept on the sand, and sometimes his attention was occupied with a strange rustle which was heard intermittently in the neighboring underbrush. The father noticed it, and by way of drawing his attention to himself, set him at ease, saying:

"It must be some wild animals fleeing the hunters."

"No, it is the wind which is causing the rustling," Samuel rejoined casually and continued to stare at the piece of timber.

There are times when even the most innocent objects set the mind to thinking.

Staring at the timber, Samuel was thinking: "I wonder if one could fit that rotted trunk of a tree into a small boat? I wonder if one could use it to cross the river?"

But it was really the wind which was moving the bushes. The weather which was so tranquil and beautiful in the morning, steadily became threatening in the afternoon. With the rise of the wind, the clear air gradually was saturated with a fine reddish dust. The horrid sight left a depressing and terrifying impression especially on a man who was not familiar with the local meteorological caprices. Suddenly the clear horizon is painted with a crimson tint, and it seems to him the sky is drizzling a sort of dusty particles of blood. Its general effect on Samuel, however, was one of unique melancholy which was the expression of his disturbed heart.

"Arax has strange qualities," he said, as if speaking to himself, "and strange is the nature of her mysterious surroundings. The clear bright morning is followed by a dismal and depressing evening with its reddish gloom, and the gay, carefree amusement is followed by wearisome sadness. It is sad, sad . . . I thought I would be able to cheer up a little, forget myself somewhat. But it is in vain, Would that I were evil . . . would that I were a criminal. Perchance then I would meet the same fate which befell the evil son of good Artashes. He perished while he was hunting, with his horse he sank into the neighboring pits of Arax. The ground could not bear the evil crown prince who filled the land of Armenia with evil. The earth opened its enormous mouth and swallowed him up. . . ."

The father listened to him with undisguised terror.

"Why did you recall that sad event?" he asked, his trembling hand holding on to his son's right hand.

"I don't know why, but perhaps it was

because we are not far from the spot where the tragic event occurred. The miserable criminal perished, he disappeared in the pits of Arax, but he found no rest. The braves of Massis (Ararat) carried him away and chained him in a dark cave where he is being tormented to this day."

"Samuell" the father exclaimed in a choking voice. "What has happened to you? What has caused you to relapse into those dark illusions? You are seeking death, you are tired of life at an age when the spring of your happiness is just about to blossom. What do you lack? Your father is ready and willing to fulfill all your wishes. Listen, Samuel, you do not comprehend your boundless good fortune, in which you now live, and which is waiting for you with boundless riches. Thousands of princely youths would envy your glory, thousands of princely daughters would deem it an honor to marry you. Yet you shall choose the beautiful of the most beautiful — the peerless daughter of the King of Kings."

"None of these things can cure the wound which is in my heart, father, none of these things can dispel the grief which is tormenting me day and night. Life, truly, has become intolerable for me, father, and death would be desirable to me if I only knew that there is no life after death. But men carry their griefs to the grave. That is more insufferable than the eternal tortures in the depths of hell."

At the last words he turned his pale face to his father and continued in a voice which was expressive of his deep agitation:

"Father, we are alone here, no one can hear us here, permit to open before you all my grief, all my sufferings."

"Speak, my son, open your brimming heart to your father. What is the thing which is torturing you? From the day you arrived here, I have noticed in you a sort of spiritual unrest, a sort of moral distur-

bance. Do not hide your griefs, and believe me, your father's affection is enough to understand and sympathize with you."

"How can I help being grieved, father, how can I avoid the pain? Even if a heart were made of stone, even a soul in which all human feelings were dead, again it would not remain insensible at the sight of what I saw and at what I shall have the misfortune of seeing yet. From the day I set out from our fortress, from the day I left Taron until my arrival here, I saw nothing but ravages and ruins. I saw cities which had turned to ashes, I saw depopulated villages, I saw ruined monasteries and temples . . . At every step I have been treading on blood, and that, the blood of my kinsmen. Who perpetrated all those cruelties, father, and why?"

The father never expected that his son would spring such a question. He was confounded and speechless, and all his vanity was shattered before the rebuke with which the son unfolded his grief.

"You are silent, father, you are not answering me. I understand the reason for your silence. But the ruins of the fatherland and the tears of countless thousands lend courage to this unfortunate son of yours to tell you that all those cruelties were perpetrated by only two persons, one of whom is my father — you, and the other is my Uncle — Meroujan Artzrouni."

"Great causes demand great sacrifices," the father said, interrupting his son.

"It is true, great causes demand great sacrifices," answered the son in a bitter voice, "but you, father, have you by any chance ever weighed the greatness of the cause as compared to the enormity of the crime? To destroy the fatherland, to destroy the ancestral religion, the church, and to found on the ruins of Armenia a Persian kingdom, — this is the cause, father which you call great."

"Why a Persian kingdom?" the father

asked indignantly. "Is Meroujan a Persian?"

"What else is he? Both you, father, and he have renounced Christianity and have accepted the religion of the Persian King. You have filled the churches of Armenia with Persian magi and chiefs of the magi. Everywhere you are forcing the renunciation of Christianity. My mother already has become a worshipper of ashes and has built a Persian temple in the religious home of the Mamikoniants. My brothers now speak the Persian language. The Armenian language has been expelled from our home. Everywhere Armenian books have been destroyed to make room for the Persian language and Persian schools in Armenia. I saw with my own eyes yesterday how they were burning Armenian books in front of Meroujan's tent. After all this, when the religion is gone, when the language is gone, when the national traditions are gone, and lastly, father, when the Armenian begins to practice the Persian customs and to pray in the Persian language, what more is left to the Armenian? And do you think for a moment that the kingdom which you shall establish can possibly be Armenian? Sooner or later it will be absorbed by the Persian, and with it will perish all our national sanctities."

"Let come what will, provided there will no longer be an Arsacid Dynasty," the father replied testily.

"Wherein were the Arsacids bad?"

"Do you still ask, Samuel? You are no longer a child; you are old enough to realize what you have seen. It was in your days that King Arshak committed his crimes, — those sins for which he is now suffering in the Fortress of Anoush."

He started to enumerate all the deeds of the Arshakounis, then added:

"And you, Samuel, still wish that such

an immoral and corrupt kingdom should continue its existence."

"Your and Meroujan's behavior is even worse, father," Samuel retorted, no longer heeding the filial respect which he owed to his father. "Corruption is not wiped off by corruption, nor immorality with immorality. There are other ways of cleansing these things. The Arsacids have had, and still have such worshipful persons whose virtues shall ever be the boast of the Armenians. But if recently there have been some in that magnificent family who have been immoral, that is their sin and they themselves should atone for it. Why should the fatherland and the whole nation be punished for their sins? I might also add, father, that bad as they are, there was never a man among the Arsacids who conspired against the fatherland and the ancestral church. But you, — you and Meroujan?"

The last words struck the father's heart like lightning. For once and all, shattered were all those hopes, those ardent wishes which he cherished toward his son. He wanted that the son not only should submit to his will but to cooperate with him as well. And now he was emerging as a ruthless adversary — an adversary against whom it was difficult to fight and even more difficult to yield to. How was he to deal with him? Presently there was a terrific struggle in him between the paternal love and his duty to the task which he had assumed. Which should have the precedence? It was impossible to decide. He was sore at himself for having given his son a chance to open up to that extent, but it already was too late. The fact of the matter was, he had to make a choice between the two; his son, or the task he had begun. But to be deprived of both the first and the second was bitter to him as death. His agony was being enhanced by the weather, the red wind was whist-

ling furiously, whipping the red dust against his face.

"You have come to insult your father? Samuel?" he finally said, after a long agonizing moment.

"No father, I did not come to insult you, I came to tell the truth, the right, and the factual reality which no one else would dare speak except your son. I came to plead with you and to beg you with all the ardor of my heart and love that you might turn away from the path which is leading our fatherland to perdition, and the memory of the Mamikonian family to eternal condemnation and curse."

The father was moved by these words and his answer was affectionate.

"The thing which impels you to say all this, Samuel," he said tenderly, "is your youthful exuberance and your pure heart, and I cannot but rejoice that you have stayed so pure. The feelings and the judgment of the heart, however, are seldom right. Unfortunately, in the relations of peoples and nations the thing which you call virtue and morality has little room. The strong has always oppressed and destroyed the weak. How can we help it when the inexorable necessities of life sometimes lead us to such a path, and force us to such deeds which are repulsive even to hell? All that we are doing is the result of an inevitable necessity. We adhered to the Persians so that we could be rid of the perfidious Roman. The Persians have been our centuries-long friends. Later on, Christianity divided us and created a great rift between our religions. Unfortunate circumstances now compel us to bridge that rift and extend the fraternal hand to our old friend."

"But you are destroying the very foundation, and not the rift," interrupted the son.

"Not at all. Listen, Samuel, it would take a good deal of explanation if I started to prove to you that we lose nothing by

abandoning the cross of Jesus Christ and returning to the worship of the old gods. I repeat what I said to you a few moments ago that great causes demand great sacrifices, and we were compelled to make the great sacrifice."

"What is the great cause for the sake of which you are sacrificing the religion, the church?" Samuel asked wryly.

"The overthrow of the old despotism, the destruction of the Arshakounis," the father replied. "Do you think that is a small cause?"

"I do not think it is a small task, but why are you destroying?"

"Because if we do not destroy it, it will destroy us. Have you forgotten the ferocity with which King Arshak and his father started to destroy the princes?"

"I have not forgotten. But again I say to you that there are easier ways of checking the arbitrary rule of the Arsacids."

"There are no other ways except what already has been begun and must go to the finish. The Armenian princes have been divided into two great parties: one, led by the clergy, is trying to preserve the old status — the shattered throne of the Arsacids; and the other, led by your father and your uncle, wants to destroy the old and create a new government. It is very natural that such internal disruption would end in Civil war. Our opponents appealed to the aid of Rome, but we appealed to Persia. The result was the civil war and bloodshed. How it will end, that is in the hands of God, but for the time being success is on our side."

"I know it is on your side. But illusory successes must not carry you away." At the last words Samuel held his father's right hand and continued: "Listen, father, accept the importunity of your afflicted son. Do not stain the glorious Mamikonian name with eternal shame. It is not too late yet. It is yet possible to turn back

after the damage has half been done. Disperse that accursed Persian army whose presence has desecrated the soil of Armenia. Remove the Persians. Grant pardon to the Armenian captives, let them go to their homes and wipe off the tears of their kinsmen. Let there be no fight, no war, which was the cause of so many disasters and misery. Let reconciliation be restored and let the land of Armenia enjoy its former peace. I will go to Meroujan and request of him the same thing, beg him, kiss his feet to grant my request."

The father rose to his feet. He was bitter as he said:

"Your prayers and your requests are in vain, Samuel. Meroujan is not the sort to listen to every 'novice'."

At this, Samuel's blood rushed to his head. "Father," he said, his eyes flashing fire, "am I the novice?"

"Yes, you, Samuel. I could not make you understand neither my mind nor my aims. I ask you now, what party do you belong to?"

"To that party which has remained true to the fatherland's church and the beloved King."

"Then you are not my son. He who is against us is not of us. We know how to punish all such severely."

"Neither are you my father."

"Samuell"

"What is it, traitor? . . ."

The father took his hand to his sword but the son already had bared his sword. There was a flash, and in an instant the sword had plunged into the father's heart. He collapsed with a moan.

"Patricide."

Standing there like a motionless statue, for a few moments the son stared at his father wallowing there in his blood. Then he wiped off the tear in his eye, and reaching to his belt he released the dangling little silver bugle. He raised the instru-

ment to his trembling lips, and the ominous silver announced the terrible deed.

There were similar sounds of the bugle from all sides of the island.

The red wind was bellowing like a madman, filling the air with a thick sandy dust. The storm-whipped horizon was shrouded in a dull blood-red blanket which eclipsed the rays of the evening sun. Under the powerful blasts of the wind, the verdant shrubs and the thorny thickets were bending their tops to the ground, groaning, sighing, and again lifting their wind-whipped heads. The confounded, wandering birds, despite their will, were being swept in the air like small patches of cotton. Even the fleet hawk was having trouble beating his powerful wings against the furious waves of the infuriated hurricane. Men and animals, the reptiles and the birds were scampering for shelter. At that moment the surprised Arax, deeply agitated, was lashing against her banks to witness the destruction around her. The Princes' Island was trembling, terrified by the huge waves which were ready to swallow it up any moment.

In the general upheaval of nature all hunting ceased, and another kind of hunting started. At first it was thought that the hunters, confused by the intensity of the storm, lost one another and were scattered to the various parts of the island seeking shelter. No one was in sight. Especially there was no sight of Samuel's men. The only man who could be seen was the white horseman — Meroujan.

He was racing his horse toward the tents. His surprise was great as he saw the tents in a shambles and no one on the spot. He thought the wind perhaps had overturned the tents and the men had fled for shelter, lest the Arax overflowed and covered the entire island. "No, there is a conspiracy here," he said, and raising his bugle to his lips, sounded the alarm. No one responded

ed to the bugle's call. He headed his mount toward the bridge. On his way he saw several corpses lying on the grass. Some of them were Samuel's men, some his men. A bitter smile flashed across his proud face. "The children have trapped us," he thought and kept driving his mount.

Suddenly a whistle joined the roar of the wind, an arrow was shattered against his side. There was a second and a third. The last arrow stuck to his thigh.

"Akh, if I only knew that you wear armour under your clothes" spoke a sharp voice from the nearby thicket and was instantly lost in the wind.

Meroujan looked around in confusion. He drove his horse in the direction from which the arrow had come but the dense thickets prevented his course. Just then another arrow hit him on the head and likewise fell to the ground harmlessly.

"Pooh! The devil take him," a voice was heard, "even his helmet is armored underneath."

Meroujan turned back exasperated, not knowing where to go. He took his hand to the arrow which still clung to his thigh and indignantly pulled it out. The blood gushed out like a stream. Again the same bitter smile lit his proud face, and shaking his head he said.

"Formerly, it was we who hunted animals in the thickets, but now hidden bushwhackers are hunting us."

The bushwacker was none other than the lad Artavazd. His companions had agreed that Meroujan would be his prey. Yet the lively youth's wishes were doomed to failure. His arrows were shattered on Meroujan's steely armour. Creeping and groping he made his way through the thicket until he emerged in that part of the island where he had tied his mount. Mounting his steed he dashed toward his companions.

At that instant, in another part of the

island, two men were waging a duel in the thick dust of the hurricane — old Arpak, and the Persian General Karin. The latter said indignantly:

"Enough of this, you old fox, at least remember that you are our guest. I am sparing my guest."

"I thank you for your kindness," the old man replied, smiling. "When the Persian is in a tight spot, he always becomes chivalrous."

"You killed my steed and now you are fighting me while you are mounted."

"I will dismount at once, I will give you an even break."

Arpak dismounted and withdrew his horse to one side. But just then the crafty Persian flew to the horse and made a dash for his safety.

After the tragic deed, Samuel was looking for Meroujan. He wandered long over the island, filled with revenge, and anxious to meet him. But instead of Meroujan he met old Arpak who, astounded and confused, was looking in the direction where his cowardly antagonist disappeared.

"I was fooled, terribly fooled," he said with chagrin, turning to Samuel. "I would not have felt so bad if I had received ten arrows."

He related to Samuel his fight with the Persian.

"Don't take it to heart," Samuel comforted him, "there will be another time when we shall meet him. Now sound the bugle and assemble our men."

The old man sounded the bugle.

Of the forty of Samuel's men only seven showed up. The rest were either wounded or dead in the various parts of the island. The youth gazed at the seven with grief-stricken eyes and said:

"Seven men! It is a symbolic number." "But our enemies have not even that many left," suddenly a voice chimed in.

Samuel looked in the direction of the voice. The lad Artavazd fell into his arms with a broad grin.

"I failed, I failed," he kept wailing. "I succeeded only in piercing his thigh."

"You don't know that he is a sorcerer. The iron and the steel have no effect upon him."

"I saw that with my own eyes but now I know why."

It was dusk now, the sun was setting. The lad Houssik brought his Prince's steed. Samuel and his men mounted their horses and headed for the bridge. When they crossed to the other side, Samuel ordered his men to remove the bridge, saying:

"We must leave the corpses on the island at rest. Destroy the bridges so no beasts can enter in."

In a few moments they demolished the bridge and threw it into the river.

There was no one left on the island now except Meroujan. He showed up when the sun already had set. When he saw that the bridge had been removed he was hurt like a wounded animal but he did not despair. He began to size up the distance with indignant eyes. The distance was quite wide. His horse could not fly across it. He stared at the stormy Arax. The billows were rising foamingly, the river was roaring like a huge dragon. He drove his horse into the chopping river. The white steed plowed through the billows and crossed to the other side.

The wounded lion had been saved from the snares of Arax.

(To Be Continued)



# BOOKS AND AUTHORS

H. KURDIAN, Reviewer

*PATMakan HAYASTANI SAHMANNERE*,  
By Arshak Albooyajian. Published in Cairo, Egypt.  
Quarto, half cloth, pp. IV 480 and 19 large maps in  
color. Price \$6.00.

This is perhaps the most important Armenian publication which has reached this reviewer this year.

It is an ambitious attempt without precedent in Armenian studies which, nevertheless, the author has successfully completed. The work covers the geographical and political boundaries of all Armenia in all times, whether independent or under foreign domination, local or external to Armenia proper, wherever there were autonomous Armenian princes or people.

We are given a detailed history of each Armenian independent feudal principality, both in and outside of the geographical boundaries of Armenia, and all foreign occupation of Armenia, whether wholly or in part.

For an old country like Armenia, and for an ancient people like the Armenians, naturally, this is no small task. It requires an enormous amount of research study and a vast number of sources. Mr. Albooyajian has done this in a manner which compels our deep and sincere admiration.

One will find in this work data and dates which no doubt are questionable. A few of these errors will be mentioned here. However, in a work of such magnitude a few errors are to be expected.

"Sahrukkin II. (1980-1948 B.C.)" on page 6 evidently refers to Sargon II of the Western Semitic Dynasty ruler of that name. However, the time of his reign is not clear in the text. Simultaneously, there is mention of "Hammurabi" (1955-1913 B.C.), making him coruler on the same throne with Sargon II from 1955-1948 B.C.

There are other dates which need correction. The invasion of Persia by Genghiz Khan did not occur in 1194 (p. 70) but in 1220 A.D. Until 1224 the Mongols advanced as far as Kashan and Hamadan. Genghiz Khan died in 1227, and not in 1226. Ogatai died in 1241, and not in 1242. Jalaleddin was killed by a Kurdish brigand, and not in a "frightful war" in front of Amida. (P. 71) Mangu Khan died on July 1, 1251, and not in 1250. Abagha died in 1281 A.D., and not in 1282. His brother Ahmad succeeded him in 1281, and not in 1282 (p. 73). Arghum reigned until 1291, and not 1289 (p. 74). Kaighatu reigned from 1291 to 1295, and not in 1294. Abu Sayid reigned in 1316-35, and not 1317-34 A.D. (p. 74). Bagdad was not the

capital of the Il-Khans (p. 74). The first capital was Tauriz, then Maragha, and finally Sultaniya. Sheikh Hasan Buzurg later reconverted Bagdad to a capital. After Abu Sayid the Il-Khans were divided into two puppet thrones. One branch was under Amir Jalair, the second under the Amirs of Chuban. The dates of the reigns of these puppet Il-Khans need correction.

The Mangujars ruled not only over Erzaga, Kamagh, Goghomia, but also over Tivrik. Their autonomy ended in 1228, and not in 1227.

A separate chapter should have been devoted to the treatment of geographic and political Armenia under the rule of the Arabs. Another chapter should have been given to the evaluation of the important rule of Uzun Hassan who liked to call himself the King of Armenians and was known to Europeans as *Armeno*. Lastly, a chapter should have been given to the autonomous rule of Prince Taiarten of Erzinga. Clavijo speaks quite extensively about him.

All these and other minor errors, however, could not diminish the importance of this valuable book which should be a "must" for all private and public libraries with Armenian sections.

—H. KURDIAN

\* \* \*

*JOYOUS LIGHT* — A collection of poems by Leon Zaven Surmelian, accompanied by Vahan Tekeyan's letters to the author. A publication of "Nor Gir" Quarterly, New York, 1950.

The Armenian Quarterly "Nor Gir" of New York has published in one volume the letters of Vahan Tekeyan to Leon Zaven Surmelian, together with a reprint of the latter's well-known booklet of poems entitled "Joyous Light." Of the 117 pages which constitute the volume, 82 are devoted to the letters. Surmelian himself has an English introduction which has been ably converted into Armenian by Benjamin Noorigian.

A poet of great merit, Tekeyan has provoked a considerable discussion around his person whether as a writer or a man of letters, as a man or a public figure. His most salient trait is his poetic gift, brought to light very early and eventually winning for him a reputation, which has enlisted him among the foremost Armenian poets. The controversy and lack of assurance around his person, however, still continues, even after his death. The question is, where is his place among the Armenian poets? Is he to be ranked with the great poets — name-

ly, Tourian, Metzarentz, Varoujan, Siamanto and others, or is he a little way off on the fringe? There is no question that Tekeyan is an artist with a rich temperament, culture, knowledge, style, and a meticulous for the requirements of art. He has a sense of proportion and economy. All these are necessary qualities of the true poet, yet are all these enough to make a poet great? This is the question which still lingers on his name and work. There were young writers who called him the "prince" of Armenian poets; Oshakan classified him among the great, although after seeing Tekeyan's later volumes he hesitated in his judgment. The characterization of the former was rhetoric, if not a pompous jargon; the latter was exaggeration. Time, of course, will put Tekeyan in his proper place.

Yet, even now, we may say Tekeyan is a "good poet," a poet of merit, as the French say, but that is all. His poetry lacks that intangible, ethereal something which gives life to poetry with a lasting impress. There is no question it possesses many of the essentials of art; it is rich in temperament, it is multifold and interesting, it is full of the repercussions of European literature. But the thing we are looking for is that contagious breath, the warmth, that hurricane of feelings which is chafing under the leash, that inner perturbation which communicates the word and the line to the heart. There is no question that he has feeling, but not enough to storm the soul. He has sorrow, but not enough to move us. He has contemplation, but not enough to stir the mind. Tekeyan's poetry shall ever remain in our literature as the merging of feeling and contemplation which proceeds in a steady course, without the crashing of the waves, without deep affliction, without "madness", namely, with deviation. Above the mediocre, no doubt, in his effort and success to raise Armenian poetry to the level of the European.

It is this poet who has written letters to a young, budding poet whom he regards as his intellectual, spiritual child. They are the letters of a lonely man, the letters of a sad, sensitive soul which disclose the painful feelings of an unrealized fatherhood, as well as the tender love of a man who is deeply devoted to literature one who, aside from inspiring in him the sense of who has found someone who understands him, one who, aside from inspiring him the sense of kinship, also gives him the assurance that he is a budding poet in the field of letters, and to whom he imparts tenderly a bit more of the light and the water from his soul.

"But, my son, how do you know that I have so much need of the fresh and warm breath of your feelings in order to revive and link myself anew to life to snatch a new taste from life, and to hope for something more? How natural you sound when you call yourself my son — the very son whose longing has caused me to suffer, has lulled me always, knowing that you shall be received with open arms because you resemble me in heart and mind — and I am tempted to think just now — even by your countenance you resemble him, the child of my dream" (Page 25).

Are not these lines rather moving?

Tekeyan always loved and encouraged young writers and the blossoming of Surmelian's budding talent, to whose growth he himself contributed, constituted his "happiness." His letters are profitable not only as the reflection of a poet's feelings and thoughts, but by their provocation of germane literary questions which pertain to art, literature, and writers. His prose, although tortuous and circumlocutory, nevertheless is elegant and precise. He is the same man in his letters — placid, tranquil, and artistic in feeling and thought, exceedingly polished and well-groomed, yet always interesting. His letters, like his poetry, are intimate communications.

Unfortunately, Surmelian's replies are missing, with the exception of one or two excerpts — excerpts which, their sincerity and the freshness of thought, are indicative of his warm and overflowing temperament.

Surmelian, the author of "Joyous Light" who today, a quarter of a century later, is a noted writer, in his poetic lines discloses a poet who cannot be understood but can be felt. How fresh and original are his following lines, contagious in their sorrow, and spontaneous in their feeling:

*"Bless this budding plant, O Lord.  
Behold I plant it in this fragile black soil  
Where my forefathers lie;  
I, their towering grandson,  
Again am the master of this soil,  
And I grow under the sun  
Their names on my lips."*

Or,

*"In my thoughts my home is an eye  
Plucked in the daytime,  
And during the somber nights  
It is a dead maiden, as it were  
Whom I still love . . .  
Then I weep like a madman  
And extinguish my light  
Lest God see me."*

Surmelian is a young poet here, after the pattern of Metzarentz, scarcely 16-17 years old who, however, stood still in 1924. He abandoned his lyre in order to take a swim in the sea of American literature, in which he already has made a name for himself. Today he comes to us as a new personality in his introduction where he says he did not want to become a poet. He ceased to be a poet, and as in the past, he seems to be animated now with the reconstruction of Armenia. He cherishes fine sentiments specially for the Armenian writers of the dispersion, without whom "our cultural fires in the dispersion would cease burning." He is humble in his conclusion:

"I feel very humble before the Armenian writer — I mean the Armenian writer who writes in Armenia."

Yet, Surmelian says strange things. He is of the opinion that "sooner or later we shall lose our language but we must save the Armenian spirit." He has lost the battle of the Armenian language "in order to win for myself and for

my people the battle of the Armenian spirit — which is more important."

What a floundering, and what a sad delusion! Is not the Armenian spirit vested in the Armenian word and letter most of all? Destroy the Armenian language and you will destroy the literature and the culture. What then will be left of the Armenian spirit, including the reconstruction of Armenia?

We believe him when immediately afterwards he asserts that nobody loves the Armenian language more than he does — a pardonable presumption which, nevertheless, reminds us of Plato. Let us believe his feelings sincerely, yet we would like to ask him, what are his offspring and the offspring of the likes of him going to do when they don't know the Armenian language? Where shall they find, and how shall they preserve the Armenian spirit?

Meanwhile, we would like to remind him that someday, if not tomorrow, we shall have sons of Armenians who did not "tread the road to death" as he did, and to whom the Armenian people will be nothing but contemporaries of the Parthians and the Assyrians, having shared their fate.

Let us close the discussion, all the same. On the face of it, this is an interesting volume from more than one viewpoints.

—Reviewed by Kourken Mekhitarian

\* \* \*

MY FIRST EIGHTY-THREE YEARS IN AMERICA; the Memoirs of James W. Gerard; by James W. Gerard; Doubleday & Co., N. Y., 1951; 372 pp.

When James Watson Gerard returned to the United States in 1917 from his late post in Germany as the American ambassador there, he found himself, as he relates, "without warning . . . an active champion of Armenian freedom . . . the Armenians here decided for some reason that, after Armenia's frontier had been agreed upon, I was to be the representative of the United States, assuming that the United States were given the mandate of Armenia."

To Armenians who remember the busy years of World War I, this statement in the Hon. Gerard's book is nothing more than a masterpiece of self-deprecation. The "decision" of Armenian Americans to espouse Mr. Gerard as a leading American champion of Armenia was not the result of a pure whim or fancy. In Mr. Gerard, Attorney Vahan Cardashian, and the other leaders of the patriotic Armenian American group, saw a man of distinguished leadership and sterling devotion to democratic ideals. His public record, as a leader of the Democratic party, and in the business world, was without blemish; and in America, and yes overseas he was looked upon as a man of solid character. For that reason, Armenian Americans invited Mr. Gerard to lead the American Committee for the Independence of Armenia. That he accepted was a feather in the caps of the Armenians. And the record proves that it was through no fault of Mr. Gerard that the aims of the Committee were not realized.

Mr. Gerard now comes forth from semi-retirement to pen a volume of memoirs of high importance and interest. The work is the story of a man and his America, from 1890 to the present time. Yet aside from its historical importance, it has high literary value. The book is interspersed with anecdotes written at times with force and incision, at other times with a sharp cutting humor that finds the reader laughing openly.

Through the pages of "Eighty-Three Years" there is a constant parade of giants — J. P. Morgan, Marcus Daly, the two Roosevelts — Theodore and F.D.R. — Winston Churchill, Neville Chamberlain, Poincaré, William Jennings Bryan, Woodrow Wilson, Briand, the Kaiser, the various foreign ministers of German Empire, the Aga Khan, the now Duke of Windsor, and a host of others. It reveals the inner workings of Tammany Hall, the Democratic Party in general, and the skullduggery of American politics during an era when the destiny of America was molded.

The reader can only applaud Mr. Gerard's account of his turbulent years in Germany before the American entrance into World War I. The enormously effective manner in which he delayed the all-out U-Boat campaign of Germany and the drawing of the U.S. into the war, and the great services he rendered to Allied prisoners of war in Germany are indications of the massive ability of the man. His judgments of the various personalities discussed are always candid, and not always salutary, he allowing the chips to fall where they may. Yet the basic gentleness of his nature leads him to swing a humane axe and where he may with purpose and end hit and hurt, he merely turns on the force of cutting humor, and thereby attains his end.

Armenian Americans will especially be interested in Mr. Gerard's account of his activity in the "free Armenia" movement, and also in his few allusions of the Turks. Mr. Gerard declares that Armenia should have been free, and that the Armenian people are a "sober, prudent and industrious people." And though he is not so direct with the Turk, it is obvious he holds no enormous amount of affection for the Turkish nature.

For instance, Mr. Gerard relates that in early 1914, when the whole world was wondering if a war could be averted, he approached the Turkish Ambassador Mouktar Pascha, in Berlin "who was celebrated among the diplomats in Berlin for always being wrong in his predictions" and asked the latter as to his views on the possibility of the outbreak of war. After Mouktar had assured Mr. Gerard that "there would be no war", Mr. Gerard "went immediately to our embassy and cabled to Washington . . . a general European war is absolutely inevitable."

And again "An index of . . . the character of (a certain German diplomat) is found on page 175 of his second book. He writes that, during his mission to Constantinople after the war, he learned to like and 'respect' Talaat Bey, the man he admits, who had a hand in the massacre of 800,000 helpless Armenians."

We can only hope that Mr. Gerard's first "83 years" will be succeeded by a still great many more years. For men like James Watson Gerard

personify the real soul and spirit of America.

—Reviewed by James T. Tashjian

\* \* \*

ROCK WAGRAM, a Novel, by William Saroyan; Doubleday and Co., New York City; 1951; Price \$3.50.

Arak Vagramian, relates William Saroyan, was a young man with a way of telling stories (and acting them out too) who was "discovered" by Hollywood mogul Paul Key while the former was tending bar at Fat Aram's, in Fresno. A screen test followed and *Rock Wagram* was on his way into the Hollywood heavens, and a tumultuous life. For it was as a star that Wagram met the beauteous Ann Ford, married her, and had two children by her, and divorced her. In a nutshell, that is the "story" of this newest novel by Saroyan.

But "Rock Wagram" is only a novel because it is called a novel. It is really THE story Saroyan has wanted to write for long. By its passion, by its outpouring of thought and meditation and emotion, by its beauty of expression and sensitivity, it must have laid long in the author's mind. For it can well be imagined that in this generous intermingling of fact and fiction, the author's life itself is laid open to public view. Wagram may be Saroyan, his father may be the late Mr. Saroyan; his mother, Araxi, may be Saroyan's late mother; his cousin Haig may be Saroyan's cousin who lost his life in the last war; and even Fat Aram himself may be someone people in Fresno know.

Now, to say that there is something valuable in any sort of "biography" of Saroyan's life would be putting it too strongly. The author of course is a well known figure in the world of letters; yet it does not follow per se that the life of every prominent individual would make interesting reading. What makes this "autobiography" interesting, however, is that Mr. Saroyan most assuredly has felt himself constrained to double back to where he started. He is back to

his people; and no one living today can catch the warmth, the sensitivity, the basic worth of the Armenians better than William Saroyan. The story, then, though it might concern his own life, not as a writer, but in the fictitious garb of a movie star, is of high interest because through it Saroyan speaks of things close to him, part of him, the real him. And past performance has proved that Saroyan is never better than when he tells of the Fresno folk of which he is one, among whom he was bred.

The mechanics of the book is unimportant. Unimportant too is the literary devices of the author in telling his story. What is important is that Saroyan has written magnetically *whatever* he has to say. The book jumps around almost distressingly, and the reader must keep his wits about himself to follow the unraveling skein of the story. Yet, each episode is a story in itself — a story replete with haunting character sketches and new prints and frescoes revealed for the first time by the author. In Rock Wagram's father, the stern and hard-working patriot, the man who once served as editor, typesetter and book-keeper of *The Arborex*, Saroyan presents one of his more memorable characters. The old-woman Lula is magnificently though simply drawn, while Saroyan has done a masterful job with his cousin Haig, the young man who goes off to the wars "on a motorcycle" never to return again.

The avid and knowing reader of modern literature cannot help but see, in perusing this work, that it is not a great novel. Yet the same person will have difficulty laying it down, once started. There is a sort of magic in the thing that transports and enthralles. It isn't the way his "love story" develops, or the distress he feels at his shattered marriage, though these might be construed as the central theme of the story. It's just that, well the thing IS literature, honest, good stuff.

Don't rank this with "The Human Comedy"; but remember it has a haunting sublimity that even the "Comedy" cannot match.

—Reviewed by James H. Tashjian





COMPLIMENTS OF  
**ALEX PILIBOS**  
**PILIBOS**  
**MISSION BELL**

Imperial Garden Growers

Growers and Shippers

**EL CENTRO**  
**CALIFORNIA**

---

**THIS IS THE**  
**FOURTEENTH ISSUE OF**



Tell your friends about this publication  
and urge them to subscribe NOW  
to it.

RATES:

United States: Yearly subscription      \$5.00  
Canada and Foreign: Yearly subscription 6.00



